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THE NEW YORKER

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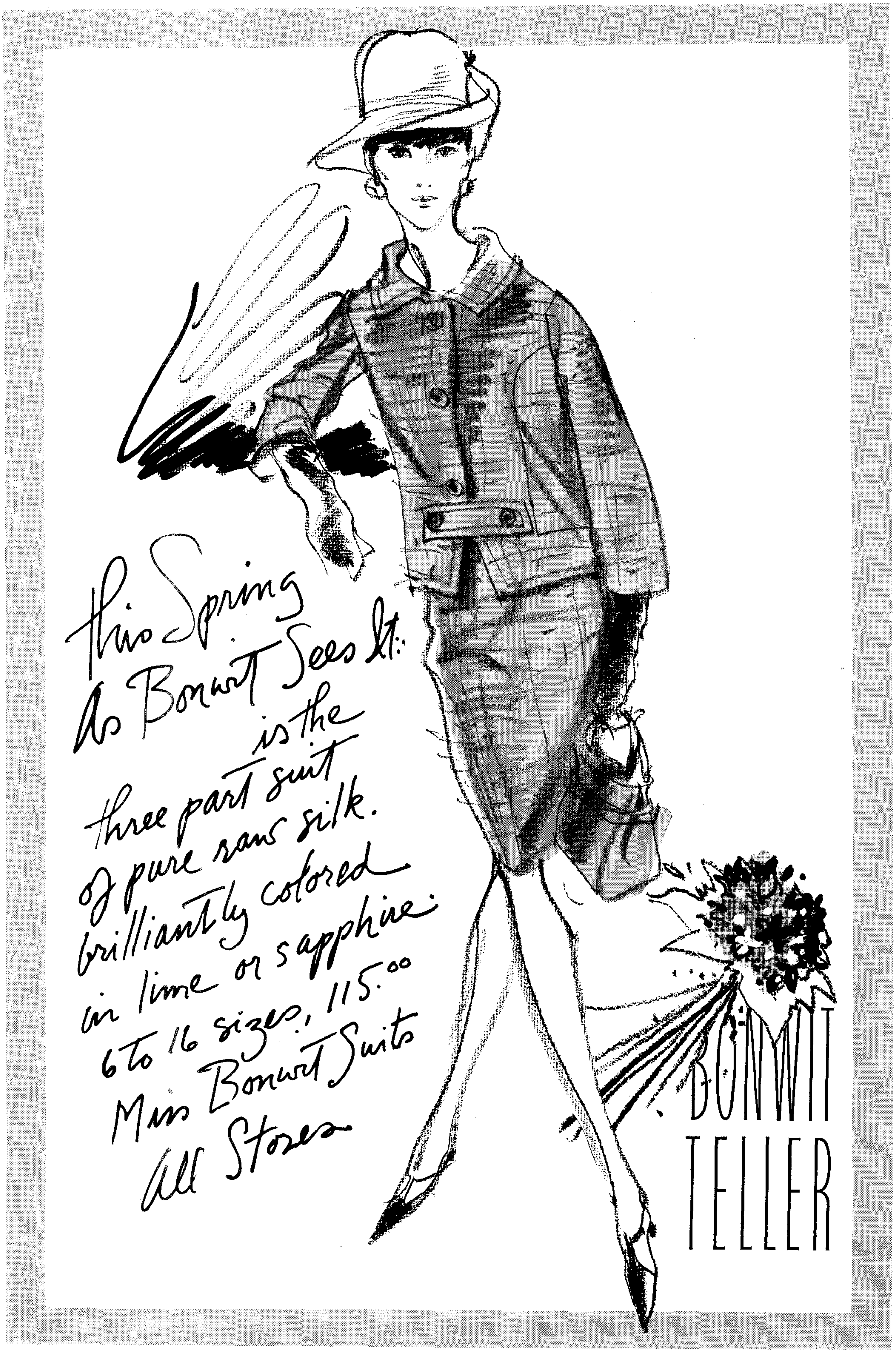

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

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PLAYS

Cactus Flower—A lively divertissement by Abe Burrows, in which such admirable people as Lauren Bacall, Barry Nelson, Brenda Vaccaro, and Burt Brinckerhoff disport themselves to good advantage. The play was directed by the versatile author. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Generation—William Goodhart's rather tiresome description of the struggle that takes place in a lower East Side loft between a beatnik and his civilized father-in-law from Chicago. Henry Fonda is excellent as the father-in-law, but Richard Jordan as the beatnik is hard to take. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Hostile Witness—In this courtroom drama by Jack Roffey, which stars Ray Milland, there are a good many lagging moments, but Geoffrey Lumsden, Michael Allinson, Melville Cooper, Angela Thornton, and Norman Barrs add a bit of bounce every so often. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, March 13.)

The Impossible Years—Alan King functioning to no particular purpose in an empty comedy about a psychiatrist and some horrid adolescents whose customs he finds it difficult to understand. Bob Fisher and Arthur Marx, a couple of television men, put the thing together. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Inadmissible Evidence—Nicol Williamson as a seedy and loquacious lawyer disintegrating under assorted pressures. A lengthy, windy, and depressing drama by John Osborne. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40, and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Lion in Winter—James Goldman's fitfully amusing fictional creation of the private life of Henry II, when the king was trying to determine who would be his successor. Robert Preston plays the king, and Rosemary Harris his queen, and they are both estimable, as are the others in the drama. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Marat/Sade—Very long, very loud, very tedious. Staged by Peter Brook and acted by members of the Royal Shakespeare Company. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Philadelphia, Here I Come!—Brian Friel's sad and funny account of an Irish youth's last night on his home sod before emigrating to America. Under Hilton Edwards' perceptive direction, the cast, which includes Donal Donnelly, Patrick Bedford, Eamon Kelly, Mairin O'Sullivan, Lanna Saunders, and Mavis Villiers, is highly effective. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Royal Hunt of the Sun—A large, colorful, and satisfactory account by Peter Shaffer of Pizarro's conquest of Peru. Christopher Plummer is practically faultless as the Pizarro of the affair, and David Carradine is impressive as the Inca sovereign whom Pizarro dethrones. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Wait Until Dark—Lee Remick as a blind girl trying to outwit a trio of scoundrels who want to lay hands on a doll that, as it happens, is stuffed with heroin. An implausible and wearing business. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19

Where's Daddy?—Hiram Sherman and Betty Field are diverting as two older types in this William Inge comedy about a young beatnik couple frightened at the prospect of having a baby, but the play is fairly porous. Harold Clurman directed. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

You Can't Take It with You—The thirty-year-old farce by Moss Hart and George S. Kaufman has been given a lively revival by the APA Repertory Company, and the players, directed by Ellis Rabb, are one and all amusing. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Zulu and the Zayda—Menasha Skulnik and Louis Gossett are engaging, respectively, as a Jewish grandfather in South Africa who refuses to abide by the rules of apartheid, and a Zulu servant who has been assigned to keep an eye on him. But the play, by Howard Da Silva and Felix Leon, is rather fragile. Harold Rome has provided incidental music and lyrics. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:40, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**any wednesday:** A comedy by Muriel Resnik that has to do with a girl being kept in style in an executive suite. The cast includes Sandra Smith and George Gaynes. (George Abbott, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)... **barefoot in the park:** Neil Simon's comedy about a young couple's difficulties in a walkup apartment. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **luv:** Barbara Bel Geddes, Larry Blyden, and Gabriel Dell all mixed up in a soufflé by Murray Schisgal. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **the odd couple:** Neil Simon's comedy concerning a couple of male marital misfits trying to survive without their spouses in the lonely expanses of a West Side apartment. The cast is headed by Pat Hingle and Eddie Bracken. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.) ... **the subject was roses:** A trio of Irish-Americans—mother, father, and son—resident in the Bronx. With Maureen O'Sullivan, Chester Morris, and Walter McGinn. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Three Bags Full—Paul Ford in Jerome Chodorov's comedy, based on a French original, "Oscar." Directed by Gower Champion. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

On a Clear Day You Can See Forever—Extrasensory perception and reincarnation are mixed in this rather lumpy confection by Alan Jay Lerner, which has a smooth score by Burton Lane. Barbara Harris is stimulating as an ESP and metempsychic type, and the sets, by Oliver Smith, and the costumes, by Freddy Wittop, are attractive. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Skyscraper—A musical version of Elmer Rice's "Dream Girl" that is very large but not very interesting. Julie Harris plays the daydreaming heroine appealingly, but the music and lyrics are hardly memorable, and the book is actively annoying. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Sweet Charity—This musical about a wistful dance-hall hostess who wants to be honestly loved hasn't much to offer in the way of comedy, but it does have a lot of sprightly dances and an acceptable score. It also has the indefatigable Gwen Verdon and an enthusiastic cast. The choreography is the work of Bob Fosse, the over-all director of the enterprise, and the music and lyrics are the work of Cy Coleman and Dorothy Fields. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. PL 7-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**fiddler on the roof:** Herschel Bernardi in a musical based on Sholom Aleichem's folk tales. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **funny girl:** Fanny Brice as portrayed by Mimi Hines. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Moves on Monday, March 14, to the Majestic, 44th St., W., 581-4792. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **half a sixpence:** Tommy Steel disporting himself in an adaptation of H. G. Wells' "Kipps." (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **hello, dolly!:** Ginger Rogers now has the role of the Fair Maid of Perth. (St. James, 44th St., W. OX 5-

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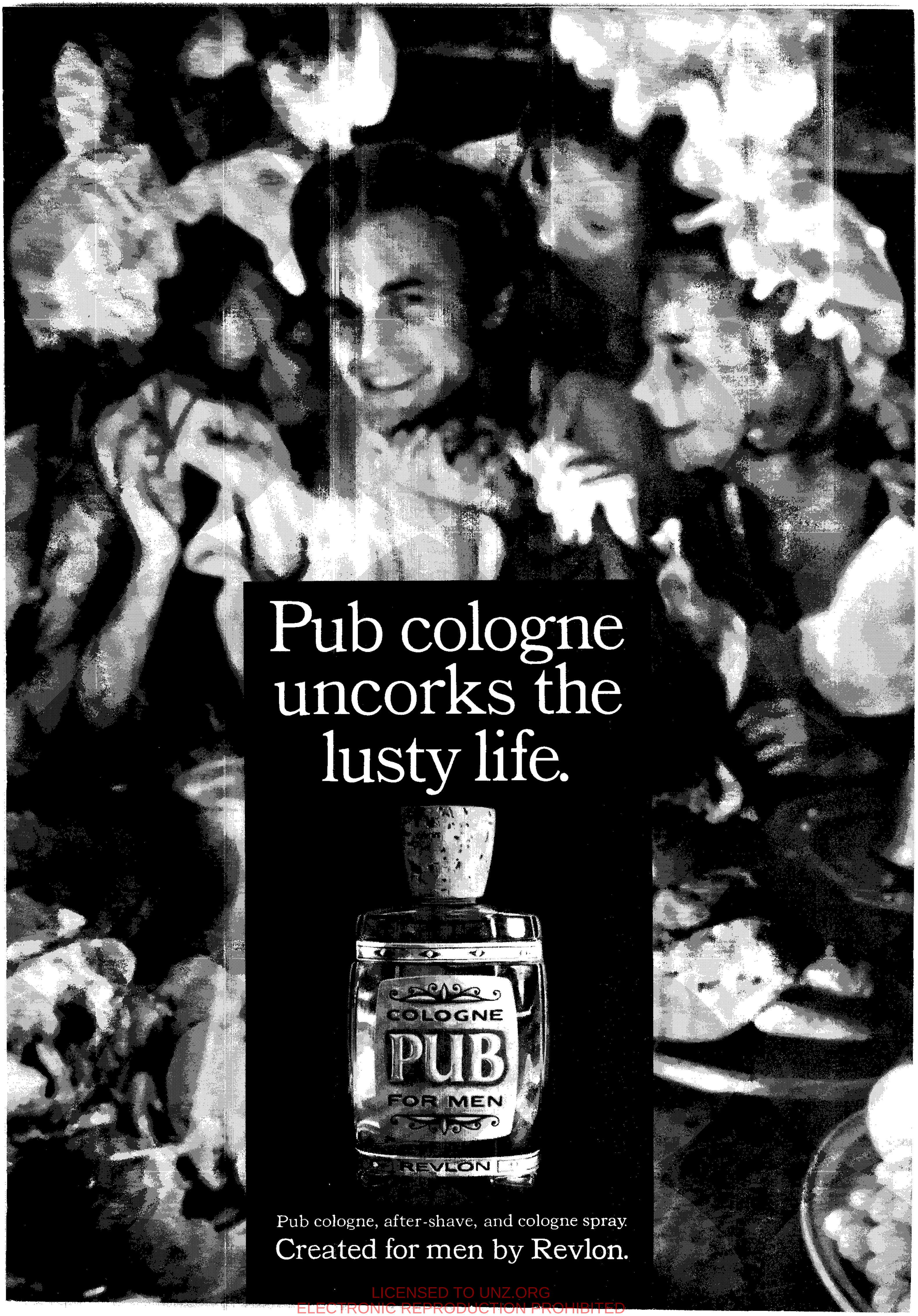
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Wait a Minim!—A musical entertainment, which originated in South Africa and has been running in London, with a cast of three girls and five men. Staged by Leon Gluckman. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Happily Never After—Barbara Barrie and Gerald S. O'Loughlin in a comedy by J. A. Ross. Joseph Anthony is the director. Opens on Thursday, March 10. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:20. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Best Laid Plans—A comedy by Gwen Davis, with Edward Woodward and Marian Hailey. Directed by Paul Bogart. Previews through Wednesday, March 16. Opens officially on Thursday, March 17. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:20. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Pousse-Café—A musical adapted by Jerome Weidman and Melvin Isaacson from Heinrich Mann's novel "Professor Unruh." Duke Ellington wrote the music, the lyrics are by Marshall Barer and Fred Tobias, and the cast is headed by Theodore Bikel and Lilo. Staged by José Quintero. Previews Monday through Thursday, March 14-17. Opens officially on Friday, March 18. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

City Center—Hungarian National Ballet and Folk Ensemble: Final performances of a two-week return engagement by this company of a hundred and ten dancers and singers, plus an orchestra. Thursday and Friday, March 10-11, at 8:30; Saturday, March 12, at 2:30 and 8:30; and Sunday, March 13, at 2:30. . . . **Bunraku Puppet Theatre:** Opening performances of a two-week engagement (two programs) by this company from Japan, appearing here for the first time. Program I: Tuesday, March 15, at 7:15; Wednesday, March 16, at 8:30; and Saturday, March 19, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Program II: Thursday, March 17, at 7:15; Friday, March 18, at 8:30; and Saturday, March 19, at 2:30. A limited number of simultaneous-translation ear-sets may be rented at each performance. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—The company's third offering is Sartre's **The Condemned of Altona**, adapted by Justin O'Brien. (Vivian Beaumont Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. EN 2-7616. Thursday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2. Closes Sunday, March 13.)

Amato Opera Company—Presentations of **Cavalleria Rusticana** and **Pagliacci**. (Amato Opera Showcase Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Fridays and Saturdays at 8:15.)

The Coop—A play by Ralph S. Arzoomanian. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:45; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Deadly Game—A revival of James Yaffe's adaptation of Friedrich Dürrenmatt's melodrama with philosophic overtones. The overtones get pretty annoying, but the melodrama—about what only appears to be a mock trial for murder in an Alpine villa—has its absorbing moments. The cast, which includes Rudolf Weiss, Roger De Koven, and Chet London, does quite well. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. GR 7-9894. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—In this musical comedy by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, the whimsey is as thick at *that*. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Happy Ending and **Day of Absence**—A pair of very funny one-act plays by Douglas Turner Ward which take a wry view of the Negro's predicament and his ways of coping with it. An excellent company, headed by Mr. Ward himself, makes the most of both of them. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Hogan's Goat—A good play by William Alfred, both comic and tragic, about a saloonkeeper who runs for Mayor of Brooklyn and is tripped up by his own past. The time is 1890, and everyone in sight is Irish. The company does well. Barnard Hughes, as a parish priest, does especially well. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 3.)

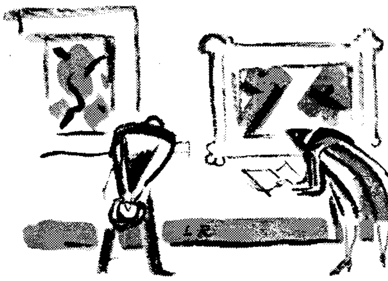
Hooray! It's a Glorious Day . . . and All That—A musical with a book by Maurice Teitelbaum and Charles Grodin, music by Arthur Gordon, and lyrics by Ethel Bieber and the Messrs. Teitelbaum and Grodin. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 245-9569. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

The Mad Show—The satire in this musical revue hasn't too sharp a cutting edge but the cast is young and bouncy. Mary Rodgers wrote the music. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 9, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Man of La Mancha—Dale Wasserman's interpretation of "Don Quixote" is only fitfully interesting, even though the music, by Mitch Leigh, that accompanies it is admirable. Richard Kiley is at the top of his game in the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator, and Robert Rounseville, Ray Middleton, and Joan Diener support him handsomely. The play has been cleverly staged by Albert Marre. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. 674-5600. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Monopoly—Four one-act plays by Jerome Kass. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Phèdre—Racine's tragedy translated into flat but insistent rhymed couplets by William Packard and, under Paul-Emile Deiber's direction, performed more or less in the French manner. The result is a production that is pleasant to look at—the movements are graceful, the set and costumes are decorative—but awfully wispy, since the acting is only so-so. (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. CH 3-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)



The Pocket Watch—A play by Alvin Aronson. (Mermaid Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. 736-4073. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Rooms—A pair of glib, rather cheap one-acters, the first a comedy and the second a melodrama. James Broderick is good in both of them. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Thursday and Friday at 8:30, Saturday at 7 and 10:30, and Sunday at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, March 13.)

Serjeant Musgrave's Dance—John Colicos in John Arden's play, imported from London. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. No performance Thursday, March 10.)

A View from the Bridge—A revival of Arthur Miller's melodrama about the Brooklyn waterfront. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The White Devil—John Webster's seventeenth-century melodrama, directed by Jack Landau. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—In the Royal Box, the worthy orchestra of Lee Evans is in full bloom all evening; at dinner and supper there is a serving of tried-and-true jests by Pat Henry and of ballads—some good, some doubtful—by Nancy Ames. On Monday, March 14, the situation improves with the arrival of Ella Fitzgerald, who replaces the Henry-Ames axis with a song recital whose emotion and elocution it would be difficult to fault. Closed Sundays.

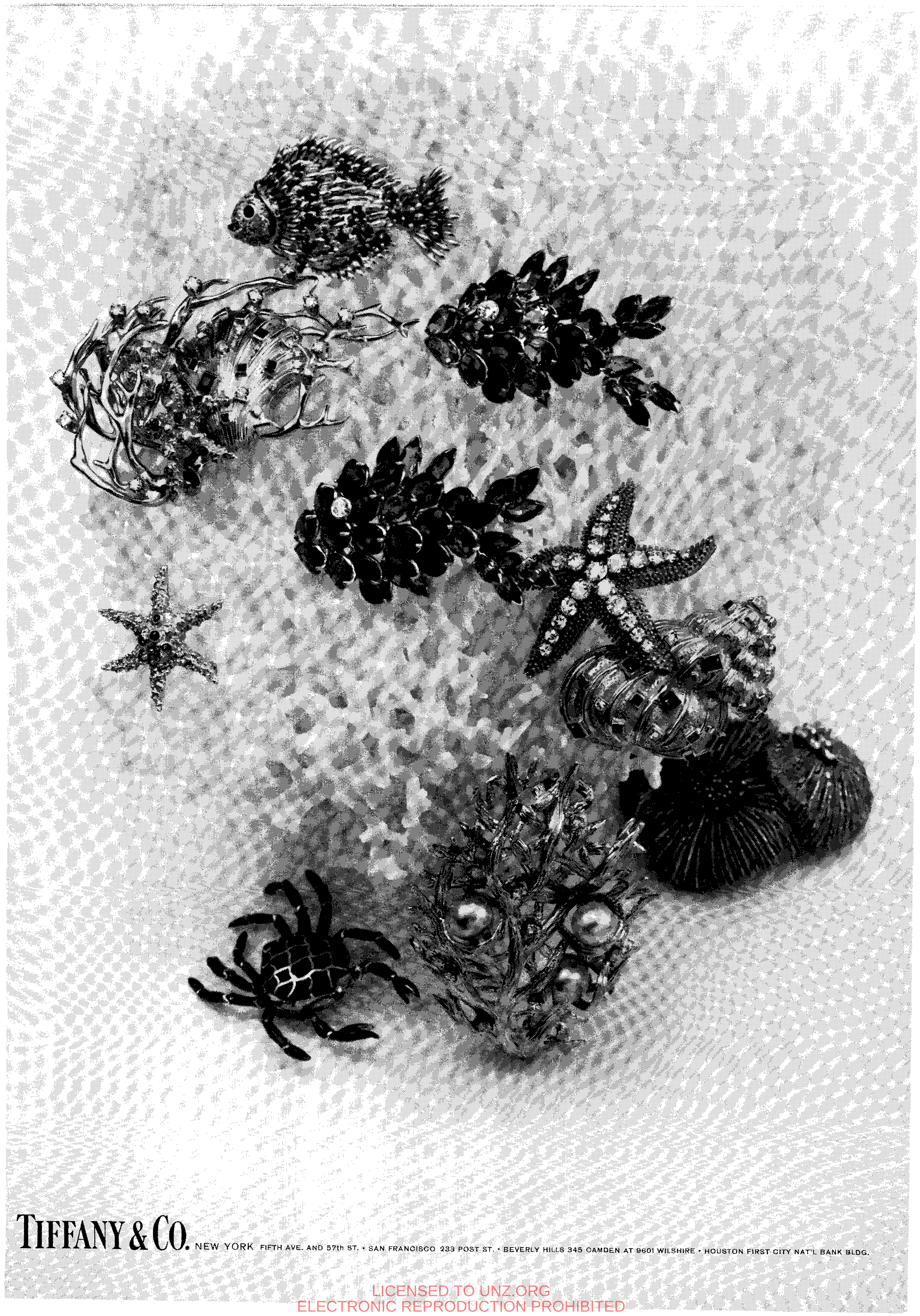
Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—The age of chivalry prevails on the parquet floor between nine and twelve (or one o'clock Fridays and Saturdays) in the restaurant. George Anaya's troupe, which does walking-around serenading from eight to nine, provides the athletes' instrumentation after that. No music Mondays.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—Though this enterprise has quite a bit of body English, at least thirteen of the original colonists are still visible in its ancestral halls. The grand ballroom contains music (by Freddy Alonso's band and Charles Bubeck's band) for prancing; in the Champagne Room, a violin and piano do non-activist music. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Ben Cutler's brisk little band gets a great deal of bounce to the ounce in the Café Pierre—enough for every night of the week.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Diahann Carroll, who enters the Persian Room at dinner and supper, walks in beauty like the night, and most of the time sings that way, too. The orchestras of Mark Monte (piquant) and Burt Farber (sonorous) are the flanker backs. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Fiddle and piano whisper away from four-thirty to six-thirty in the Palm Court, the nicest era of the whole nineteenth century, and again from seven to nine in the Edwardian Room. . . . ¶ At eight, the Palm Court becomes a villa in Arcady, with nymphs bearing the triumphs of pastry chef, coffee brewer, and vintner, the whole overspread by the pastoral airs of Gunnar Hansen's violin. The artful illusion is visible until one every night but Sunday.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—A skyport without the dubious benefit of helicopters, devoted, instead, to all-embracing views and the propagation of dance music, which comes—eight-thirty until



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one-thirty—out of José Melis and his orchestra. No sound on Sundays.

The Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St. (PL 9-2444)—A glowing tribute to the days when our floating population considered the steamboat the only way to go. In the middle of it sits Si Zentner's big band—vehement, virile, and reasonably virtuoso. The action runs from seven-thirty to one-thirty during the week from eight to two Fridays and Saturdays. No music Sundays.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—This member of the nobility now takes to the British custom of hyphenated names. Its Maisonette, whose new *mise en scène* turns it into the nation's most opulent bookstall, is still the stamping (and stomping) ground of worldlings who are too busy to read as they run to and from the dance floor. Quintero's superb Latinos and Charles Turecamo's cheery orchestra are their guides. Closed Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Ray Hartley's concise yet convivial piano gets a workout in Peacock Alley from cocktail time until eight or nine during the week, from five to eleven on Sundays, and not at all on Mondays. A dance quartet is on the stand from nine until one every night but Sunday.

Note—ROSELAND DANCE CITY, 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200)—The largest single portion of Inner Space in the whole city, and occupied by serious, non-Twist dancers. They are fringed by two ceaseless bands, one Norte and one Sud, which tee off at about seven-thirty during the week and stay put until around one; Sundays they start off at three-thirty. For insatiables, there are Thursday and Saturday matinées from one-thirty to six, and a floor show at eleven every Tuesday. Closed Mondays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

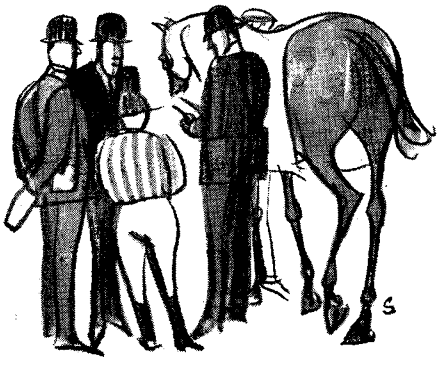
(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Eternal springs are the underpinning of the pianos of Sam Hamilton (who does the cocktail hour) and of Wayne Sanders and Goldie Hawkins himself, who do solo flights during the evening, then up-and-coming tandem music after the theatre—all this for fanciers of eat-drink-and-be-merry. Closed Sundays. . . . **IN BOBOLI,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): When in Florence, do as the Florentines do, which means bits and pieces of Italianate opera. Tourists from the States get Stateside arias. Thursday through Saturday each week, there is languorous dance music, too. Closed Mondays. . . . **MIKE MALKAN'S,** 340 E. 79th St. (RE 4-3000): Another youth convocation—girls who are to the manor born (Briarcliff and such) and boys with equal accreditation, all chattering even when Mr. Malkan sits down to a very hearty piano, which he does every night from seven until milk-route time. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): The right little, tight little island at its evening's ease, through which an island wandering minstrel parades from eight until two Thursdays through Saturdays, from seven until eleven Sundays, and from nine to one Mondays through Wednesdays. . . . **BELL'S,** 314 E. 70th St. (UN 1-1419): One more neighborhood gathering place. What the boys and girls in the back room will have is the trio of George Taylor—none of it insistent, all of it cheerful, every night but Sunday. . . . **CHARLIE BATES,** 1487 First Ave., at 78th St. (734-9777): A neighborhood pub, aimed at looking and sounding 1900. Bob Emma, prancing on a tin-pan upright, takes care of the 1900 sound; Bob Gibson's trio does king-of-the-road chanting. Sundays, on the other hand, there are four-to-one sessions by the Smith Street Jazz Society Band. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): The junior grades of show business and the kindred arts have their after-hours here. Sort of cookout are the aura and the diet, and the spirit of the good life is enhanced every night but Sunday by Cecil Young's three-man exposition of futurism in music. On Sundays, sitting-in jazz groups work out from five-thirty to eleven-thirty. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): The operator of this tiny niche, Rita Dimitri, who is Naughty Marietta to the life, does her great-gusto nights-in-Paris arias at dinner weeknights, at both dinner and supper Fridays and Saturdays.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19

Stately dance music begins at eight. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Oh, those lovely lost years in Mitteleuropa! Among the worshippers are tenors (especially the noble old-school Tibor Rakossy), sopranos, violins, zimbalon, and whatever. Worshippers who wish to dance have Béla Babai's band at their toes. Closed Mondays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, who has manned one piano for the past ten years, is the definitely permanent party in the rumbustious corner-saloon lounge of the Hotel Earle, where he devotes his time—after nine-thirty every evening but Monday—to the consideration of the worthiest tunes and lyrics of our day and yesterday. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Seldom, if ever, have so many Rodolfos and Scarpias assembled under cover of night disguised as plain, ordinary waiters. Closed Mondays. . . . **THE APARTMENT,** 1068 Second Ave., at 56th St. (PL 3-7923): Explorers of the piano bars in this part of town are much better off here, where Charles De Forest, from ten until three every night but Sunday, sings (to his own accompaniment) about the ways and wiles of guys and dolls. . . . **L'INTRIGUE,** 35 W. 56th St. (CI 7-1990): The original settlers of this re-creation of after-dark glee in the thirties are, after nine, back in action—Jimmie Daniels, the boulevardier troubadour, and Nancy Steele, a Lorelei soprano, and Murray Grand, who plays nourishing piano. Dinner and supper go with all this. Up aloft, in an inglenook called the **ESPIONAGE ROOM,** Bobby Short and his trio and his dusk-to-dawn ballads begin after ten. The whole shop shuts down Sundays.

Note—The discothèque, a form of undulant fever for which time is the only cure, can best be viewed by viewers-with-alarm if they frequent these establishments: **SHEPHEARD'S,** in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0181): If only the Sphinxes who decorate this Cairo caravansary could talk, what would they say of our Park Avenue folk dances? The music is issued by I.B.M., which runs from seven-thirty to three or four during the week and from seven-thirty until one on Sundays. Dinner and supper. . . . **ARTHUR,** 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420): The art of the ad-lib solo dance (by, naturally, people who don't need people) is brought to fever heat and left there. (*You* will probably be left outside if you haven't a reservation.) The music of distant and unearthly spheres is interspersed with music by mere earthmen. Nine-thirty or ten until four is the running time; a fair number of dinner dishes are in evidence. Closed Mondays. . . . **IL MIO,** in Delmonico's Hotel, 65 E. 59th St. (EL 5-2500): The music is from a speaking tube, the hours are nine until all-fall-down every night but Monday, the menu is minimal, the moving spirit is Tanya Everett (of "Fiddler on the Roof"), who dances like the wind. The costumes run from theatre working clothes to underground movies. . . . **DOWNTOWN,** 1 Sheridan Sq. (AL 5-1950): A den of propinquity, not very ornate but extremely cheerful, where the evolutions of the neatly but amusingly dressed house dancers are little masterpieces of wile and wit. The Chambers Brothers are the *vox humana* of the music, the rest of which comes from pins and needles. A vestigial kitchen exists. Nine-thirty to three or four is par for this course.



SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): One part pomp, one part circumstance, one part Cy Walter, playing piano that is brisk and buoyant and never, never fancy-Dan. He's there during cocktails, dinner, and supper. Closed Sundays. . . . **SHERATON-EAST,** Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): A panoply of panelling (hearts of oak) makes the Café Ambassador over into a stately home of England. The pianist—Joe Moon, a well-versed poet—is on a tour of duty that runs from seven to one every night but Sunday. . . . ¶ Seven-to-ten dinner would be the children's hour in Vienna, from which this hotel's Le Palais derives, but the restaurant is an excellent replica in other respects. Hans Hansberg's zither goes with it. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): It is impossible to cast out the moat that is in the eye of the beholder, for it is an integral part of the toy castle that serves as a sounding board for the violin of Norbert Faconi, the president emeritus of all perambulating musicians. No music Sundays. . . . **KING HENRI IV,** 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): Another of the King's retreats, likewise a spoof of medieval objective art. George Cardini circumnavigates it with his viva-voce fiddle. No music Sundays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): Romulus and Remus slept here, and gave the chef their favorite recipes. The musicians, whose curriculum runs from seven-thirty until two, are old Romans, too. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE 48,** 15 E. 48th St. (HA 1-3448): Mourners for the lost Spanish Pavilion at the World's Fair should find solace in this array of Iberian décor. A guitar (Rogelio Reguera) dwells from eight until one upon the delights and the deliriums of Latin passion. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE 49,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): The dining room, one of our best antique shops, is a vivacious setting for the invincible Sarita Heredia, a gypsy queen whose feet, fingers, and guitar are a whole *gitane* army on the march. She holds forth from eight to one. No sound effects Sundays. . . . **REGENCY,** Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): In the Regency Room, where everything is *supra dig.*, the hours between five-thirty and twelve-thirty every evening but Sunday are assigned to Rack Godwin, whose piano does not believe in clichés. Supper but no dinner. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): After the antiquarian's eye has dwelled upon the sturdy delights of this nineteenth-century town house, the owner of the eye may lend an ear to the piano—from six to one—in the bar. No music Sundays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): A most urban landscape is the bar-restaurant. Enzio Lembo chortles to his own guitar from nine-thirty to one. No music Sundays. . . . **PETROUSHKA,** 23 E. 74th St., just behind the lobby of the Hotel Volney. (BU 8-2300): What is left of the Russian Empire. Marina Fedorovskaya, the keeper of this memory book, sees to it that the citizenry is provided with food, drink, music, and her own soul-searching soprano. Eight until two, except Mondays, is the extent of her reign. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Karl Inwald's gentle piano takes a moonlight walk through Vienna and around this opulent countinghouse parlor from eight-thirty until about two. Closed Sundays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): In the ample Casino-on-the-Park, Steven Weltner, global traveller, is at the piano, which gives off a mixture of worldly wisdom and Elysian bliss. His hours are six-thirty to midnight every evening but Sunday. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): There's life in the old Via Veneto yet, and this vignette shows it at its busiest prandial hour. The busiest bees are the prowling musicians. Closed Sundays. . . . **POLO BAR,** Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): The old uptown watering and dining place. Beside the bar, Conrad Monjoy sits at a very gentle piano from nine-thirty until one. No music Mondays. . . . **BARBERRY,** 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-

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5800): This comforting refectory affords George Rudolph, who intermingles the arias of the day with plenty of fugues—and not all of them for horseplayers, either. Six until midnight is his rule. His final night is Saturday, March 12. On Wednesday, March 16, Horace Diaz will move a small dance band in. The hours will be nine to two through the week, ten to three Fridays and Saturdays, and not at all Sundays. . . . **NEW YORK HILTON**, Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (JU 6-7000): The Seven Hills, a bird's-eye view of Rome, serves—along with its seven-to-nine dinner—the strange and wonderful bandonion of Mario Peralta, an instrument facile enough to make all ordinary accordions seem diminished. Closed Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **SHERATON GLADSTONE**, 114 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-4300): Tony Gorody, the old Havana clubman, is playing woo-the-muse piano in the Bivouac Room, and that's not a bad idea. Between six and one, he's in fairly constant attendance. Closed Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

(Dining, unless otherwise indicated.)

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): The surprise package that is opened here every night is Linda Hopkins, a strapping big gusty broth of a soprano. Her companions are the celebrated Allen & Rossi (one good tenor, a lot of familiar pleasantries, and a couple of definite unpleasantries) and a bunch of the Copa ballerinas, still piquantly taking their very first steps. On Thursday, March 17, Steve Lawrence, who used to show us what made Sammy run, takes over. Dancing. . . . ¶ In the lounge, from ten on and on, there is rumpus-room music nearly every minute. . . . **LATIN QUARTER**, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): A new world, inhabited largely by young ladies (and clearly a very warm one, considering their garb). The charade in which they are involved takes nearly two hours to pass a given point, without making any particular point. Among the viewers is Kay Starr, gallantly converting Texas Leaguer songs into unmistakable home runs. A Hungarian ballet troupe (midwinter night's madness) and a brace of noble circus acts are also in attendance. Rarely in the background is a more-than-life-size panther named Betty Jo Alvies. Dancing. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST**, 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Following in the footsteps of Trini Lopez as he plies his refulgent guitar is difficult enough; stemming the tide of youthful glee that arises from the audience as he recites his child's garden of verse is impossible. Closed Sundays.

CABARETS

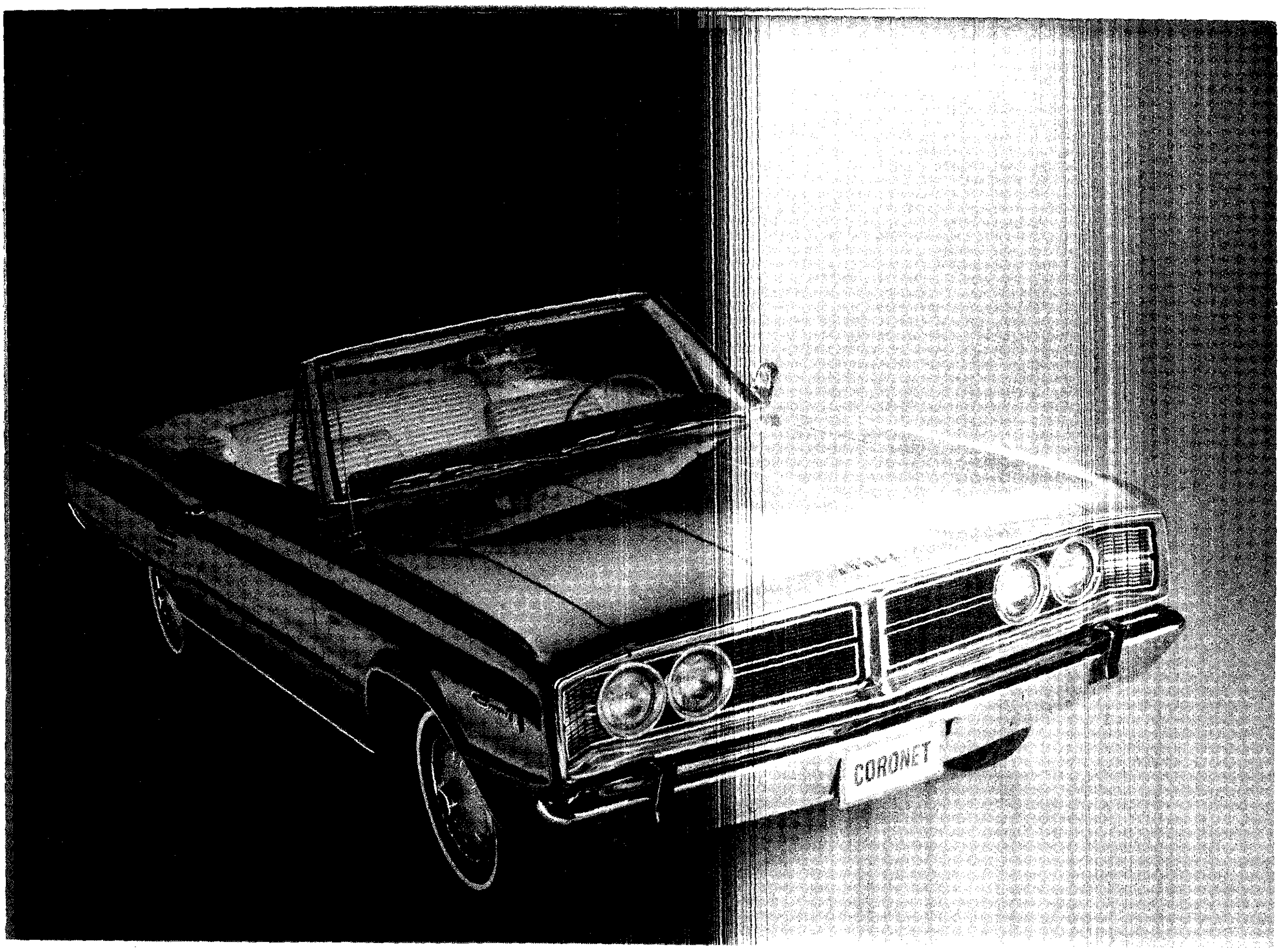
(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): The considered opinions of Julius Monk are presented, as always, in revue form ("Pick a Number XV") and, also as always, in parable, paraphrase, parody, and paradox. The cast, exceptional even by Monkish standards, involves Elizabeth Wilson, Lee Beery, Liz Sheridan, Bill Hinnant, Dennis Allen, and John Keatts; the orchestra is the pianos of Robert Colston, Otis Clements, and Frederick Silver. Nine and eleven-thirty are the starting times. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID**, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Joaquin Robles, living up to the flamencan code, tramples a pair of willing partners into the dust raised by his incessant feet. The five carollers known as Los Vegas have a *son et lumière* that makes Mexico the cradle of the newest New Music. The players give their all at dinner and supper through the week, thrice on Saturdays, at dinner on Sundays. The orchestra (Emilio Reyes's) offers the willing and able customers a chance at rebuttal. Tea dancing of a thunderclap order (to Tito Puente's band) occurs on Sunday afternoons. . . . ¶ After ten, in the happy alcove just off the bar, there is the guitar of Mario Escudero, which will have you marching through Andalusia before you know it, as well as the eloquent voice of Domingo Alvarado, who decries the violent vagaries of Spanish love life. The alcove is closed Sundays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Joan Rivers, who (to hear her tell it) is beyond the help of anything at all, has her first fit of manic depression after ten. Sam Hamilton's well-remembered piano is also available. Closed Sundays. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): "Just for Openers," the incumbent portmanteau revue, proves again the rule that nothing's perfect, but it also proves that there is still lots of merit in the old revue format. R. G. Brown is principal boy, and he is lent useful support by Richard Blair and Fannie Flagg. Nine-thirty and midnight, except Sunday, is the curriculum.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): The eighteen-strong carrousel run by Thad Jones and Mel Lewis and populated by other Famous Players desists momentarily on Saturday, March 12, but it will reappear every Monday evening thereafter. On Tuesday, March 15, Bill Evans' trio moves in for a stay, and Friday through Sunday, March 18-20, Gerry Mulligan's quintet will take turns. . . . **VILLAGE GATE**, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): A two-ply enterprise—street-level restaurant and below-decks grotto. The restaurant, where Dave Pike's trio works, is open every night but Monday. The grotto operates like this: Friday and Saturday, March 11-12, Maynard Ferguson's banshee sextet and Horace Silver's aspen-leaf quintet; Friday and Saturday, March 18-19, the Fergusons again, plus Wes Montgomery and the Wynton Kelly trio. Sundays, from five to nine, the Jazz Inter Action Group (the cover name for several crews) lets loose; Mondays, the fare is a couple of Latin bands and Symphony Sid, a commentator who is sure he invented jazz. . . . **BITTER END**, 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): The most important coffee plantation in the Village. With the Mocha goes mostly folk music on the best level, such as, right now, Josh White and Jake Holmes. Tuesdays are assigned to visiting scholars. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S**, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Jazz as it used to be, but mellowed a bit, and still as good as ever to dance to, which can be done here. Mr. Condon's accomplices are Peanuts Hucko, Yank Lawson, Cutty Cutshall, Morey Feld, Roger Kellaway, and a Japanese pianist, Shoji Suzuki. Closed Sundays. . . . **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Art Farmer's good, honest quintet moves out on Sunday, March 13, and on Tuesday, March 15, a fivesome led by the joyous Roy Eldridge moves in. Visitors on Friday and Saturday, March 11-12, will also get to hear Clark Terry's foursome and Jimmy Witherspoon. Closed Mondays. . . . **FIVE SPOT**, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): The steadily varying personnel of the Jazz Workshop, the band in residence, is in the charge of Charles Mingus, bassist emeritus, rebel in search of a cause. Toshiko Mariano is the between-times pianist. Mondays, visiting groups do the blowing. On Tuesday, March 15, a new cast arrives—Abbey Lincoln, that willowy soprano, and the trenchant fivesome of Max Roach. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Billy Taylor, whose piano divides itself between frolic and slow-tempo fantasy, is at work with his trio behind the oval bar. Eddie Thompson is the intermission keyboard man. Mondays, everybody stays home. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The spirit of the old 52nd Street lives on here. Zutty Singleton, Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, Cliff Jackson, Herman Autrey, and Marshall Brown dwell fondly on the subject of good old days that are certainly not gone beyond *their* recall. Sundays, Don Frye has the podium and the piano to himself. . . . **RED ONION**, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): Straw hats, blazers, and banjos on the rostrum; beer and peanuts on the table—the new youth-will-be-served formula. From nine to three or four every night, the musicians give the classics of two generations ago a good, sound, nasal twang. Tuesdays through Thursdays, a bagpiper is included. . . . **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE**, Seventh Ave., S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630): Here, as well, the banjo fills the air, aided in this instance by washboard, tuba, and trombone. Likewise, the population is ardent youth reliving a past it is too young to know. Light-brown sawdust, dark-brown peanuts, and



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

nut-brown ale are the concomitants. The place is open every night, and there are Sunday matinées, at four-thirty, by the Southampton Dixie, Racing, and Clambake Society Jazz Band.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Afro, Peter Lanyon, and César Manrique—Paintings; through March 26. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Will Barnet—Portraits; through Saturday, March 12. (Grippi & Waddell, 15 E. 57th St.)

Chester Beach (1881-1956)—A memorial exhibition of sculptures in marble, ivory, bronze, and terra cotta; through April 1. (National Sculpture Society, 250 E. 51st St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4:30; Saturdays and Sundays, 2 to 6.)

Margit Beck—Semi-abstract landscapes; through Saturday, March 12. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Leland Bell—Mostly figure paintings and still-lifes; through Saturday, March 12. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Victor Brauner—Surrealist paintings; through Saturday, March 19. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St. Closed Mondays.)

Sylvia Braverman—Oils and drawings; through March 26. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Pol Bury—Paintings and lithographs; through Saturday, March 12. . . . ¶ Moving sculptures; starting Tuesday, March 15. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Alexander Calder—Recent gouaches, mobiles, and stabiles; through Saturday, March 12. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Robert Cook—Bronze sculptures; through March 31. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

Vieira da Silva—Abstract paintings; through March 26. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

George Deem—Paintings; through Saturday, March 12. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St.)

Saliba Douaihy—Abstract paintings; through March 26. (The Contemporaries, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Lyonel Feininger—A retrospective of woodcuts, etchings, and lithographs; through March 26. (Associated American Artists, 605 Fifth Ave., at 49th St.)

Herbert George—Sculptures; through Saturday, March 19. (Stable, 33 E. 74th St. Closed Mondays.)

Michael Goldberg—Semi-abstract still-lifes and landscapes; through April 2. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Goodnough—Abstract canvases; through March 26. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Léon Hartl—Landscapes and still-lifes; through March 26. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Hartman—Paintings; through Saturday, March 12. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

Barbara Hepworth—Sculptures in stone, slate, wood, and bronze; through April 9. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Margo Hoff—Collage paintings; through March 26. (Banfer, 23 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Budd Hopkins—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, March 12. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St.)

Herbert Katzman—Representational paintings; through Saturday, March 12. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St.)

Robert Keyser—Abstract oils; through March 26. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

John Koenig—Paintings; through April 8. (Fulton, 799 Lexington Ave., at 62nd St.)

Jacob Lawrence—Twenty-one tempera paintings from the series on the theme "Struggle: From the History of the American People;"

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through Saturday, March 12. (Martin, 43 Greenwich Ave., at 11th St. Weekdays, 2 to 10.)

Alexander Liberman—Abstract paintings; through April 2. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ethel Magafan—Semi-abstract landscapes; through Saturday, March 12. (Seligmann, 5 E. 57th St.)

Richard Mayhew—Landscapes; through March 26. (Durlacher, 538 Madison Ave., at 54th St.)

Mary Meigs—Paintings and drawings; through March 26. (Rehn, 36 E. 61st St.)

Costantino Nivola—Drawings; through Saturday, March 12. (Byron, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Kenneth Noland—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, March 12. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Claes Oldenburg—Pop art; through April 2. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

Gabor Peterdi—Graphics; through Saturday, March 19. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Abraham Rattner—Figure paintings; through March 26. (Downtown, 465 Park Ave., at 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Reid—Abstractions; through Thursday, March 17. (Grand Central Moderns, 8 W. 56th St. Closed Monday mornings.)

Bridget Riley—Drawings and preparatory work; through April 2. (Feigen, 24 E. 81st St.)

Peter Saul—Vietnam drawings; through March 26. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

Henry Schnakenberg—Landscapes, still-lifes, and portraits; through Saturday, March 19. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Jane Smith—Still-life paintings; through Saturday, March 12. (Cisneros, 1316 Madison Ave., at 93rd St.)

Soto—Op art by a Venezuelan artist who works in Paris; through Saturday, March 19. (Kootz, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Closed Mondays.)

Frank Stella—Geometric paintings; through March 30. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert S. Titus—Landscapes; through March 26. (Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St. Closed Mondays.)

John von Wicht—Graphics; through Tuesday, March 15. (Grippi, 344 E. 59th St.)

Robert Watts—Objects and constructions; through Saturday, March 19. (Bianchini, 50 W. 57th St.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **GRAND CENTRAL**, 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St.: "Sea and Coast," an exhibit of paintings by (for instance) Bennett Bradbury, Leonard Lane, and Stanley Woodward; through March 26. . . . **MILCH**, 21 E. 67th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists, including Hassam, Twachtman, and Pleissner; through March 25. (Closed Mondays.). . . **ZABRISKIE**. 36 E. 61st St.: Paintings and drawings of flowers by, among others, Nell Blaine, Nicholas Vasilieff, and Andy Warhol; through March 26. (Closed Mondays.)

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At the **HAHN**. 960 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Paintings by such artists as Chagall, Giacometti, and Pollock; through April 16. (Closed Mondays.). . . **WILDENSTEIN** 19 E. 64th St.: Sixteenth- to twentieth-century drawings, by Boucher, Toulouse-Lautrec, Homer, and others; through Saturday, March 19.

Israelis; Group Show—Paintings by Mané-Katz, Israel Paldi, and Shalom of Safed; through March 26. (Sheskin, 119 E. 71st St. Closed Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Recently acquired European and American prints and drawings by a spectrum of artists ranging from Rembrandt, Peter Paul Rubens, and Claude Lorrain to Jack Levine. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A display of architectural drawings of projects and buildings by Ludwig Mies van der Rohe, in celebration of his eightieth birthday; through March 20. . . . ¶ Robert Rauschenberg's thirty-four abstract illustrations for Dante's "Inferno;" through March 20. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective of paintings, drawings, and collages (1941-55) by Nicolas de Staël, together with European drawings by such artists as Gianfranco Baruchello, Eduardo Paolozzi, and Antoni Tàpies; through April 17. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—Marcia Marcus, Lennart Anderson, and George Segal are three of the twenty-nine artists represented in a showing of paintings, drawings, and prints purchased during the past ten years from a fund established in memory of Neysa McMein; through March 27. . . . ¶ Geometric abstract paintings and sculptures from the Museum's permanent collection, by, among others, Frank Stella, Wilfrid Zogbaum, and Ilya Bolotowsky; through April 17. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The fifteenth national print biennial, comprising a hundred and eighty works by artists (among them Will Barnett, Robert Motherwell, and Louise Nevelson) from every section of the country; through May 29. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Gallery of Modern Art, 2 Columbus Circle—"Salvador Dali: The Years 1910-65," a retrospective of paintings, drawings, prints, collages, sculptures, and jewels; through May 1. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 7; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Sculptures and recent paintings by Max Ernst; through April 17. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center—"Designing for the Theatre by Jo Mielziner," a showing of scene paintings (1928-65) for "The Little Show," "Guys and Dolls," "Death of a Salesman," "Winterset," and many more; through May 1. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The hundred-and-forty-first annual, composed of more than three hundred oils, sculptures, drawings, prints, and watercolors by both members and non-members; through March 20. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

National Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—An exhibit of the works of twenty-five American painters and sculptors who are candidates for awards. Among the artists invited to participate are Carroll Cloar, Maurice Grosser, and Ezio Martinelli. Through March 27. (Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday, March 10, at 7:15: "Parsifal," with Régine Crespin, Ruza Pospinov, Sándor Kónya, George London, Jerome Hines, Justino Diaz, and Morley Meredith. . . . ¶ Friday, March 11, at 8: "Rigoletto," with Roberta Peters, Nedda Casei, Cornell MacNeil, Alfredo Kraus, and Justino Diaz. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 12, at 2: "Manon Lescaut," with Raina Kabaivanska, Richard Tucker, William Walker, and Elfego Esparza. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 12, at 8: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Reri Grist, Luigi Alva, Fernando Corena, Nicolae Herlea, and Cesare Siepi. (A benefit performance; for tickets, call PL 5-4400, Ext. 2307.) . . . ¶ Sunday, March 13, at 8: "Aïda," with Leontyne Price, Elena Cernei, Franco Corelli, Sherrill Milnes, Jerome Hines, and Raymond Michalski. (A non-subscription performance.). . . ¶ Monday, March 14, at 8: "Andrea Chénier," with Eileen Farrell, Mignon Dunn, Gladys Kriese, Carlo Bergonzi, and Robert Merrill. . . . ¶ Tuesday, March 15, at 8: "Falstaff," with Raina Kabaivanska, Judith Raskin, Lili Chookasian, Marcia Baldwin, Tito Gobbi, Frank Guarrera, and

Luigi Alva. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 16, at 7:15: "Parsifal," with Anita Valkki, Ruza Pospinov, Sándor Kónya, Jerome Hines, Walter Cassel, Justino Diaz, and Morley Meredith. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 17, at 8: "Don Giovanni," with Ingrid Bjoner, Pilar Lorengar, Jeanette Scovotti, Cesare Siepi, Alfredo Kraus, Fernando Corena, Theodor Uppman, and Justino Diaz. . . . ¶ Friday, March 18, at 8: "La Fanciulla del West," with Dorothy Kirsten, Franco Corelli, and Anselmo Colzani. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 19, at 2: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Reri Grist, Gladys Kriese, Nicolae Herlea, George Shirley, Fernando Corena, and Cesare Siepi. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 19, at 8: "Tannhäuser," with Birgit Nilsson, Wolfgang Windgassen, John Macurdy, Thomas Stewart, and Arturo Sergi.

New York City Opera Company—Thursday evening, March 10: "Don Rodrigo.". . . ¶ Friday evening, March 11: "The Love for Three Oranges" (in English). . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, March 12 (primarily for children): "The Love for Three Oranges.". . . ¶ Saturday evening, March 12: "The Ballad of Baby Doe.". . . ¶ Sunday matinée, March 13: "Danton's Death" (in English). . . . ¶ Sunday evening, March 13: "Oedipus Rex" and "Carmina Burana.". . . ¶ Wednesday evening, March 16: "The Dialogues of the Carmelites" (in English). . . . ¶ Thursday evening, March 17: "The Consul.". . . ¶ Friday evening, March 18: "Katerina Ismailova" (in English). . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, March 19: "Street Scene.". . . ¶ Saturday evening, March 19: "Oedipus Rex" and "Carmina Burana." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Evenings at 8:15. Matinées at 2:30. Through Sunday, March 27.)

Mannes Opera Production Workshop—Performances of Donizetti's "Don Pasquale," staged by James Lucas. Paul Berl is the musical director. (Mannes Concert Hall, 157 E. 74th St. Thursday and Friday, March 10-11, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

Manhattan School of Music Opera Theatre—The première of Nicolas Flagello's "The Judgment of St. Francis" (with a libretto by Armando Aulicino), produced by John Brownlee, conducted by Anton Coppola, and staged by Carlton Gauld. (Hubbard Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 238 E. 105th St. Friday and Saturday, March 18-19, at 8. For information about tickets, call EN 9-2202.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall—Thomas Schippers conducting on Thursday, March 10, at 8:30; Friday, March 11, at 2:15; and Monday, March 14, at 7:30 (all with Van Cliburn, piano). . . . ¶ Andre Kostelanetz conducting on Saturday, March 12, at 8:30 (with Yoichi Hiraoka, xylophone). . . . ¶ Thomas Schippers conducting on Thursday, March 17, at 8:30; Friday, March 18, at 2:15; and Saturday, March 19, at 8:30 (no soloists).

Chicago Symphony Orchestra—At Carnegie Hall, Jean Martinon conducting—Thursday, March 10, at 8:30: With Janos Starker, cello. . . . ¶ Friday, March 11, at 8:30: With Philippe Entremont, piano.

Beethoven Festival—Claudio Arrau, piano, and the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Max Rudolf, in the last two of three joint concerts. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, March 11, at 8:30; and Wednesday, March 16, at 8:30, with the University of Cincinnati College-Conservatory Chorus.)

Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra—Max Rudolf directing, with Lorin Hollander, piano; Charles Bressler, tenor; Malcolm Smith, bass; and the University of Cincinnati College-Conservatory Chorus and Chorale. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, March 17, at 8:30.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Zino Francescatti, violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday and Sunday, March 12-13, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

American Symphony Orchestra—David Katz conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, March 13, at 3, and Monday, March 14, at 8:40.)

Choral Symphony Society—David Labovitz conducting a Mozart-Haydn program. (Town Hall. Sunday, March 13, at 5:30.)

Paris Chamber Orchestra—Paul Kuentz con-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ducting. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, March 18, at 8:30.)

Festival Orchestra—Thomas Dunn conducting, with Charles Rosen, piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, March 18, at 8:30.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Siegfried Landau conducting, with Grant Johannesen, piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, March 19, at 8:30.)

Vienna Choir Boys—Wolfdieter Maurer directing. (Town Hall. Friday, March 11, at 8:30, and Saturday and Sunday, March 12-13, at 2:30, first program; and Friday, March 18, at 8:30, and Saturday, March 19, at 2:30, second program.)

Columbia University Glee Club and Smith College Choir—A joint concert, with Bailey Harvey and Robert Gronquist directing a Mozart-Buxtehude program. (St. Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. at 53rd St. Sunday, March 13, at 4. No tickets necessary.)

RECITALS

Kohon String Quartet—The last in a series of recitals. (Town Hall. Friday, March 11, at 5:30.)

Guarneri String Quartet—With Peter Serkin, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, March 11, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Itzhak Perlman—Violin. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, March 12, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Vienna Octet—Chamber music. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, March 12, at 8:30.)

Joan Baez—Folk singer. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, March 13, at 3.)

Juilliard String Quartet—The fifth in a series of six Haydn-Schubert-Bartók programs. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Tuesday, March 15, at 8:40.)

Artur Rubinstein—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, March 16, at 8:30.)

The Clancy Brothers and Tommy Makem—Folk singers. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, March 18, at 8:30.)

New York Chamber Soloists—With Charles Bressler, tenor. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, March 19, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Jazz Concert—"Jazz Arrangers Workshop," with Thad Jones, Mel Lewis, Bob Brookmeyer, Hank Jones, and others; Billy Taylor narrator. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Friday, March 18, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Friday, March 11, at 8:30: Knicks vs. Baltimore. . . . ¶ Sunday, March 13, at 2: Knicks vs. Philadelphia. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 19, at 8:30: Knicks vs. Boston.

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Sunday, March 13, at 7: Rangers vs. Canadiens. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 16, at 7:30: Rangers vs. Boston.

Racing—At Aqueduct: Weekdays at 1:30, from Monday, March 14, through Saturday, July 30. The Swift, Monday, March 14, and the Paumonok Handicap, Saturday, March 19.

Skating—Middle Atlantic Figure Skating Championships—Friday and Saturday, March 11-12, at 7:30 A.M.: School figures. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, March 11-12, at 5:30: Free skating. . . . ¶ Sunday, March 13, at 8 A.M.: Dance competitions. (Iceland Rink, Eighth Ave. at 50th St. Tickets at the box office only, and only on the days of the events.)

Trapshooting—Charles H. Schupp Memorial Shoot, sponsored by the New York Athletic Club. (Travers Island, Pelham Manor. Saturday, March 12, at 10.)

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8; through Tuesday, May 24.

FOR CHILDREN

Music—By the **new york city opera company:** A performance, primarily for children, of "The Love for Three Oranges," in English. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Saturday, March 12, at 2:30.) . . . **brooklyn philharmonia:** Siegfried Landau conducting the final children's concert of the season. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, March 12, at 2:30.)

Stage Shows—By **explore, inc.:** "Buffalo Bill." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, March 19, at 2:30.) . . . **gingerbread players & jack:** "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177. Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 3:30.) . . . **rose lynch productions:** "Hansel and Gretel." (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. GR 5-9647. Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 2:30.) . . . **paper bag players:** "My Horse Is Waiting." (Henry Street Playhouse, 466 Grand St. Saturdays at 3. Tickets at the box-office only, after 2 on the day of the performance. Children under five not admitted.) . . . **peppermint players:** "Jack and the Beanstalk." (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Saturdays at 1 and 2:30, and Sundays at 1.) . . . **storyland theatre:** "Heidi." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30 and 3:30.) . . . **taubenslag productions:** "Rapunzel and the Wicked Wizard." (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2283. Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30 and 3.) . . . **lea wallace puppets:** "Sinbad the Sailor." (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. LE 4-1672. Saturday, March 12, at 1:30. Children under five not admitted.)

Note—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have free and exclusive use of the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, every Saturday from 10 to 12.

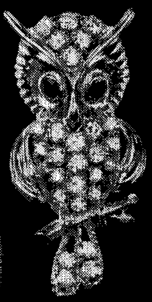
OTHER EVENTS

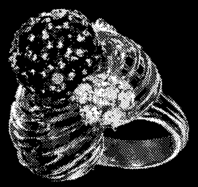
United Nations—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

St. Patrick's Day Parade—Starts at noon on Thursday, March 17, at 44th Street and Fifth Avenue, and disperses at 86th Street.

Coliseum, Columbus Circle—**coliseum antiques fair:** This year, there's a collection of Bennington flint enamel animals, Tiffany lamps and vases, a painting by Joshua Reynolds, a Yemenite bridal headdress, theatre posters, and an assortment of weathervanes, along with the usual displays of furniture, jewelry, and objects of art. (Thursday through Saturday, March 10-12, from 1 to 11, and Sunday, March 13, from 2 to 7.) . . . **international flower show:** The first rite of spring for horticultural putterers or professionals, with everything from orchids to garden hose, including formal and informal gardens, tulips and roses by the square yard, and the like. (Thursday through Saturday, March 10-12, from 10 to 10, and Sunday, March 13, from 1 to 7.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 7, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, March 10, at 1:45: Modern paintings, drawings, and sculptures by such artists as de Chirico, Laurencin, Bemelmans, and Edzard; from various owners. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 12, at 1:45: English and French furniture, glass, rugs, and decorations; from many sources. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 19, at 1:45: French and English furniture and decorative objects, belonging to several collectors. Exhibition starts Saturday, March 12.





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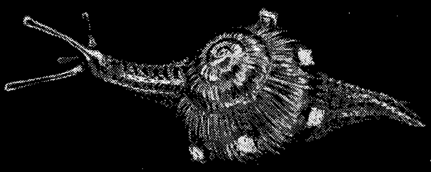

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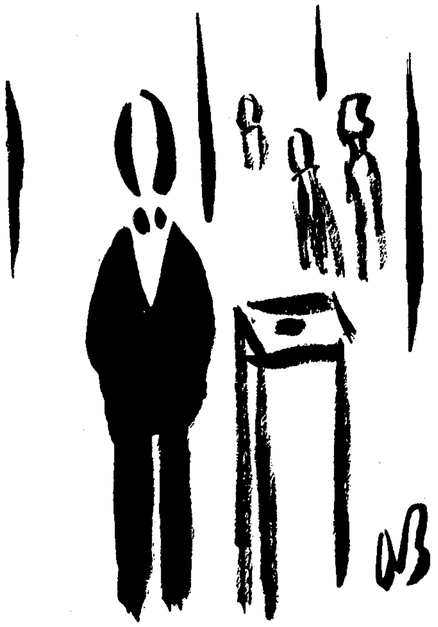
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES



FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

Casanova '70—Marcello Mastroianni races tactfully through a comedy whose theme is scarcely more than a single prolonged blue joke. The resourceful director was Mario Monicelli and the setting is, of course, Italy. In Italian. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; starting March 16, tentative.)

Darling—The English director John Schlesinger leads an expert cast—Julie Christie, Dirk Bogarde, Laurence Harvey, and others—through a crisp, stunningly photographed morality tale about a pretty girl on the make. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363.)

Dear John—An appealing picture, written and directed by Lars Magnus Lindgren, about an affair between a ship's captain and a waitress. Starring Jarl Kulle and Christina Schollin. In Swedish. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313.)

Doctor Zhivago—A beautifully filmed but oddly muted version of the Pasternak novel. With Julie Christie, Omar Sharif, Tom Courtenay, and many others; directed by David Lean. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Flight of the Phoenix—A superior tale about a group of men lost in the desert and fighting to survive. With James Stewart, Peter Finch, Richard Attenborough, and Hardy Krüger, and directed by Robert Aldrich. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-2013. . . . ¶ Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; through March 15.)

The Ipcress File—Double-crossing and maybe even triple-crossing in British Intelligence, with Michael Caine playing the not very heroic hero. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through March 15. . . . ¶ Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; starting March 16, tentative.)

Juliet of the Spirits—A touching tale of a wife not so much scorned as ignored. Enchantingly photographed and filled with the characteristic lyrical insight of its director, Federico Fellini. Giulietta Masina plays the title role. In Italian. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408.)

King and Country—Tom Courtenay and Dirk Bogarde are the stars of this sad and engrossing story of the First World War. Directed by Joseph Losey. (Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448. . . . ¶ Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; starting March 16.)

The Leather Boys—Rita Tushingham, Colin Campbell, and Dudley Sutton in a brilliant survey of contemporary lower-middle-class English life. Merrier than it sounds, thanks to the direction of Sidney J. Furie. (Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through March 15.)

Lord Love a Duck—George Axelrod has directed this harsh but often hilarious study of Young America, and Roddy McDowall and Tuesday Weld are superb in the leading roles. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022.)

The Loved One—A saturation bomb that turns out to be just a bomb. Among its victims are John Gielgud, Robert Morley, Robert Morse, and Rod Steiger. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through March 15.)

Male Companion—Jean-Pierre Cassel is, as usual, romantic and acrobatic in this latest Philippe de Broca comedy. The subject is love-in-idleness, which is a good subject. In French. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.)

The Moment of Truth—The Italian director Francesco Rosi offers his opinion of the beauty and horror of bullfighting, with the famous Spanish matador Miguel Mateo Miguelin in the leading role. In Italian. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting March 16.)

My Fair Lady—A fresh and pleasing adaptation of the musical, with Rex Harrison and Audrey Hepburn charmingly enacting those famous unlove scenes. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Our Man Flint—An American version of James Bond's veddy British brand of international undercover work. Starring James Coburn, who is a funny fellow. (Forum, B'way at 47th, PL 7-8320.)

The Pawnbroker—An extraordinary performance by Rod Steiger makes this worth seeing. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; starting March 16.)

The Shop on Main Street—An exceptionally fine film, all the way from Czechoslovakia. The stars are Josef Kroner and Ida Kaminska, and the setting is a village during the Second World War. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255.)

The Sleeping Car Murder—Yves Montand and Simone Signoret in a model thriller, laid mainly in Paris. Directed by Costa Gavras. In French. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1664.)

The Spy Who Came in from the Cold—Richard Burton is splendid as the grubby and despairing hero of the le Carré novel. Also on hand are Oskar Werner and Claire Bloom. Martin Ritt was the director. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; and Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting March 16.)

The 10th Victim—According to this comedy, world peace can be achieved by encouraging bellicose individuals to kill each other off under government auspices. Wittily written and starring Marcello Mastroianni and Ursula Andress. In Italian. (Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333.)

Those Magnificent Men in Their Flying Machines—Robert Morley, Terry-Thomas, Alberto Sordi, Eric Sykes, and several others are very funny as the participants in an air race across the English Channel in the days when flying was still only a sport. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406. . . . ¶ Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652; through March 15.)

A Thousand Clowns—An adaptation of a Broadway comedy that, for a wonder, is better than the original. With Jason Robards, Barbara Harris, Martin Balsam, Gene Saks, and William Daniels. (Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262; through March 15.)

Thunderball—A silly, thrilling, and occasionally handsome mélange of sex and sudden death, starring Sean Connery as James Bond. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180. No evening performances on Tuesday, March 15.)

To Die in Madrid—A blunt, heartbreaking, and sometimes beautiful documentary about the Spanish Civil War. With an English narration. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

REVIVALS

The Big Deal on Madonna Street (1960)—A parody of the "Rififi" school of melodrama. Among the foiled criminals are Vittorio Gassman, Marcello Mastroianni, and Totò. In Italian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting March 15.)

Billy Budd (1962)—A rousing sea story, starring Peter Ustinov, Robert Ryan, and Terence Stamp. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through March 15.)

Billy Liar (1963)—An English comedy, in which Tom Courtenay plays a boy who can't stop telling disastrous whoppers. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through March 15.)

Breakfast at Tiffany's (1961)—A comedy derived from the Capote novella, with Audrey Hepburn and George Peppard. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; through March 15.)

The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari (1919)—The celebrated old wheeze. A German picture, with Conrad Veidt. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting March 11.)

Cartouche (1964)—A takeoff on romantic costume films. Jean-Paul Belmondo plays the leader of a band of thieves in eighteenth-century Paris. In French. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; through March 12.)

Citizen Kane (1941)—Orson Welles' appraisal of a rich man's career. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; March 10 at noon and midnight, March 11-12 at noon and 1 A.M., and March 13-14 at noon and 11:55 P.M.)

Henry V (1946)—Laurence Olivier in Shakespeare's historical drama. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; March 11-14.)

Ikiru (1960)—The last days of a Japanese Everyman doomed by cancer. Directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Japanese. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; March 10.)

The Spanish Earth (1937)—The Ivens-Hemingway picture about war around Madrid. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; March 10.)

Il Successo (1965)—Vittorio Gassman in a comedy about a businessman on the make. In Italian. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting March 16.)

Swing Time (1936)—Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers dancing away to Kern tunes. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; March 13-15.)

A Taste of Honey (1962)—Shelagh Delaney's play about the coming of age of a girl in an English slum. Directed by Tony Richardson, and with Rita Tushingham, Dora Bryan, and Robert Stephens. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through March 15.)

Ten Days That Shook the World (1928)—About the October Revolution (Russian). Eisenstein (also Russian) directed it. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting March 11.)

The Umbrellas of Cherbourg (1964)—A fantasy in song about the joys and sorrows of young love. Written and directed by Jacques Demy. In French. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; starting March 16.)

Film Libraries—At the **museum of modern art**, 11 W. 53rd—The last program in a series called "A Producer's Work: Sam Spiegel." March 10 at 2 and 8, March 11 at 2, and March 12 at 11:30 and 5:30: "Lawrence of Arabia" (1962), with Peter O'Toole and Alec Guinness. . . . ¶ March 13-15 at 3 and 5:30: "The Love Parade" (1929), with Maurice Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald. . . . ¶ March 16 at 3 and 5:30: "At the Crossroads of Life" (1908) and "The Avenging Conscience" (1914). . . . **gallery of modern art**, 2 Columbus Circle—March 10-12 at 3 and 5:30 and March 13 at 2 and 4: "The Puritan" (1938), in French, with Jean-Louis Barrault and Pierre Fresnay. . . . ¶ March 15 at 3 and 5:30 and March 16 at 3: A program of experimental shorts. . . . **note:** At both Museums, a limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				10	11	12
13	14	15	16			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
Through March 15: **THE FLIGHT OF THE PHOENIX.**
From March 16: "The Group."

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
DOCTOR ZHIVAGO.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
MY FAIR LADY.

DEMILLE, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"Promise Her Anything," Warren Beatty, Leslie Caron.

FORUM, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
OUR MAN FLINT.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
Through March 16: "Inside Daisy Clover," Natalie Wood, Christopher Plummer.

NEW EMBASSY, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
JULIET OF THE SPIRITS (in Italian).

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Sound of Music," Julie Andrews, Christopher Plummer. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

STATE, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"The Oscar," Stephen Boyd, Elke Sommer.

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
Through March 15: "The Chase," Marlon Brando, Jane Fonda.
From March 16: "The Silencers," Dean Martin.

WARNER CINERAMA, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Battle of the Bulge," Henry Fonda, Robert Shaw. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 2:30, and Saturdays at 1 and 4:45. Reserved seats only.)

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through March 15: **THE LOVED ONE.**
From March 16: **KING AND COUNTRY.**

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
DARLING.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
THUNDERBALL.

KIPS BAY, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through March 15: **BREAKFAST AT TIFFANY'S**, revival; and "Judith," Sophia Loren, Peter Finch.
From March 16 (tentative): **THE IPCRESS FILE**; and **CASANOVA '70** (in Italian).

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
Through March 15: **THOSE MAGNIFICENT MEN IN THEIR FLYING MACHINES.**
From March 16: "The Group."

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
THE SHOP ON MAIN STREET, a Czechoslovakian film.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
Through March 15: "The Chase," Marlon Brando, Jane Fonda.
From March 16: "The Silencers," Dean Martin.

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
Through March 15: **A THOUSAND CLOWNS.**
From March 16: "The Group."

R.K.O. 58TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
"Judith," Sophia Loren, Peter Finch; and "Johnny Reno," Dana Andrews, Jane Russell.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
"The Gospel According to St. Matthew" (in Italian, with a cast of non-professionals).

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
Through March 13: "Viva Maria," Brigitte Bardot, Jeanne Moreau.
From March 14 at 8:30: "Hamlet" (in Russian). Opening night by invitation only.

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
MALE COMPANION (in French).

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1664)
THE SLEEPING CAR MURDER (in French).

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
LORD LOVE A DUCK.

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Impossible on Saturday" (in French), Robert Hirsch.

YORK CINEMA, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
Through March 15: "Repulsion," Catherine Deneuve, Ian Hendry; and "Woman in the Dunes" (in Japanese), revival, Eiji Okada.
From March 16: To be announced.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Promise Her Anything," Warren Beatty, Leslie Caron.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
THUNDERBALL.

TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
DEAR JOHN (in Swedish).

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through March 15: "Repulsion," Catherine Deneuve, Ian Hendry; and "Bambole!" (in Italian), revival, Gina Lollobrigida, Elke Sommer.
From March 16: **THE SPY WHO CAME IN FROM THE COLD.**

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
THUNDERBALL. (On Tuesday, March 15, at 7:30 and 9:30, "The Loves of Sunya," a silent film, with Gloria Swanson, will be shown instead.)

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
"Judith," Sophia Loren, Peter Finch; and "Johnny Reno," Dana Andrews, Jane Russell.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through March 15: "The Heroes of Telemark," Kirk Douglas, Richard Harris.
From March 16: "The Chase," Marlon Brando, Jane Fonda.

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
March 10: **IKIRU** (in Japanese), revival; and **THE SPANISH EARTH**, revival.
From March 11: **TEN DAYS THAT SHOOK THE WORLD**; and **THE CABINET OF DR. CALIGARI** (both silent films).
(Additionally, there will be showings of **CITIZEN KANE**, revival, March 10 at noon and midnight, March 11-12 at noon and 1 A.M., and March 13-14 at noon and 11:55 P.M.)

GARRICK, 152 Bleecker St. (OR 7-0700)
Through March 12: **CARTOUCHE** (in French), revival; and "That Man from Rio" (in French), revival, Jean-Paul Belmondo.
March 13-15: **SWING TIME**, revival; and "Gunga Din," revival, Cary Grant, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
From March 16: "Freaks," revival, Olga Baclanova; and another feature, to be announced.

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through March 15: **THE IPCRESS FILE**; and "The Bedford Incident," Richard Widmark, Sidney Poitier.
From March 16: **THE MOMENT OF TRUTH** (in Italian); and **IL SUCCESSO** (in Italian), revival.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through March 15: **THE LEATHER BOYS**; and **BILLY BUDD**, revival.
From March 16: "A Patch of Blue," Sidney Poitier, Shelley Winters.

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through March 15: **BILLY LIAR**, revival; and **A TASTE OF HONEY**, revival.
From March 16: **THE PAWNBROKER**; and **THE UMBRELLAS OF CHERBOURG** (in French), revival.

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
THUNDERBALL.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through March 15: "Judith," Sophia Loren, Peter Finch; and "I Saw What You Did," Joan Crawford, John Ireland.
From March 16: **THE SPY WHO CAME IN FROM THE COLD**; and "The Truth About Spring," revival, Hayley Mills, John Mills.

R.K.O. 23RD ST. CINEMA, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
"Judith," Sophia Loren, Peter Finch; and "Johnny Reno," Dana Andrews, Jane Russell.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
THOSE MAGNIFICENT MEN IN THEIR FLYING MACHINES.

55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"Three Dolls from Hong Kong" (with Mandarin dialogue); and "Empress Wu" (with Mandarin dialogue), revival.

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
"The Oscar," Stephen Boyd, Elke Sommer.

CINEMA RENDEZVOUS, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
KING AND COUNTRY.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
"Sallah" (in Hebrew).

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
TO DIE IN MADRID.

LINCOLN ART, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
THE 10TH VICTIM (in Italian).

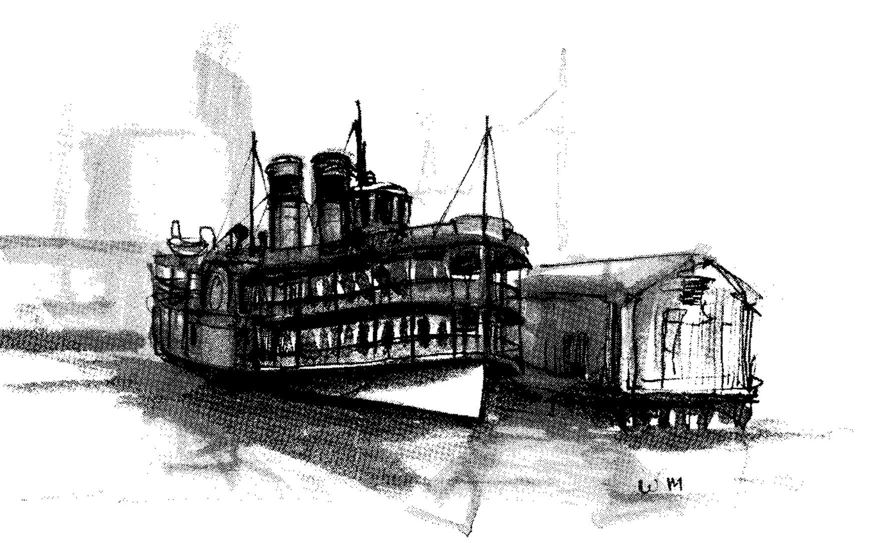
PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
THE FLIGHT OF THE PHOENIX.

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
March 10: "Red Desert" (in Italian), revival, Monica Vitti, Richard Harris; and "Look Back in Anger," revival, Richard Burton, Claire Bloom.
March 11-14: **HENRY V**, revival; and "Singin' in the Rain," revival, Gene Kelly, Debbie Reynolds.
From March 15: "The Grand Olympics," revival, an Italian documentary on the 1960 Rome Olympics; and "To Love" (in Swedish), revival, Harriet Andersson.

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
THUNDERBALL.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
March 10: "Ashes and Diamonds" (in Polish), revival; and "The Condemned of Altona," revival, Sophia Loren, Maximilian Schell.
March 11-14: "Circle of Love" (in French), revival, Jane Fonda, Catherine Spaak; and "The Magnificent Cuckold" (in Italian), revival, Claudia Cardinale, Ugo Tognazzi.
From March 15: **THE BIG DEAL ON MADONNA STREET** (in Italian), revival; and "The Captain of Koepenick" (in German), revival.

MIDTOWN, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
THE LEATHER BOYS.



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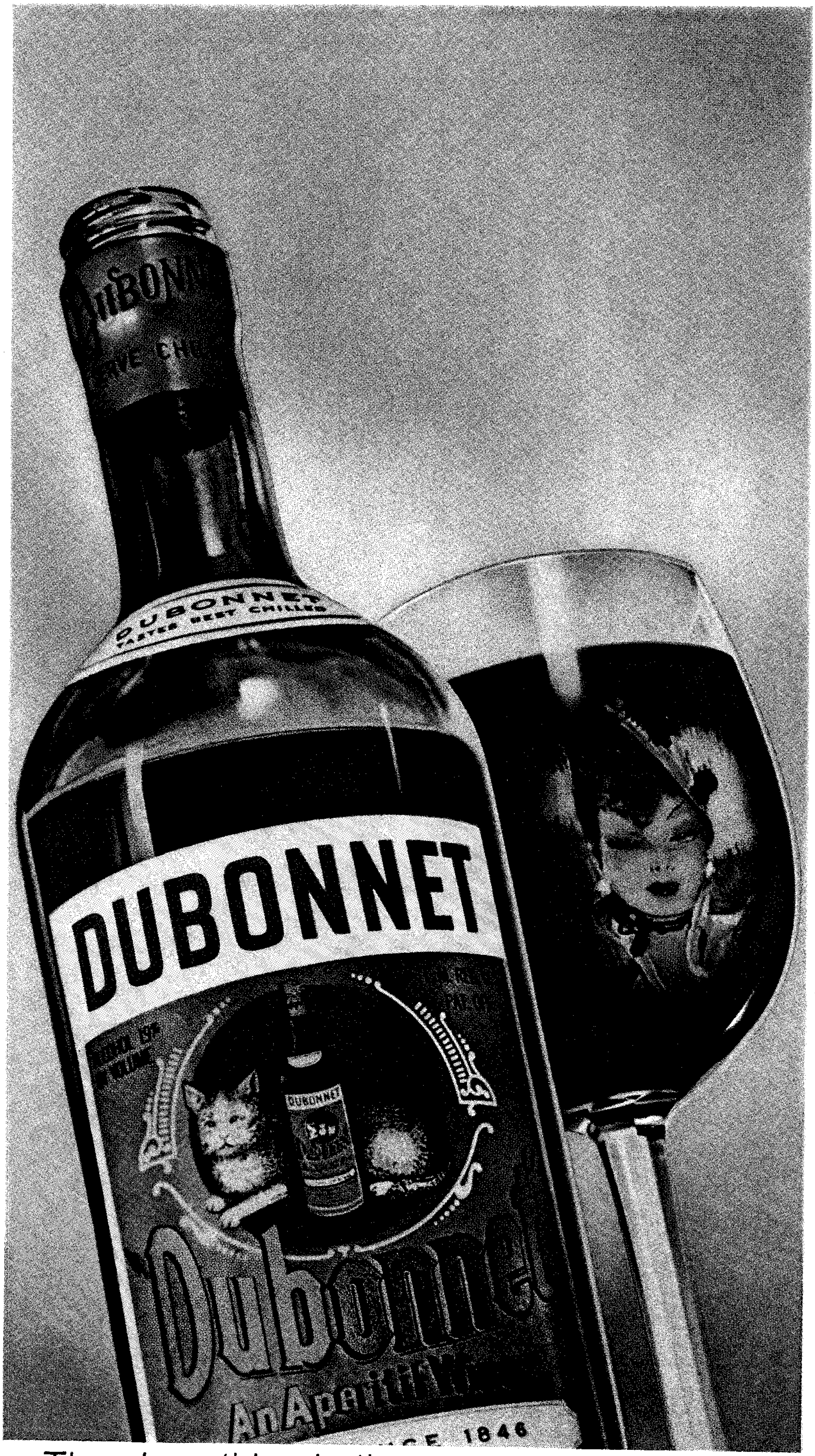
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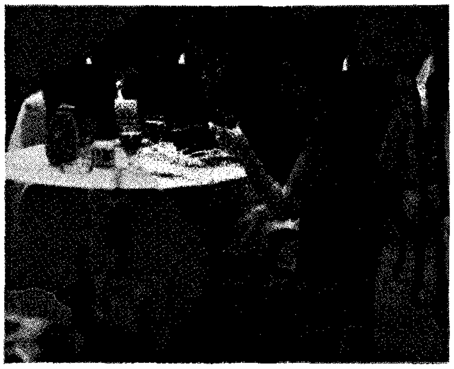

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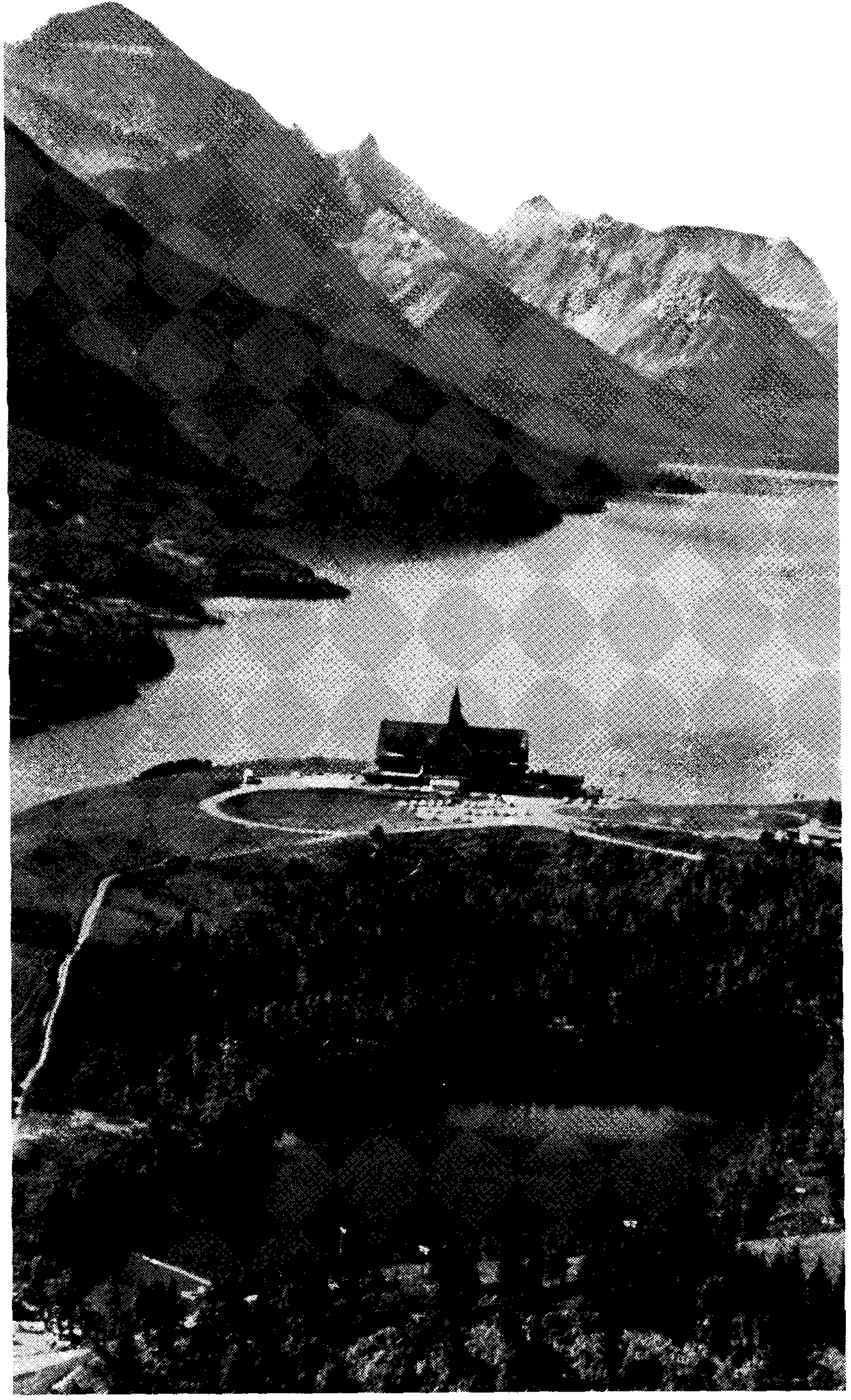

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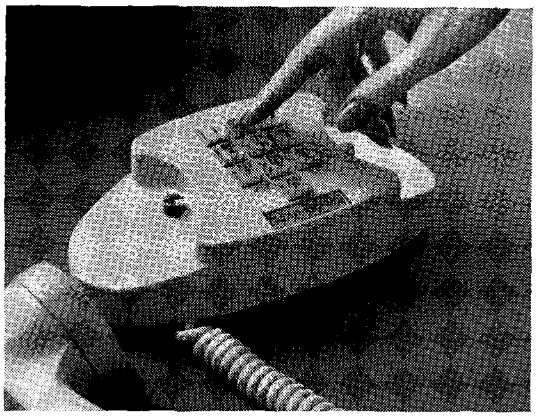

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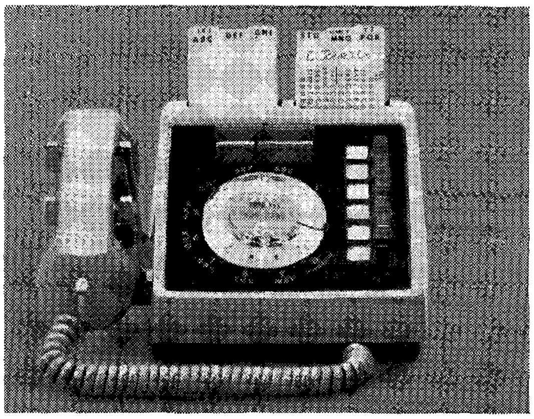

Card Dialer telephone. Just pop a card in a slot and press a button for automatic dialing.

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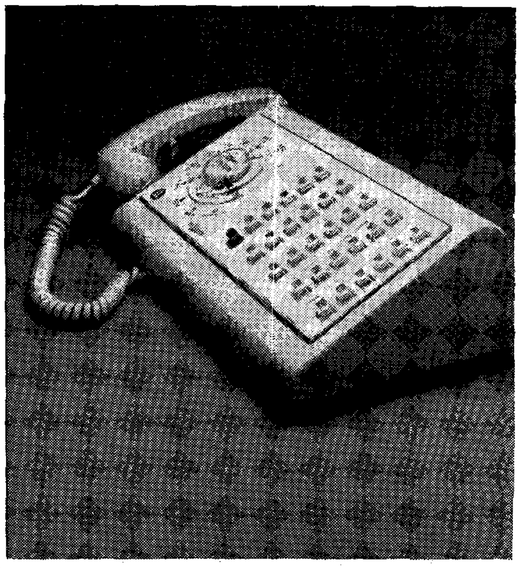

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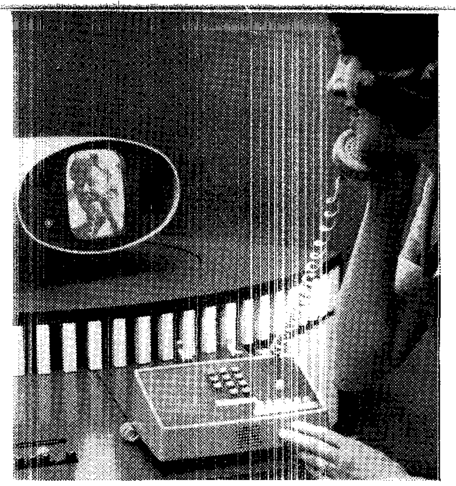

Picturephone service will let you see as well as talk. Now operating in three cities to test future feasibility.*

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Progress in Space Communications

Other activities in space are also tied closely to telephone progress. Communication systems link launch pads, control centers, astronauts and computers.

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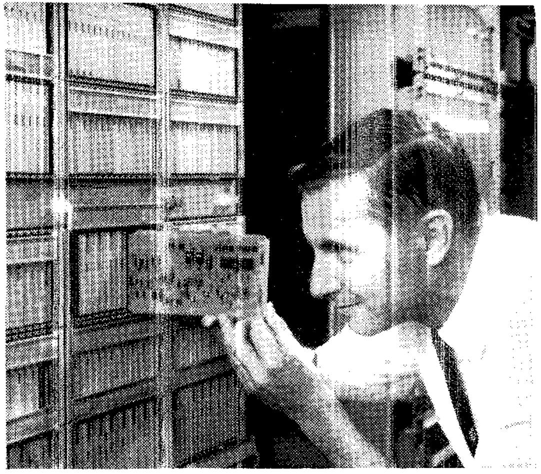
The record is good. But much more will be required to meet the needs of a fast-moving, fast-growing nation.



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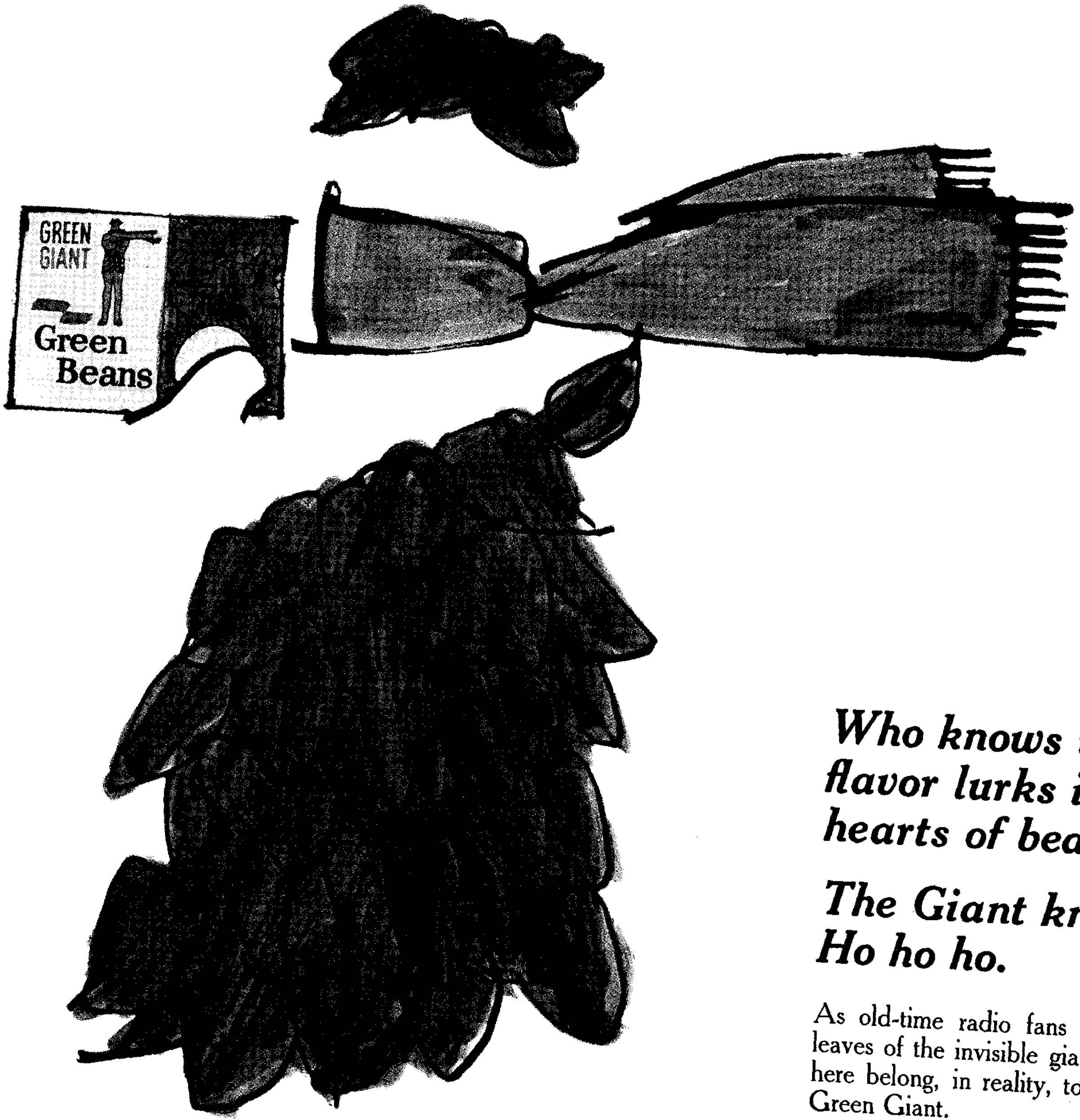

Who knows what flavor lurks in the hearts of beans?

The Giant knows. Ho ho ho.

As old-time radio fans know, the leaves of the invisible giant you see here belong, in reality, to the Jolly Green Giant.

Our story in a moment. But first—

Try the Green Giant's Kitchen Sliced Brand diagonal cut green beans frozen in butter sauce.

Back to our story. When we left the Jolly Green Giant he had just set his bean slicers on diagonal. Listen now, as he reveals how to bring out more of the crisp inner bean: Slice them on a slant.

Meanwhile, back at the freezing factory, a pinch of gourmet seasoning has just been added to the Green Giant's special butter sauce. Does he know how delicious his snapping-crisp, summer-fresh green beans taste frozen in butter sauce? Does he know how his special flavor-tight cooking pouch keeps in all the fresh bean flavor and aroma?

The Giant knows.

Green Giant

Good things from the garden

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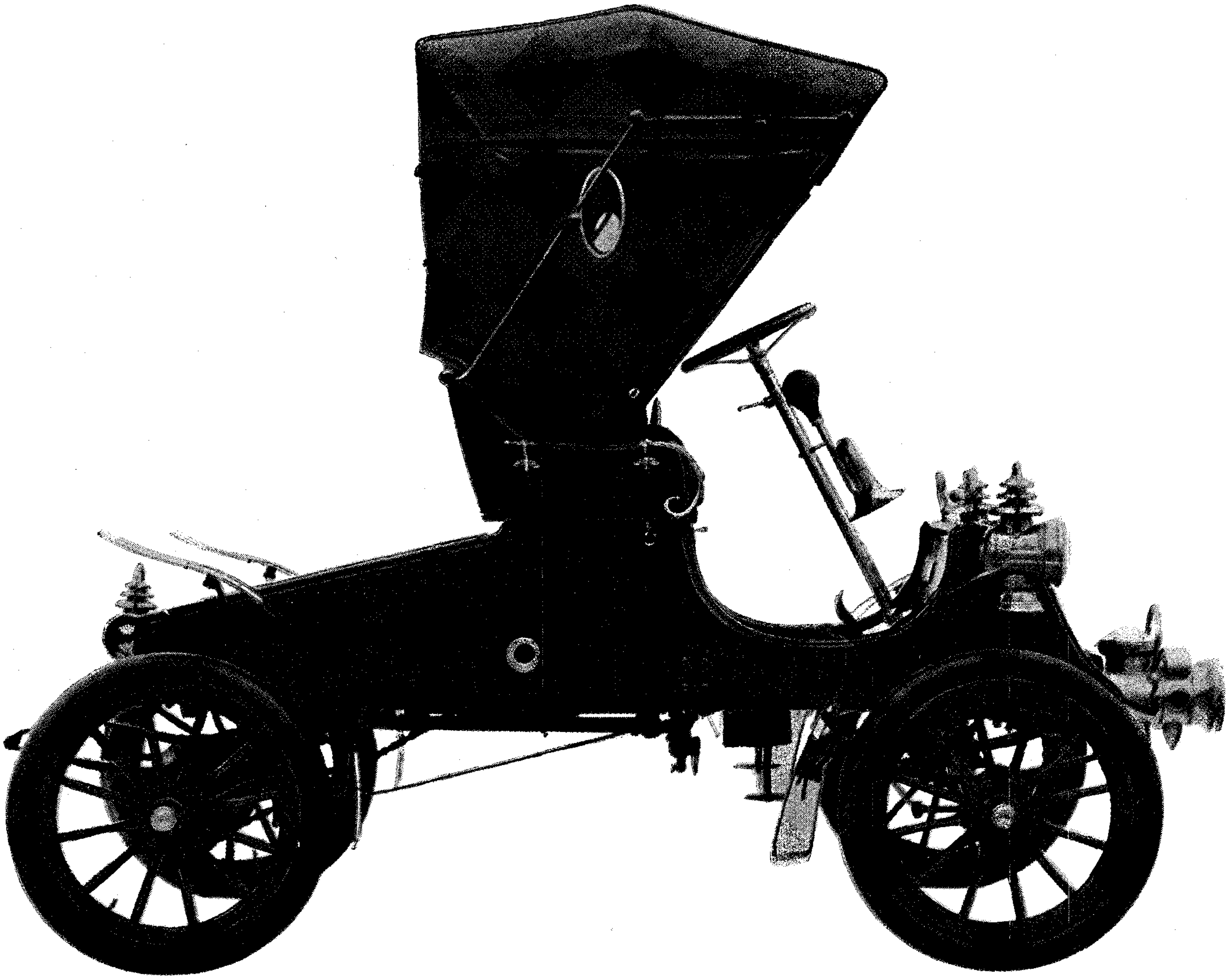
Ford

IN 1903 WE MADE...

450 Model A's Ford Motor Company's first car. It weighed 1000 pounds, had 2 cylinders, 8 horsepower, ran at the fantastic speed of 30 miles an hour and cost $850. Trade-in price today about $5,000.



IN 1965 WE MADE...

15,686 "Broncos"

It's Mustang's little brother . . . the new 4-wheel-drive fun car for climbing a mountain, plowing a snowbank, or going on a picnic with the beach buggy set.

Over 22,000,000 linear yards of vinyl

Ford is one of the largest manufacturers of vinyls. In addition to car upholstery, Ford vinyls are used for wall coverings, sporting goods—even furniture for your living room.

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Our subsidiary, Philco, makes TV sets, radios, phonographs, refrigerators, freezers, air conditioners, kitchen ranges and home laundry equipment—practically everything but the kitchen sink!

531,007 Trucks

Choose from more than 1000 truck models—from light pick-ups (with Twin-I-Beam front axles) . . . to huge 10-wheeled cross-country haulers.

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1,503,689 vehicles in foreign countries

Built by Ford of Canada, Mexico, Brazil, Argentina, Australia, Britain, Belgium and Germany. (Watch out Volkswagen. We're catching up right in your own backyard.)

2 "READ" Systems

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112,626,167 Autolite Spark Plugs

Our Power Tip spark plugs are like Siamese cats—they're self-cleaning . . . to save you gas and pep up performance.

50 "Indy Engines"

Finest example of precision-built engines in the world. (They sold for $15,000 apiece.)

1 Tropo Scatter Communications System in the Arctic

Designed by Philco, this is the longest and most powerful communications system of its type in the Free World. It fills a vital communication link between Thule Air Force Base, Greenland and Canada's Northwest Territories.

1 Special Purpose "Microfilm Recorder"

So fast it records up to 4 million characters a minute on microfilm. Another advance from Ford's subsidiary, Philco.

16,309 "Mutts"

The tough-minded utility trucks that carry the U.S. Army through mud, mire and muck.

31,045 Tractors

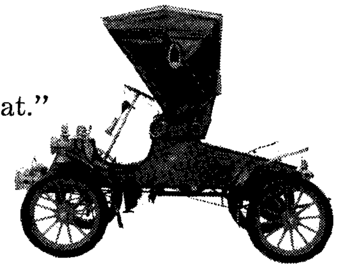
Ford provides the best in all three forms of transportation for America's farmers—cars, trucks and tractors. Hottest idea in tractors is Select-O-Speed transmission. (You can shift between any of 10 forward speeds without clutching or stopping.)

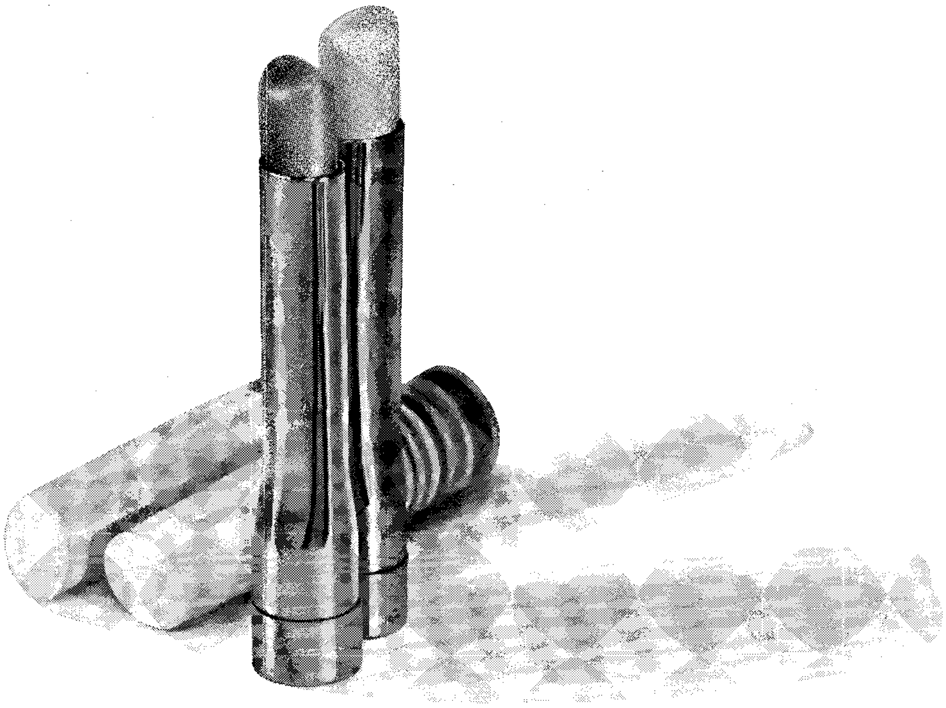
Plus (and how could we forget) 2,565,781 Mustangs, Falcons, Fairlanes, Fords, Comets, Mercurys, Thunderbirds and Lincoln Continentals.

Plus 34,569,854 "Miscellaneous"

Our accountants gave us these projected estimates of total production for the year when this advertisement was prepared. They also reminded us we left out 5,691,051 gallons of paint, 2 superconducting magnetometers for advanced research and a few million other things.

"And to think I started all that."



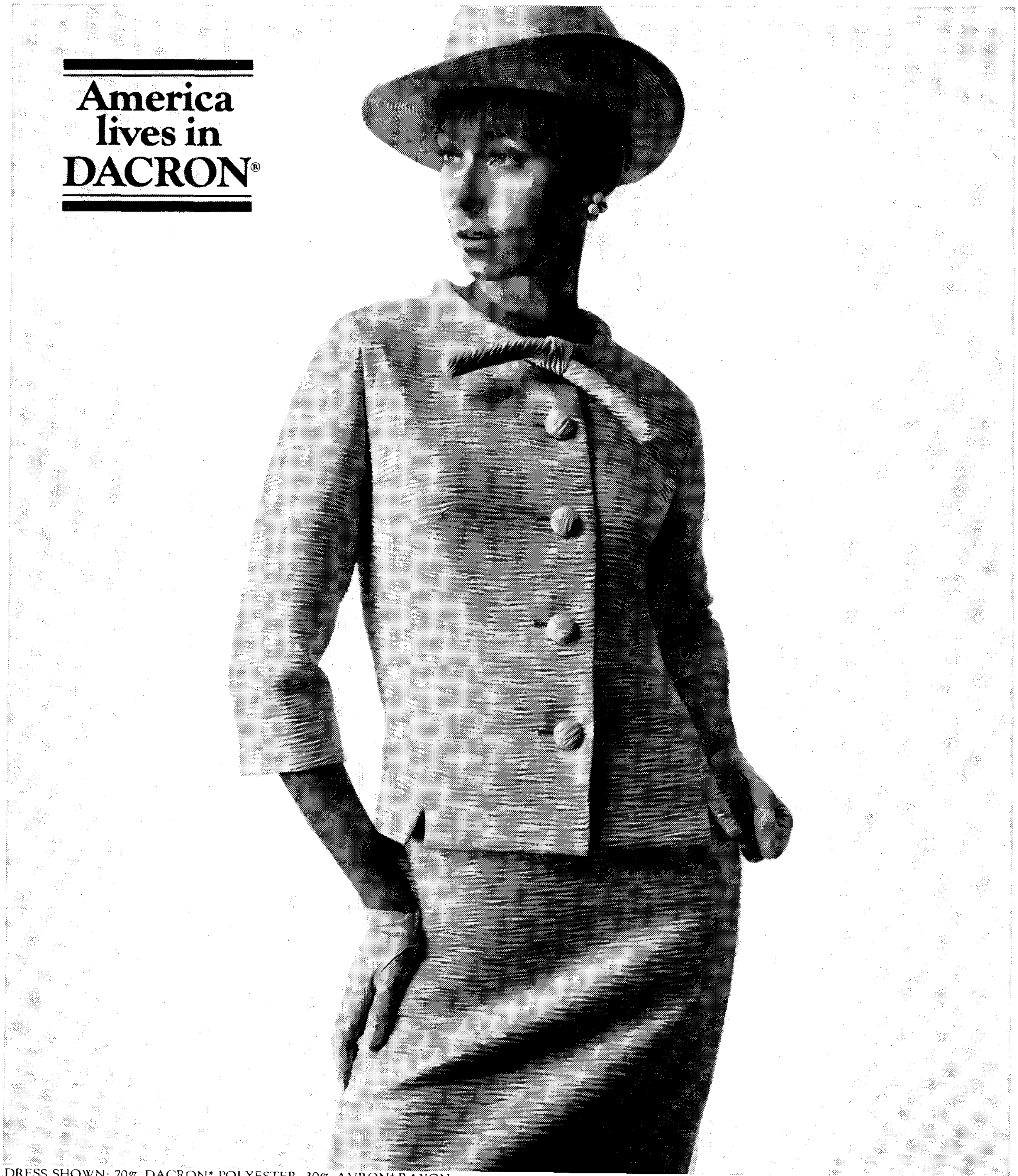


Chameleon Lipstick. What will Fabergé think of next?

Never-ever-before *Chameleon* is so beautiful, you'd never guess what goes on while it's looking so lovely on your lips. On your lips, it's a tawny rosy glow that, like magic, accommodates itself to your own ever-variable skin tones!

Named after that enchanted little changeling lizard, *Chameleon* lipstick is much *more* than an incredibly compatible new colour. It's *protective* colouration, wonderfully waterproof and scientifically formulated to screen out harmful sun rays, counteract chapping, keep your lips sweet and juicy – no matter where, no matter when, no matter weather. Obviously, its appeal is element-ary.

Skiiers, swimmers, sun-lovers, all you outdoor people – rejoice! Here comes *Chameleon* – lipstick *pour le sport…* pure shimmer or frosted with silicones, by none other than Fabergé



DRESS SHOWN: 70% DACRON* POLYESTER, 30% AVRON† RAYON

†Trademark of American Viscose Corp.

Textured crepe elegance. Always fresh in "Dacron". By Leslie Fay.

The suit that's a dress—or vice versa. Marvelous in a ripple-surfaced crepe that stays fresh and forever fair. Why? Because there's 70% "Dacron" in the blend. Blue, pink and beige. Sizes 10-20. About $30. At Best & Co., Fifth Avenue, New York; Chas. A. Stevens & Co., Chicago; J. W. Robinson Co., Los Angeles; Joseph Horne Co., Pittsburgh.

*Du Pont's registered trademark. Du Pont makes fibers, not fabrics or fashions. Hat by Sally Victor. Gloves of Du Pont nylon by Hansen.

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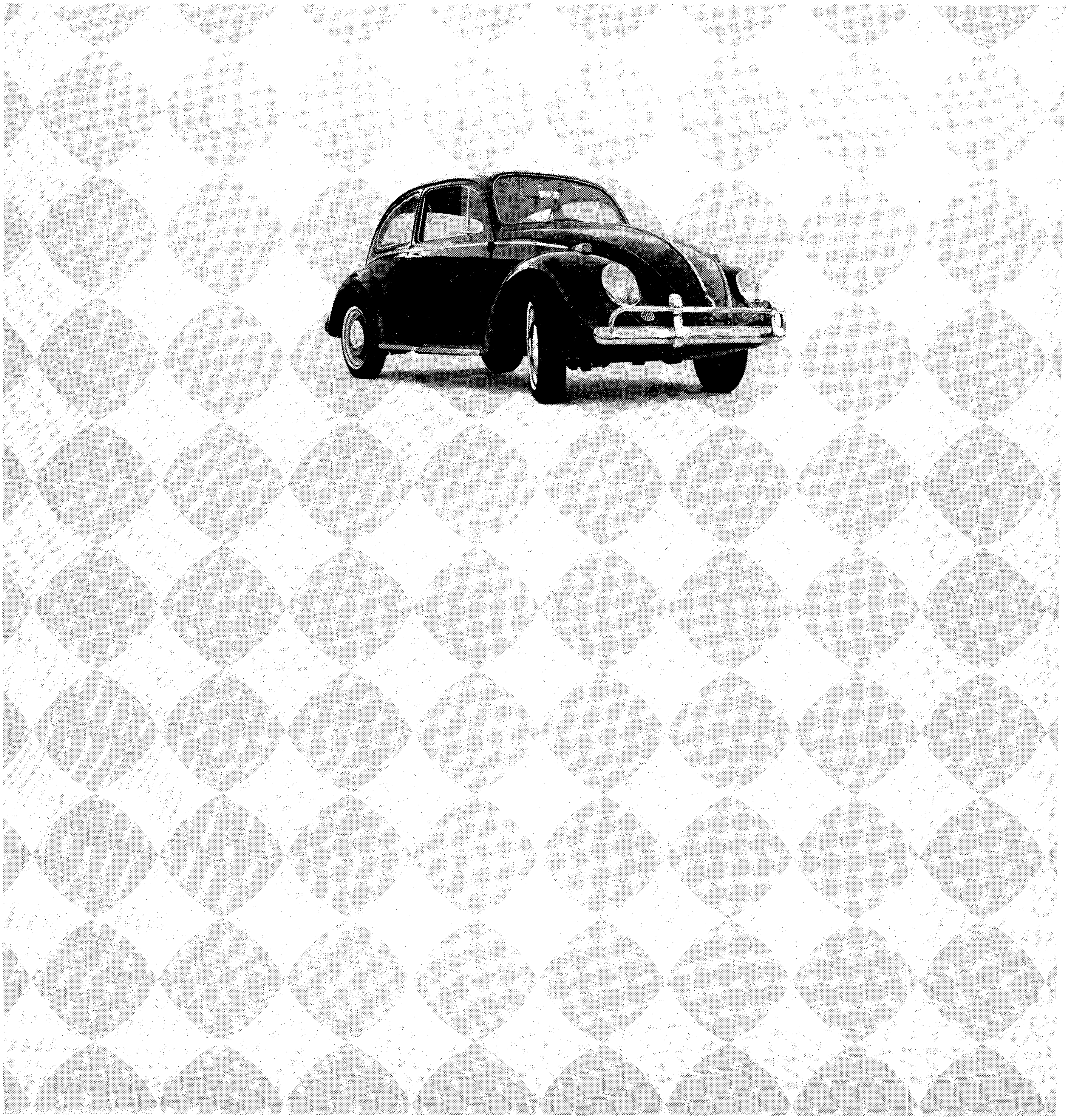

Don't let the low price scare you off.

$1574.*

That's the price of a new Volkswagen.

But some people won't buy one: They feel they deserve something costlier. That's the price we pay for the price we charge.

And some people are afraid to buy one: They don't see how we can turn out a cheap car without having it turn out cheap.

This is how:

Since the factory doesn't change the bug's shape every year, we don't have to change the factory every year.

What we don't spend on looks, we spend on improvements to make more people buy the car.

Mass production cuts costs. And VWs have been produced in a greater mass (over 10 million to date) than any car model in history.

Our air-cooled rear engine cuts costs, too, by eliminating the need for a radiator, water pump, and drive shaft.

There are no fancy gadgets, run by push buttons.

(The only push buttons are on the doors. And those gadgets are run by you.)

When you buy a VW, you get what you pay for. What you don't get is frills. And you don't pay for what you don't get.

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Europe the 2nd time.

Remember the whirlwind tour? Visit Sabena's Europe now and be slow about it. Pick a "stay-awhile" city like Brussels and linger. Get to know the Grand' Place by heart. Buy flowers for your hotel room as well as presents for home. And see the wooded suburbs from a bike. It's slower that way but it's better. Because it's Europe the second time around.

How do you get to Brussels fast? You can have your travel agent send you packing on Sabena. (On a non-stop jet with non-stop service, comfort, and food.) If you happen to want to get a move on again, Sabena flies to fifty-five European cities, plus Africa and the Middle East, too. Sabena goes everywhere you want to go, the first, the tenth or the "nth" time around.

Sabena.

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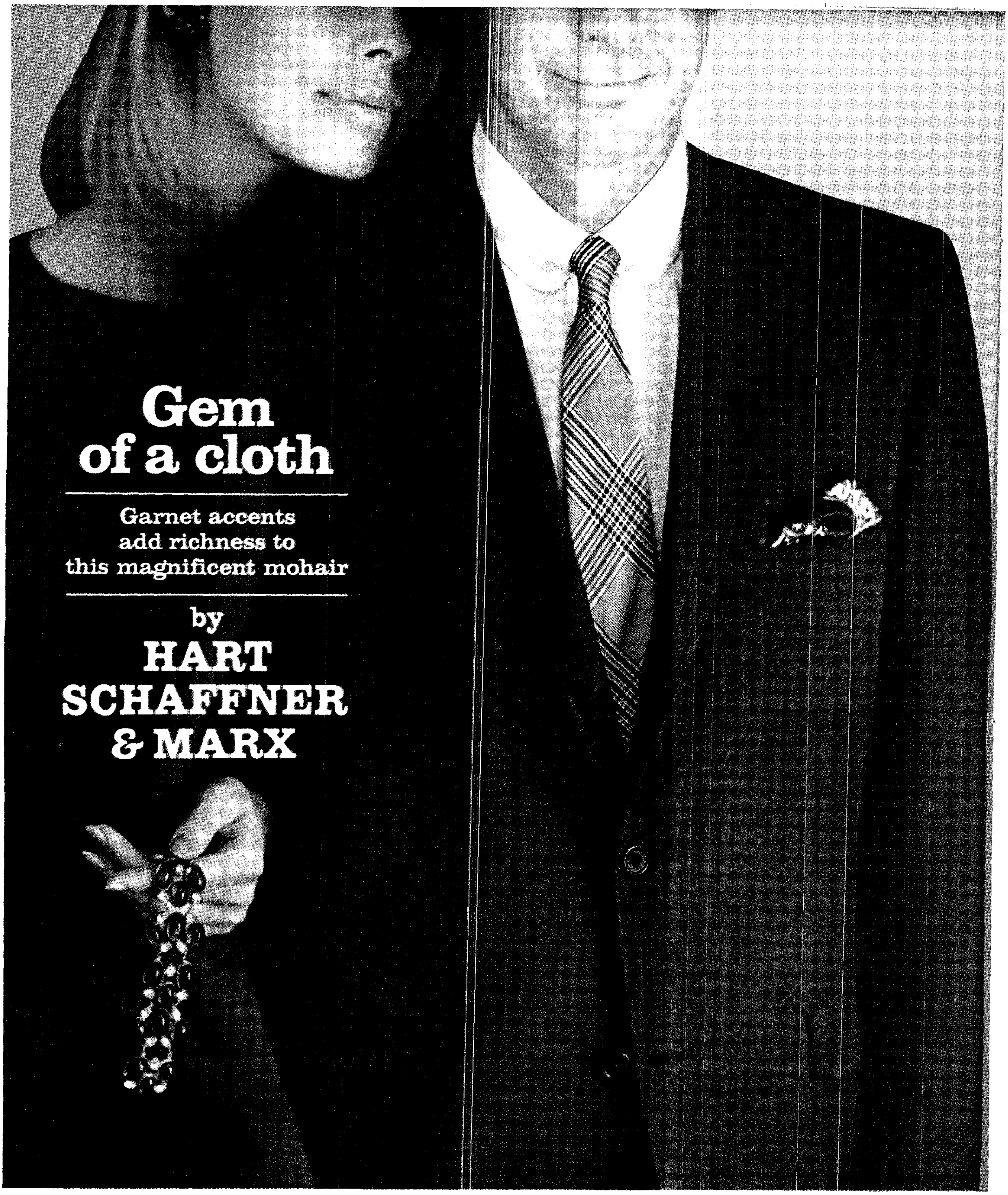
SABENA

BELGIAN *World* AIRLINES


Gem
of a cloth
Garnet accents
add richness to
this magnificent mohair
by
HART
SCHAFFNER
& MARX

A jewel of a suit in warm weather—luxurious mohair. Never more flattering than in the distinguished new color combination shown above, garnet-and-gray. Makes you look and feel like a millionaire. A cool millionaire.

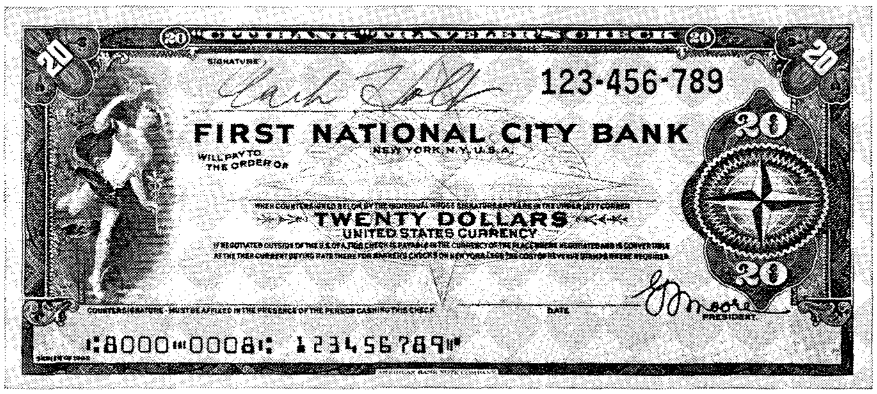
Mohair blended into this cloth gives it a lustrous glow. Mohair adds a silky softness. Mohair is supple, shrugs off wrinkles. Mohair is a must to keep you well-groomed for your important summer-time moments.

Hart Schaffner & Marx tailors are like jewelers. Every little detail is important. Take "underpressing," for instance. Every important seam on the *inside* is pressed and re-pressed to shape and mold the coat *during* tailoring. Not afterward. As a result, the look you buy is the look you keep.

This summer, think rich! All it takes is a modest investment in this Hart Schaffner & Marx Mohair suit. Who needs jewels!

Other travelers checks are every bit as good as First National City Bank's

...until you lose them!


20
CITIBANK TRAVELERS CHECK
SIGNATURE
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TWENTY DOLLARS
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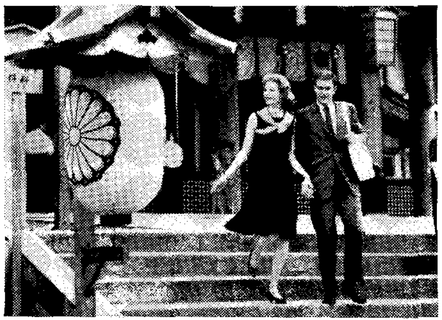
COUNTERSIGNATURE - MUST BE AFFIXED IN THE PRESENCE OF THE PERSON CASHING THIS CHECK
DATE
PRESIDENT



You can cash First National City travelers checks all over the U.S. and abroad—even here in far-away Kyoto, Japan. But their *big* advantage is a faster refund system. See below.

Other leading travelers checks, like First National City travelers checks, can be cashed all over the world. And they all cost the same—just one cent per dollar.

But if you think all travelers checks are alike, you may be in for a rude shock if you *lose* your checks.

With other leading travelers checks, elaborate and time-consuming inquiries often have to be made. It may be days—even weeks—before you get your money back. Who wants to wait?

But, if you lose First National City travelers checks, you don't have to worry. There are more than 20,000 places around the world authorized to give you a *fast refund—right on the spot!*

First National City travelers checks come from the *leader* in world-wide banking, and have been in use over 60 years. They are known and accepted in more than a *million* shops, hotels, restaurants, air terminals, etc., the world over.

Next time you travel, *insist* on First National City travelers checks.

First National City Bank Travelers Checks Sold by banks everywhere

MEMBER FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION

It helps you see better.

Tensor® light was invented by a man who got bugged at the idea of living with 19th century light in the 20th century.

If you're wondering what 19th century light is, turn on your favorite reading lamp. That's 19th century light. Invented by Thomas Edison in 1879 and not much improved upon since.

If you're wondering what there is to improve upon, take a look at the electric light for what it actually is: a substitute for daylight. And a very poor one. Its pale, yellow glow is still dark-age compared to the clear, bright, natural light of day.

And that's important. Through evolution, it's in the clear, bright, natural light of day that the human eye sees best.

And that's the significance of Tensor light. Tensor high-intensity light is the closest thing to daylight you can buy.

It gives a white, glare-free, natural light. The equivalent of a 100-200 watt conventional desk lamp, yet it fits into the palm of your hand.

Because it etches the words sharp and clean on the page, Tensor light eliminates reader squint for many, makes reading easier for all.

It even makes reading possible for some. Steven Howells, an eleven year old boy in Edwardsville, Illinois is one. Born with only partial sight, reading had been a slow, painful ordeal all of Steven's life. When a Tensor lamp was employed in an effort to help the youngster, a most gratifying thing happened. As it was reported in the local newspaper: "The words which he had strained too hard to see in the past fairly leaped out at him. A new world had opened up."

Because it concentrates its light on a small area, the Tensor lamp may even save a marriage or two. It permits one partner to read in bed without disturbing the other partner.

Another advantage of its concentrated light is concentrated reading. Tensor lamps shut out distracting influences in other parts of the room by leaving them in the dark. If you have a student or two in the family you'll understand the significance of this.

Because Tensor light is white, it lets you see things as they really are. Color is not distorted as with standard indoor light. If your hobby is art you'll appreciate this. If you sew, tie flies, or do jigsaw puzzles you'll appreciate this.

And you'll especially appreciate this if you're tired of putting on makeup by indoor light only to have it change color when you step into outdoor light.

We do not suggest that you replace all your present lamps with Tensor lamps. After all, a soft glowing lamp contributes to a pleasant atmosphere in the home. But we do urge you to have Tensor light in the house.

Tensor lamps start at $9.95 and go to $19.95. There are six models to choose from. Two of them carry a one year guarantee. Four of them carry a lifetime guarantee.*

There are also over a dozen imitators to choose from. None of them has been able to match Tensor's brightness. And none of them has chosen to match Tensor's lifetime guarantee.

Tensor lamps are available at most department, gift, stationery, and specialty stores. Ask to see one. You won't be looking at a new kind of lamp. You'll be looking at a new way to see.

tensor®

*If any part, except bulb and finish, wears out or fails to function because of defects in material or workmanship, we'll fix or replace it free. Just take the lamp or mail it postage paid, to one of the nationwide Tensor Service Centers. The one year guarantee is good for one year from date of purchase, the lifetime guarantee is good for the life of the owner. ©1966 Tensor Corporation.

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You are a success because you have applied your talents and energies to the field that interests you most. Whatever you do—medicine, the law, management, or any other field—you do best when you give yourself to your career fully, without stinting time or attention.

But intelligent pursuit of investment goals, properly handled, is a full-time occupation. As a professional in another field, you might well spread yourself too thin if you tried to undertake both to fulfill your commitments to your career and to manage a growing portfolio unaided.

You get our point. The sensible thing is to devote yourself entirely to your career, and to retain competent outside specialists—such as ourselves—to help manage your investments.

This does not mean that you abdicate your responsibilities. All decisions remain yours. Nevertheless, our extensive facilities, our 100-plus years of proven investment experience, and our record of performance are such that you may be assured of our ability to help you obtain your objectives.

Write or telephone John A. Hoff, Vice President, for a confidential discussion of your investment goals. There is, of course, no obligation.

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Are there London Fogs in London?
Are there tempests in a teapot?

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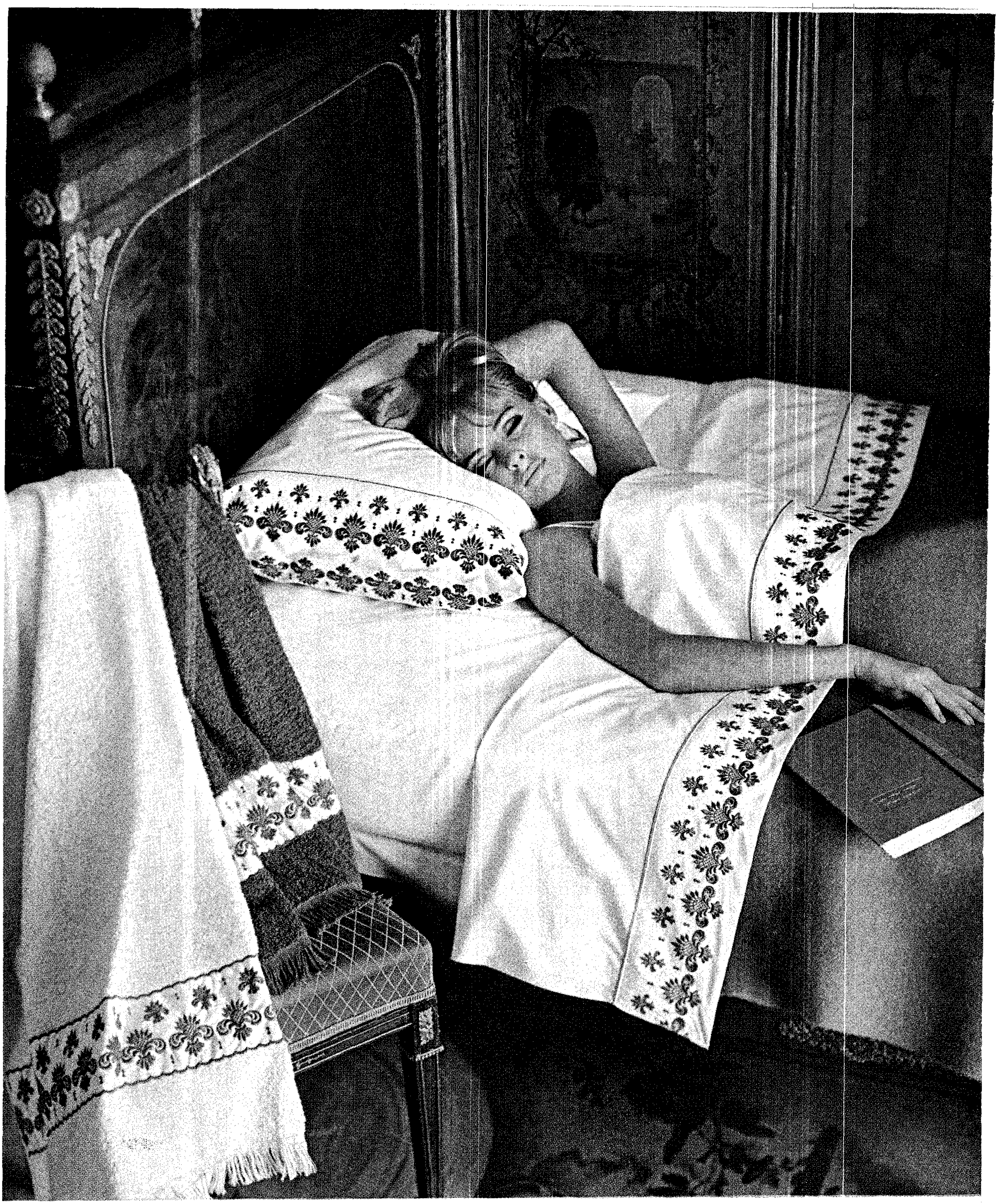
The Poole and Lady Poole. Split shoulder styling, Calibre® cloth (a water-repellent blend of 65% Dacron® –35% cotton). Many colors. About $37.50 each.



It's 1/3 of your life...spend it in Wamsutta luxury!

A new Wamsutta luxury is here: Lustercale®, a lustrous, long-wearing blend of cotton and Avril® rayon. The first important innovation in sheets since Wamsutta introduced percale almost a century ago. Illustrated: Crowning Touch embroidery on lovely Lustercale in color on white or white on color, from $5.00. Crowning Touch towels embroidered to match, about $3.00 bath size. WAMSUTTA MILLS, (Division of M. Lowenstein & Sons, Inc.), 1430 Broadway, N.Y. 10018. Look for Wamsutta Supercale® sheets, Heritage towels, Wamsutta Babycale® products and fashion fabrics for the family.

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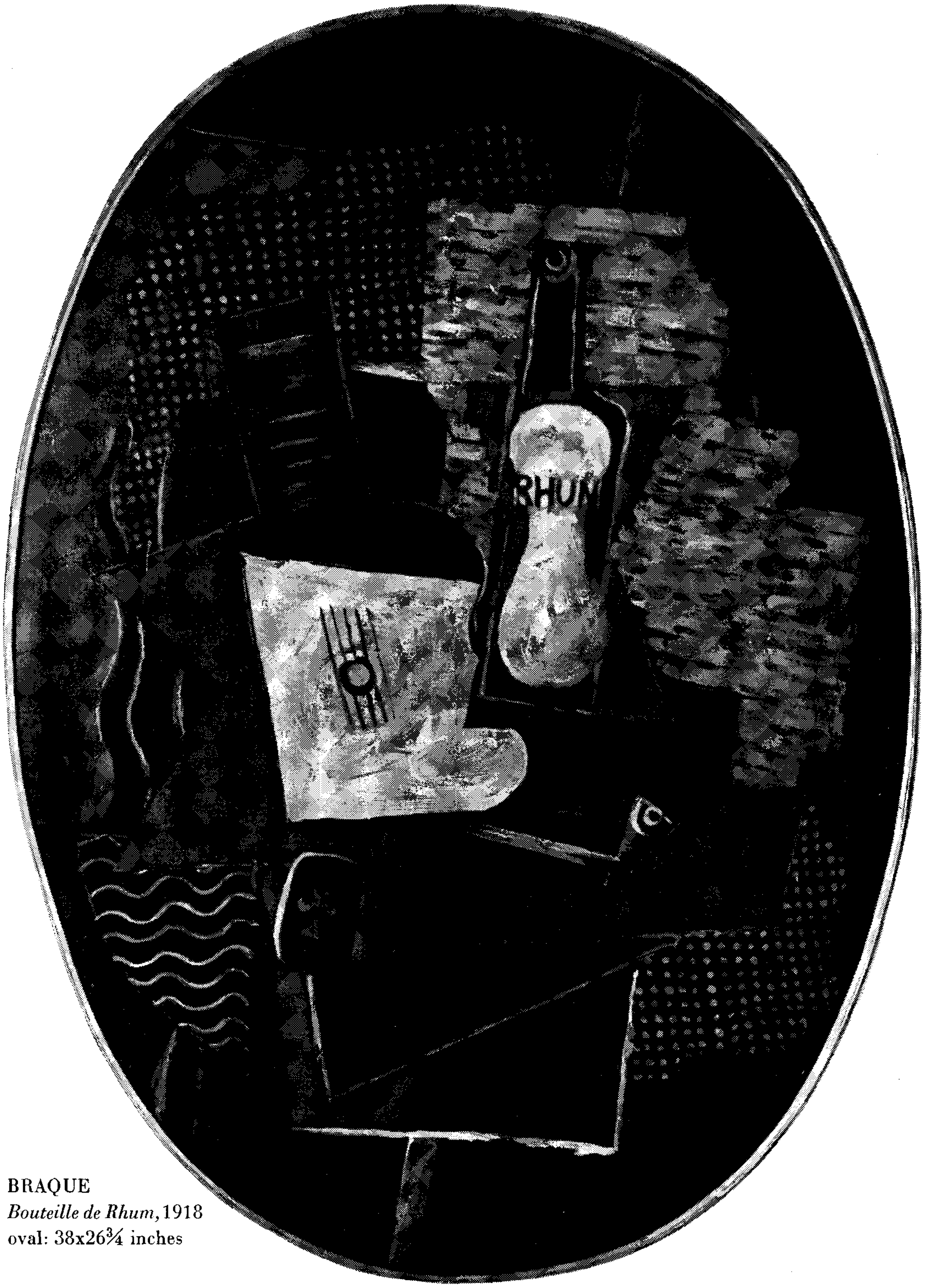

BRAQUE
Bouteille de Rhum, 1918
oval: 38x26¾ inches

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Dacron, the easy-care fiber for active women. Dacron, in a casual easy skimmer from our French Haberdasher collection. The flying collar nearly disappears in back. Dacron polyester/rayon. Red, blue, beige. 8 to 16, 30.00

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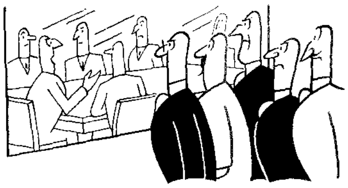
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

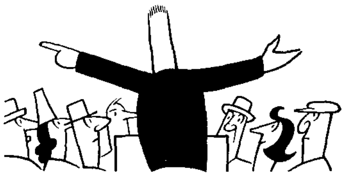
WHEN West Germany and Italy, a week or so ago, "made it clear" (according to the *Times*) that "they do not regard a proposed nuclear-planning committee as an acceptable alternative to the creation of an allied nuclear force," it came as a disappointment to State Department planners, who had hoped that such a plan might mollify both our NATO allies and the Soviet Union, and thus prepare the way for a non-proliferation treaty. We have been somewhat confused, over the years, by the ticklish question of NATO and nuclear weapons, but if we recall correctly, the planning-committee proposal is an outgrowth of two earlier State Department plans: Operation Overhear, which invited NATO nations to sit in an adjacent room with the door open while nuclear strategy was being discussed, and Operation Overlook, which allowed member nations to watch our nuclear planning through a large plate-glass window but not to hear what was being said. Prior to this, we seem to remember, our NATO friends rejected our Say When proposal, which was that nuclear warheads be generously distributed to the free world (including India, Pakistan, and our Canadian friends to the north) but stipulated that the triggers be kept in a private vault near Alexandria, Virginia. The subsequent Trigger Finger proposal—a modification that offered nuclear triggers to all signatory nations but retained the actual weapons in Alexandria—also met defeat. Then, if memory serves, our government suggested the Pick-a-City Plan, a liberal-minded proposal that would have allowed the ranking military leader of each NATO nation to select one (1) specific city for destruction in the event of war. That this idea was doomed to failure became apparent when, in an off-the-record dry run, the French commander selected Liverpool, England, and the West German general picked the city of Chartres. We are confused, but we do not despair. We take heart from the knowledge that a number of nations are going forward full tilt with the production of their own nuclear weapons. The idea seems to be that when, or if, an agreement on nuclear weapons is reached, the weapons will at least be there.



Candidate

ONE morning this week, we may pick up our breakfast newspaper and read that the New York Reform Democratic Movement has chosen Allard K. Lowenstein as its candidate for Congress from the Nineteenth District, a saxophone-shaped territory that hooks around lower Manhattan and runs up the West Side to Eighty-sixth Street. Then, again, we may not.

Mr. Lowenstein is a thirty-seven-year-old attorney—a rugged-looking man, easy, humorous, and earnest, who can be found in a state of repose only after sensible people have been in bed for hours. By day, he races through appointed rounds of conferences, kaffeeklatsches, and rallies. At night, he takes off his shoes, squats Indian-style on the floor of a friend's apartment, and explains, in an uncannily lucid manner, what must be done about Rhodesia or Vietnam or Mississippi or Harlem. His friends tell us that he has been pursuing this regime for years, but that they have become less tolerant of his informality now that he may be running for Congress. (A candidate, it seems, must not discuss "the issues" in his stocking feet.) Any way you look at it, Lowenstein is not at all like the usual office seeker, even though for the last three months he has been, in a sense, seeking office, as one of four candidates being considered by the Reform Democrats. The truth of the matter is that he has spent the past twenty years dashing about the globe toiling in the service of Causes: in Spain, helping the organized opposition to Franco; in southwest Africa, investigating conditions, smuggling out anti-apartheid tape recordings, gathering evidence of oppression to present to the United Nations, and writing "Brutal Mandate," a widely admired book about the South African situation; in Mississippi, working for "the movement" before that became modish; in Manhattan, campaigning for William Fitts Ryan in the early days of Reform Democratic insurgency; in Washington, serving as legislative assistant to Senator Frank Graham and, later, as foreign-policy adviser to Senator Hubert Humphrey; at Stanford, teaching international law; at North Carolina State, teaching political science; in Los Angeles, serving as a delegate to the Democratic National Convention; in Atlantic City, counselling the Freedom Democratic Party; and, from Oregon to Massachusetts, helping to found a national group called Americans for Reappraisal of Far Eastern Policy.



By the time we had finished splicing this roster of credentials together, we were beginning to suspect that Lowenstein must have doubles planted in trouble spots around the world, poised for action whenever the need arose. We expressed some wonderment over his activities late the other night, when we happened to catch him alone in his makeshift headquarters on West Eighty-first Street. He laughed. "Very often, young people in our society don't take advantage of the fluidity

"And if he kicks up any more fuss, let's tell him it will be a pleasure not to smoke any more of his damn cigars."

• •

and freedom they have," he began, untying his shoelaces. "So many people act as if they were in seventeenth-century England, had got themselves apprenticed as carpenters at fourteen, and couldn't change it. Then they go on through some ladder-climbing course. I suppose that's all right if you're psychologically so set up that not leading that kind of life leaves you feeling insecure and unhappy. But I'd say that the wisest accident of my post-college life is that I've never really tried to plan ahead. I've tried to do what seemed useful and interesting as the time came. I know that occasionally people who love me have wished they knew what I was going to do, and thought it would be better for me if I settled into being a lawyer, but when I was supposedly practicing on a full-time basis I got so deeply involved in other things that I wasn't much of a breadwinner at it. You see, the priority of your goals gets complicated if you're trying to build up a law practice and are always being tangentially pulled into struggles you believe in."

We said we imagined that many a young man would choose the footloose, heroic manner of existence if it were not for the dreary prospect of starvation.

Lowenstein dismissed any such concern. "Now, I have a very uneducated palate—I eat hamburgers and hot dogs a great deal," he said. "I don't smoke or drink, and my clothes are hardly stylish. So although I've always wished there were greater sums available for the things I care about, and although I've been improvident about saving, I've been able to earn enough by teaching and occasional writing and legal work to get by."

We asked Lowenstein if he ever found himself craving the security of job and family.

He smiled, and scratched one side of his neck. "I came very close to getting married once," he said. "But marriage, of course, can get in the way of your doing the things you are moved to do. It depends on whether you marry a person who shares your feeling of wanting to live a life of some service. I guess that goes back to your question about security. Security is something internal. And for some people to feel right inside they must know they have a lot of money or a job they aren't going to lose. But that's a matter of what they've learned to want. I couldn't separate my life into a career part and a private part, the way many men do. I feel curious about ways of living I haven't seen and kinds of experience I haven't had. We live a very short time. Aren't we foolish to restrict ourselves arbitrarily even more than time itself restricts us?"

We inquired whether Lowenstein recommended a career of global gallivanting.

He appeared nonplussed at the very thought. "If you simply wish to enrich and deepen what you understand and what you've done, without real involvement, you risk becoming a dilettante and a tamperer," he said. "What life is all about is how you spend the day, and each day becomes part of this totality of involvement. So you build, as you go along, a life in which you may do many different kinds of things, in different situations, with different kinds of people. But it all has a common denominator that gives it some sense, some direction—the sense that your total activity is going to make a better situation for people to live in."

We knew that for years friends of Lowenstein's had been asking him "Why don't you run for Congress?" in precisely the tone of exasperated benevolence in which they had been asking him "Why don't you get married?" or "Why don't you stick to one job?" Now we asked him why he had waited so long to seek public office.

"Isn't the notion that you have to achieve some titular power to have influence and help bring about social change pretty dubious?" he replied. "You know, I don't suppose there are many people who have had as great an impact on as many other people as Norman Thomas has in this country. Because here's a man who clearly never had the remotest possibility of holding office once he'd chosen the path he chose—the path of saying what he felt was right and sticking by it. One can disagree with his position on specific issues—in fact, anyone who doesn't disagree with Norman Thomas on something must not be thinking. But his whole life has been dedicated to the idea that there is value in humanity. He's been willing to sacrifice his own power to worthwhile principles, to lost individuals. That kind of life lights up the sky, and there are dozens and dozens of state senators and United States senators who have never achieved anything like it. One of the great calamities in American politics is that politicians so often don't say what they think, because they believe that people wouldn't sustain them if they did. There's always a kind of blindman's buff going on, with political leaders not providing leadership for fear of the consequences, and the electorate not being able to express itself because the leaders aren't giving it a voice. Something terribly important to democracy is lost here. You have to realize you're going to run on the things that matter most, you're going to try to make as honest a stand as you can and as effective a campaign as you can, but if you don't win the office, that's not the only thing that matters."

We asked Lowenstein if he could define exactly where he stands politically.

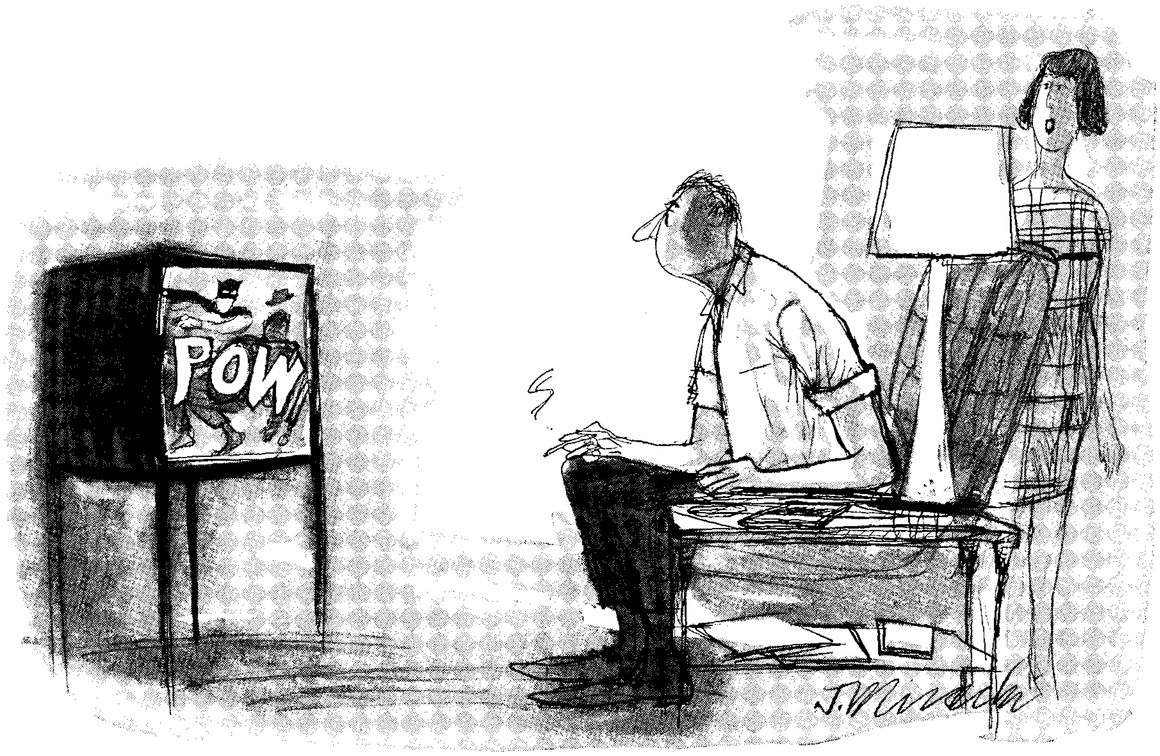
"I think of myself as a liberal," he replied. "That's a vague word. It doesn't define how you stand on a specific issue, because one aspect of being a liberal is that you're not told by any one line how to stand on issues. You find your own truths, if you can. But I think liberalism in the United States must face some of the failings and shortcomings of its shibboleths."

We asked Lowenstein if he was thinking of his early involvement with civil rights.

He smiled, and admitted he was. "We had a very basic notion back in those days that the processes of democracy this country had already evolved would solve external injustices," he said. "Those processes were the ballot and the courts, and that was it. You educated public opinion, you voted, you went to court when you were being denied basic rights, and so forth. Well, those things *weren't* removing injustice, and probably would never have done so. And so what happened was that there began a breaking down of proper procedures by people determined to get what the Constitution said was theirs. The restaurant sit-ins began it. But they didn't do the job, so we ended up marching. If someone had told me five years or eight years beforehand that I would ever march in a column of a thousand people—as I did in a march against segregation in Raleigh—I would have thought he was quite mad, because it would not have occurred to me that this would be either proper or necessary. But it was necessary and it was proper. Then, when even demonstrations didn't produce the needed results, we had to go further. In Mississippi, for instance, we discovered that you couldn't march, you couldn't picket, you couldn't vote—you couldn't do any of these things. Proper procedures were so thoroughly blocked off that if you waited for them to work, you'd wait a millennium. We had to conceive of a whole *new* series of tactics. We came up, in Mississippi, with the idea of the first Freedom Vote. And, again, if someone had said a few years before that there would come a time when we would organize a supplementary election outside the established local voting system, I would have thought he was mad. Yet it was necessary in Mississippi. And even our Freedom Vote wasn't enough, because the reign of terror was so great that our workers couldn't walk on the streets. We had to let people know what was happening to us. There was no press coverage, no way we could get out of the morass. It was almost like being absorbed by quicksand, with nobody even knowing about it. You could be beaten and arrested, they could do what they wanted with you, and there was nowhere to turn. Every American who hasn't experienced that might be wiser if he had. It gives you some idea of what freedom is all about, to go through a situation where you're completely at the mercy of brutality—where there's no appeal. That was Mississippi in 1963. The real radicals always said that the country didn't care, that the country was basically indifferent to the oppression of Negroes, but I always felt that if we could let people know what was going on, they wouldn't stand for it. 'Well,' we said, 'all right, bring people *into* Mississippi.' And so there began this sort of series of new procedures that are finally starting to make the old procedures work, even in Mississippi—where more Negroes have been registered to vote in one year than were registered in the previous century. Rednecks who'd worn buttons reading 'Never!' are now saying that we've got to accept the change. Very soon you'll have congressmen from the South who will be more liberal than congressmen from New York. Because they'll be an accurate reflection of the needs of that area."

"Then the old liberalism still works after all?" we asked.

Lowenstein sat silent for a moment, running one hand back and forth over his hair, which he wears close-cropped. "I'm not sure it's that simple," he said, at last. "When I was in college, I think we all felt that if we could pro-

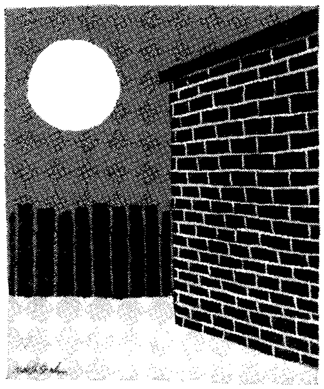


"Really now, Greg, you must have forgotten. You're supposed to watch that with tongue in cheek."

duce a society in which we'd removed the scourges of war and dictatorship and racism and poverty, we'd have a happy society. That was the liberal creed. Yet it's a fact that now, for the vast majority of our people, we've removed many of the external forms of misery, we've attained our goals, and there's still the hollowness. Our personal lives, in many cases, have been successful without being fulfilled or happy, the way we thought they would be. We live in a society today that may be even more fundamentally unhappy than the old one. We have to figure out what's missing at the center of the person now."

"You mean you're becoming a Hobbesian?" we asked.

"Earlier generations had to overcome the Depression or win a war," Lowenstein replied. "My generation had none of that. We came out of college with everything green before us, and we used to think that by this time our problems would really have evaporated. There's a sense of internal loss now, and it cannot be blamed on democracy, because democracy has given us opportunities and freedom and great material wealth. People in my generation have developed a fatigue, a sort of premature old age, that's exceedingly difficult to combat. Many of them perhaps feel now that they can live only for their children, because maybe their children will find some other way to solve problems. We've discovered that time goes awfully fast and that what was once going to be forever is now half gone, and a little bit empty. So we go on living in some fraternity memory or some football-weekend memory when things seemed very much more roseate. Why haven't things turned out the way we'd hoped they would, now that we've got the house and we've got the car and we've got air-conditioning when it's hot and heating when it's cold? We've got all the opportunities that freedom can give, but, still, what good is it all accomplishing? It's in this kind of poignant struggle for meaning that I think disappointment has come, because nobody ever before in history, as far as I know, has had a generation in which all the external things were there and in which the internal lack had to be so clearly an internal lack. That's why I feel so relatively lucky in not having expected to find that material or political or titular goals represented the end of a quest. You don't just set goals and, when you reach them, find that they equal happiness. I understand that these struggles will go on as long as I live, that within the quest itself much of the fullness of life exists."



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VISITORS to the Biblical Seminary in New York, at 235 East Forty-ninth Street, are often momentarily startled to read on the directory in the lobby:

Administration	5th
Book Store	2nd
Catacombs	Basmt

Coliseum Hour

WE spent an hour at the recent Sport and Camping Show in the New York Coliseum.

A firearms expert leaned out of a booth and said to us, in a confidential way, "You can make your own ammunition a hell of a lot cheaper than anyone can make it for you." We drew closer. There was something terribly authentic about this man. To start with, he had four huge, multicolored emblems on his shirt, which identified him as, among other things, an important member of the National Rifle Association. "Just put your bullet in the neck of the shell," he continued. "Then put it in the gun, close the bolt, and the gun will seat it for you." We said we were fascinated but we didn't happen to own a gun.

A former ping-pong champion of the United States, Great Britain, Canada, and South America played ping-pong with Mrs. John Lindsay, who bobbed gracefully about, hitting sweeping ground strokes in response to the champion's steady game. "Hi, Mrs. Lindsay!" a voice called from the crowd outside the picket fence surrounding the playing area. "Call me Mary," said Mary, without taking her eye off the ball. The professional sent up a high, dizzy lob that seemed to come down like a falling leaf. "Ooo!" said Mary. "Show me that one again. I want to try it on my children." After offering another lob, the pro, with some insolence, began to answer her volleys by raising one leg and hitting the ball with the bottom of his foot. Mrs. Lindsay watched for her chance, and sent a baseline drive whistling past him while his leg waved absurdly in the air.

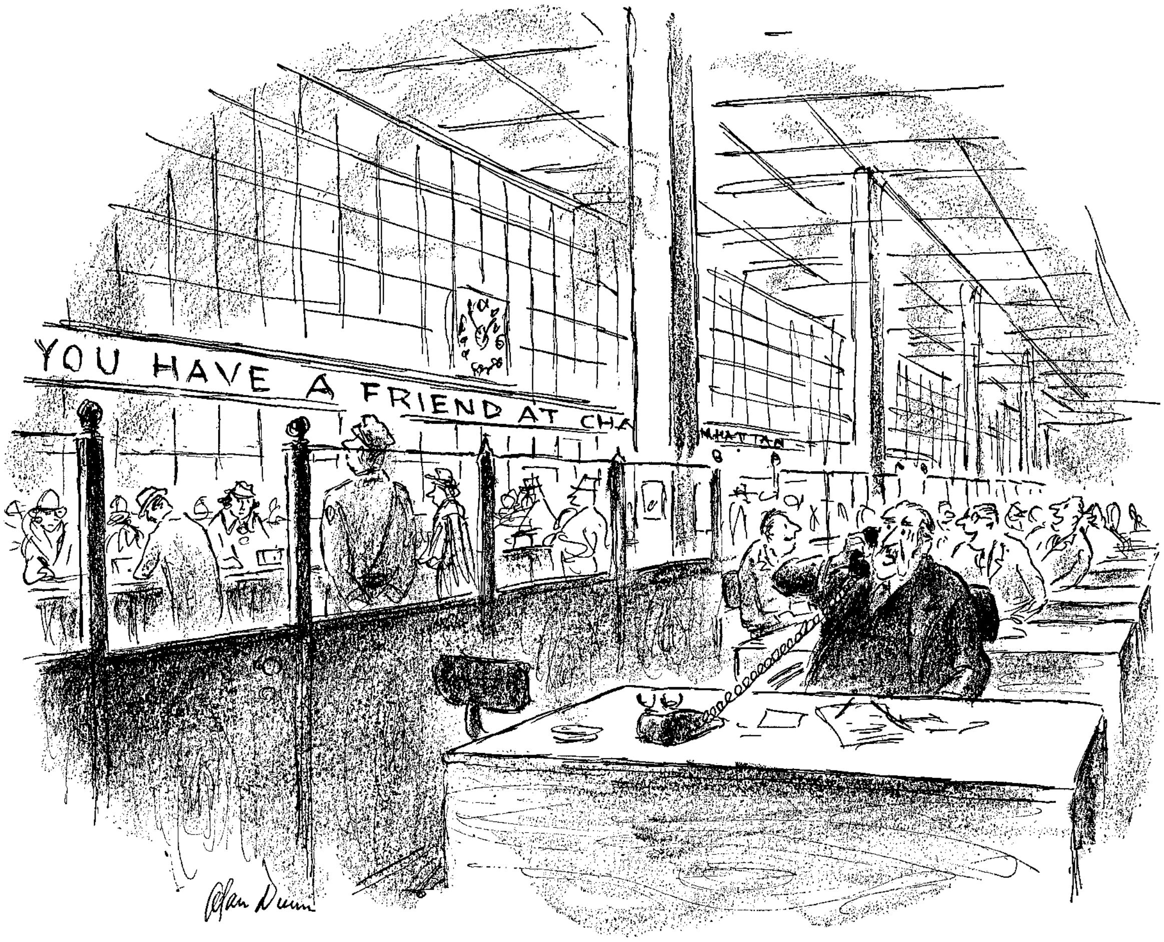
A professional pool player prepared to demonstrate trick shots. An announcer with a small, intimate loudspeaker told the crowd that the professional would begin by sinking three balls at once. The pro chalked up and tried the shot. The cue ball rocketed into the three setups, and the balls dispersed to various cushions, but not one dropped into a pocket. He tried again. He missed again. He tried again. He missed again. "I don't think this table is quite right," said the announcer, who was—at least until that moment—an employee of the manufacturer of the table.

A prosperous-looking man in his middle fifties removed his driver from his golf bag, teed up, took a mighty swing, and sent a Spalding Dot thunking into a Golf-o-Tron, an electronic device being presented by Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Smith. The Golf-o-Tron enables a golfer to stand in one spot and play any course in the world by hitting a ball into successive Ektachrome photographs of actual fairways. The impact of the ball as it strikes the photograph somehow determines the distance and direction of the shot. The fellow we were watching was playing the first hole at Pebble Beach. His drive went a hundred and ninety yards, and the pictures shuffled forward, stopping at a view of the green from a point a hundred and ninety yards off the tee. We thought of all the photographers who had to shuffle around golf courses all over the earth to make this possible. The man selected an iron and made another shot. It "landed" on the green. He pulled out his putter and actually putted on a rug in the Coliseum. Over to one side was a desk—a sort of nineteenth hole—where a Merrill Lynch account executive waited to discuss investments with the golfer when he had finished his round.

A Seminole wrestled with an alligator. Only an alligator would have been fool enough to tangle with this particular Seminole, who was twice its size and easily three times as strong.

A skiing professional, the very picture of Nordic nonchalance, patiently did stem christies, one after another after another, on the slope of a fast-moving, grimy broadloom conveyor belt.

Two sky divers—a young man and a young woman, dressed in jump suits—told us of the joy of falling through the sky. They were so good-looking—he slim and earnest, she trim and wholesome—that we almost walked around them to be sure they weren't cutouts. The young man showed us a picture of a Sailwing, the newest kind of sports parachute. The Sailwing consists simply of a strip of cloth, nine feet wide by twenty feet long, with attached cords that divide it into three arcs. It looked more or less like a slice taken out of the middle of a conventional parachute, and, to us, it also looked dangerous. "It was invented by a friend of mine," said the young man in the jump suit. "Did he test it?" we asked. "No, I did," he said. "I made the first twenty-nine jumps."


YOU HAVE A FRIEND AT CHA
MHATTAN

"Chase Manhattan has to draw the line somewhere, Mr. Mayor!"

About fifty children, all somewhere around twelve years of age, stood shoulder to shoulder holding longbows with arrows drawn, like Saracens at the parapets. Fifty cents a quiver. At the word *"Go!"* a flight departed twangily toward photographs of big and little beasts—grizzly bear, brown bear, elk, moose, coyote, fox, pheasant, caribou, weasel, beaver, boar. We watched for five minutes. During that time, the safest place in the Coliseum was the wall to which the photographs were pinned. Only one arrow hit a target—a beaver. In the foot.

A four-thousand-dollar rabbit—according to a man who was going around spreading the sad news—had been poisoned in transit and would not appear in the show. Or, we gathered, in any other show.

Oscar Robertson, of basketball's Cincinnati Royals, entered the hall and was immediately surrounded by at least two thousand people, more than half of them adults. To get near him, they climbed over booths, broke down barricades, and temporarily paralyzed most of the exhibits in the show. National Shoes had engaged Robertson to make an appearance and sign autographs. Cut off by the multitude, we climbed a set of back stairs and found a vantage point on a high mezzanine from which the whole of the main hall was visible. Robertson was now standing in a small "basketball court"—ten feet wide by twenty feet long—between a pair of backboards made of thin composition board and equipped with attached hoops of the sort that are sold in five-and-tens. The crowd—extending from the National Trailways exhibit, in the west, to the Schmidt beer garden, in the east, and from the Golf-o-Tron, in the north, to the pool tables, in the south—seemed to surge like a throng in St. Peter's Square. A little boy, perhaps ten years old, stood beside Robertson, and Robertson handed him a basketball. The boy took a shot, and missed. Robertson retrieved the ball and handed it to him again. The boy shot again, and missed. Robertson leaned down and talked to the boy. Not just a word or two. He spoke into the boy's ear for half a minute. The boy shot again. Swish. Robertson himself seemed reluctant to try a shot. The baskets were terrible, and—even if they had not been—a basketball player makes only about half his shots anyway. A few misses, and this crowd really would not have understood. Moreover, Robertson was wearing an ordinary suit, so his movements would be restricted. He signed a few autographs. "Shoot, Big O!" someone called out. Others took up the cry. "Shoot, Big O!" Robertson turned aside and signed another autograph. "Shoot, Big O!" Robertson studied one of the baskets. This might have been a mistake, because there was no retreating now. Once a basketball player, with a ball in his hand, looks up at a basket, almost nothing can make him resist the temptation to take a shot. Robertson stepped back to a point about seventeen feet from the basket and lifted the ball high, and a long set shot rolled off his fingers and began to arc toward the basket with a slow backspin. The crowd was suddenly quiet. Everybody watched the ball except Robertson, whose eyes never left the basket until the ball had dropped in. He shot again. Swish. Again. Swish. Five, six, seven in a row. There was no one else in the Coliseum now. Robertson—making set shots, jump shots, even long, graceful hook shots—had retreated from the crowd into the refuge of his talent.

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Conversation overheard in a midtown Schrafft's, between two young, well-tailored working girls:

First Girl: "You should speak up to your boss more and assert yourself."

Second Girl: "I'm just not programmed that way."

SEE THE MOON?

I KNOW you think I'm wasting my time. You've made that perfectly clear. But I'm conducting these very important lunar hostility studies. And it's not you who'll have to leave the warm safe capsule. And dip a toe into the threatening lunar surround.

I am still wearing my yellow flower which has lasted wonderfully.

My methods may seem a touch light-minded. Have to do chiefly with folded paper airplanes at present. But the paper must be folded *in the right way*. Lots of calculations and worrying about edges.

Show me a man who worries about edges and I'll show you a natural-born winner. Cardinal Y agrees. Columbus himself worried, the Admiral of the Ocean Sea. But he kept it quiet.

The sun so warm on this screened porch, it reminds me of my grandmother's place in Tampa. The same rusty creaky green glider and the same faded colored canvas cushions. And at night the moon graphed by the screen wire, if you squint. The Sea of Tranquillity occupying squares 47 through 108.

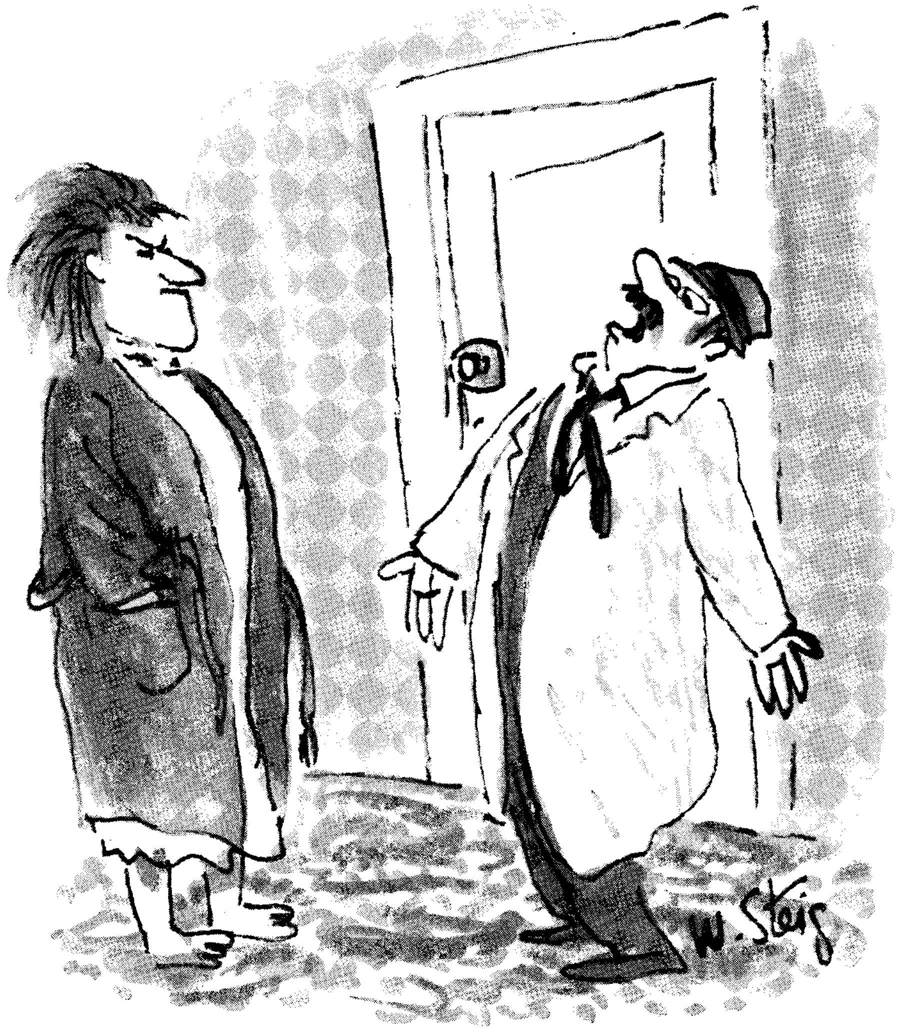
See the moon? It hates us.

My methods are homely but remember Newton and the apple. And when Rutherford started out he didn't even have a decently heated laboratory. And then there's the matter of my security check—I'm waiting for the government. Somebody told it I'm insecure. *That's true.*

I suffer from a frightful illness of the mind, light-mindedness. It's not catching. You needn't shrink.

You've noticed the wall? I pin things on it, souvenirs. There is the red hat, there the book of instructions for the Ant Farm. And this is a traffic ticket written on a saint's day (which saint? I don't remember) in 1954 just outside a fat little town (which town? I don't remember) in Ohio by a cop who asked me what I did. I said I wrote poppycock for the president of a university, true then.

You can see how far I've come. Lunar hostility studies aren't for everyone.



"Go ahead! Kill me! Get it over with!"

It's my hope that these . . . souvenirs . . . will someday merge, blur—cohere is the word, maybe—into something meaningful. A grand word, meaningful. What do I look for? A work of art, I'll not accept anything less. Yes I know it's shatteringly ingenuous but I wanted to be a painter. They get away with murder in my view; Mr. X on the *Times* agrees with me. You don't know how I envy them. They can pick up a Baby Ruth wrapper on the street, glue it to the canvas (in the *right place*, of course, there's that), and lo! people crowd about and cry, "A real Baby Ruth wrapper, by God, what could be realer than that!" Fantastic metaphysical advantage. You hate them, if you're ambitious.

The Ant Farm instructions are a souvenir of Sylvia. The red hat came from Cardinal Y. We're friends, in a way.

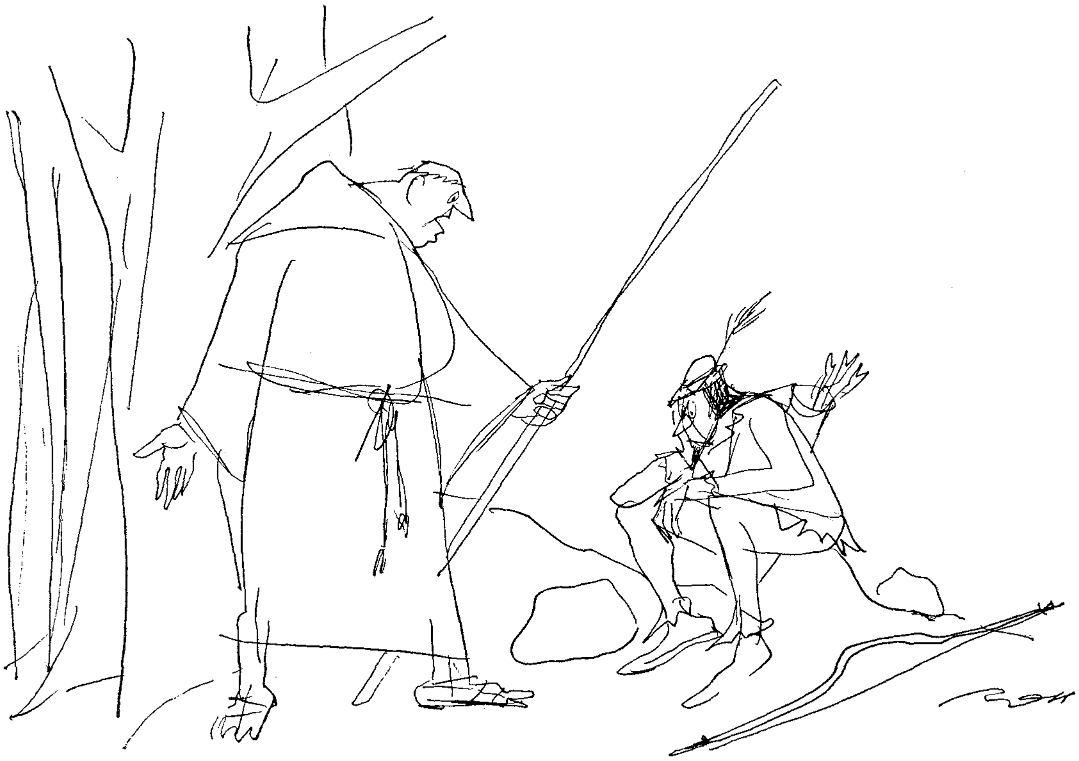
I wanted to be one, when I was young, a painter. But I couldn't stand stretching the canvas. Does things to the fingernails. And that's the first place people look.

Fragments are the only forms I trust.

Light-minded or no, I'm . . . riotous with mental health. I measure myself against the Russians, that's fair. I have here a clipping datelined Moscow, four young people apprehended strangling a swan. *That's* boredom. The swan's name, Borka. The sentences as follows: Tsarev, metalworker, served time previously for stealing public property, four years in a labor camp, strict regime. Roslavtsev, electrician, jailed previously for taking a car on a joyride, three years and four months in a labor camp, semi-strict regime. Tatyana Voblikova (only nineteen and a Komsomol member too), technician, one and a half years in a labor camp, degree of strictness unspecified. Anna G. Kirushina, technical worker, fine of twenty per cent of salary for one year. Anna objected to the strangulation, but softly: she helped stuff the carcass in a bag.

The clipping is tacked up on my wall. I inspect it from time to time, drawing the moral. Strangling swans is wrong.

My brother who is a very distinguished pianist . . . has no fingernails at all. Don't look it's horrible. He plays under another name. And tunes his piano peculiarly, some call it sour. And renders *ragas* he wrote himself. A night *raga* played at noon can cause darkness, did you know that? It's extraordinary.



"How do you expect your men to be merry if you yourself are not merry?"

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He wanted to be an Untouchable, Paul did. That was his idea of a contemporary career. But then a girl walked up and touched him (slapped him, actually; it's a complicated story). And he joined us, here in the imbroglio.

My father on the other hand is perfectly comfortable, and that's not a criticism. He makes flags, banners, bunting (sometimes runs me up a shirt). There was never any question of letting my father drink from the public well. He was on the Well Committee, he decided who dipped and who didn't. That's not a criticism. Exercises his creativity, nowadays, courtesy the emerging nations. Green for the veldt that nourishes the gracile Grant's gazelle, white for the purity of our revolutionary aspirations. The red for blood is understood. That's not a criticism. It's what they all ask for.

A call tonight from Gregory, my son by my first wife. Seventeen and at M.I.T. already. Recently he's been asking questions. Suddenly he's conscious of himself as a being with a history.

The telephone rings. Then, without a greeting: *Why did I have to take those little pills?* What little pills? *Little white pills with a "W" on them.* Oh. Oh yes. You had some kind of a nervous disorder, for a while. *How old was I?* Eight. Eight or nine. *What was it? Was it epilepsy?* Good God no, nothing so fancy. We never found out what it was. It went away. *What did I do? Did I fall down?* No no. Your mouth trembled, that was all. You couldn't control it. *Oh. O.K. See you.*

The receiver clicks.

Or: *What did my great-grandfather do? For a living I mean?* He was a ballplayer, semi-pro ballplayer, for a while. Then went into the building business. *Who'd he play for?* A team called the St. Augustine Rowdies, I think it was. *Never heard of them.* Well . . . *Did he make any money? In the building business?* Quite a bit. *Did your father inherit it?* No, it was tied up in a lawsuit. When the suit was over there wasn't anything left. *Oh. What was the lawsuit?* Great-grandfather diddled a man in a land deal. So the story goes. *Oh. When did he die?* Let's see, 1938 I think. *What of?* Heart attack. *Oh. O.K. See you.*

End of conversation.

Gregory, you didn't listen to my advice. I said try the Vernacular Isles. Where fish are two for a penny and women two for a fish. But you wanted M.I.T. and electron-spin-resonance spectroscopy. You didn't even crack a smile in your six-ply heather hopsacking.

Gregory you're going to have a half brother now. You'll like that, won't you? Will you half like it?

We talked about the size of the baby, Ann and I. What could be deduced from the outside.

I said it doesn't look very big to me. She said it's big enough for *us*. I said we don't need such a great roaring big one after all. She said they cost the earth, those extra-large sizes. Our holdings in Johnson's Baby Powder to be considered too. We'd need acres and acres. I said we'll put it in a Skinner box maybe. She said no child of hers. Displayed under glass like a rump roast. I said you haven't wept lately. She said I keep getting bigger whether I laugh or cry.

Dear Ann. I don't think you've quite . . .

What you don't understand is, it's like somebody walks up to you and says, I have a battleship I can't use, would you like to have a battleship. And you say, yes yes, I've never had a battleship, I've always wanted one. And he says, it has four sixteen-inch guns forward, and a catapult for launching scout planes. And you say, I've always wanted to launch scout planes. And he says, *it's yours*, and then you have this battleship. And then you have to paint it, because it's rusting, and clean it, because it's dirty, and anchor it somewhere, because the Police Department wants you to get it off the streets. And the crew is crying, and there are silverfish in the chartroom and a funny knocking noise in Fire Control, water rising in the No. 2 hold, and the chaplain can't find the Palestrina tapes for the Sunday service. And you can't get anybody to sit with it. And finally you discover that what you have here is this great, big, pink-and-blue rockabye *battleship*.

Ann. I'm going to keep her ghostly. Just the odd bit of dialogue:

"What is little Gog doing."

"Kicking."

I don't want her bursting in on us with the freshness and originality of her observations. What we need here is *perspective*. She's good with Gregory though. I think he half likes her.

Don't go. The greased-pig chase and balloon launchings come next.

I WAS promising once. After the Elgar, a *summa cum laude*. The university was proud of me. It was a bright shy white new university on the

Gulf Coast. Gulls and oleanders and quick howling hurricanes. The teachers brown burly men with power boats and beer cans. The president a retired admiral who'd done beautiful things in the Coral Sea.

"You will be a credit to us, George," the admiral said. That's not my name. I'm protecting my identity, what there is of it.

Applause from the stands filled with mothers and brothers. Then following the mace in a long line back to the field house to ungown. Ready to take my place at the top.

But a pause at Pusan, and the toy train to the Chorwon Valley. Walking down a road wearing green clothes. Korea green and black and silent. The truce had been signed. I had a carbine to carry. My buddy Bo Tagliabue the bonus baby, for whom the Yanks had paid thirty thousand. We whitewashed rocks to enhance our area. Colonels came crowding to feel Bo's hurling arm. Mine the whitest rocks.

I lunched with Thais from Thailand, hot curry from great galvanized washtubs. Engineers banging down the road in six-by-sixes raising red dust. My friend Gib Mandell calling Elko, Nevada on his canvas-covered field telephone. "Operator I crave Elko, Nevada."

Then I was a sergeant with stripes, getting the troops out of the sun. Tagliabue a sergeant too. *Triste* in the Tennessee Tea Room in Tokyo, yakking it up in Yokohama. Then back to our little tent town on the side of a hill, boosting fifty-gallon drums of heating oil tentward in the snow.

Ozzie the jeep driver waking me in the middle of the night. "They got Julian in the Tango Tank." And up and alert as they taught us in Leadership School, over the hills to Tango, seventy miles away. Whizzing through Teapot, Tempest, Toreador, with the jeep's canvas top flapping. Pfc. Julian drunk and disorderly and beaten up. The M.P. sergeant held out a receipt book. I signed for the bawdy remains.

Back over the pearly Pacific in a great vessel decorated with oranges. A trail of orange peel on the plangent surface. Sitting in the bow fifty miles out of San Francisco, listening to the Stateside disc jockeys chattering cha cha cha. Ready to grab my spot at the top.

My clothes looked old and wrong. The city looked new with tall buildings raised while my back was turned. I rushed here and there visiting friends. They were burning beef in their back yards, brown burly men with beer cans. The beef black on the outside, red on the inside. My friend Horace had fidelity. "Listen to that bass. That's forty watts worth of bass, boy."

I spoke to my father. "How is business?" "If Alaska makes it," he said, "I can buy a Hasselblad. And we're keeping an eye on Hawaii." Then he photographed my veteran face, f.6 at 300. My father once a cheerleader at a great Eastern school. Jumping in the air and making fierce angry down-the-field gestures at the top of his leap.

That's not a criticism. We have to have cheerleaders.

I presented myself at the Placement Office. I was on file. My percentile was the percentile of choice.

"How come you were headman of only one student organization, George?" the Placement Officer asked. Many hats for top folk was the fashion then.

I said I was rounded, and showed him my slash. From the Fencing Club.

"But you served your country in an overseas post."

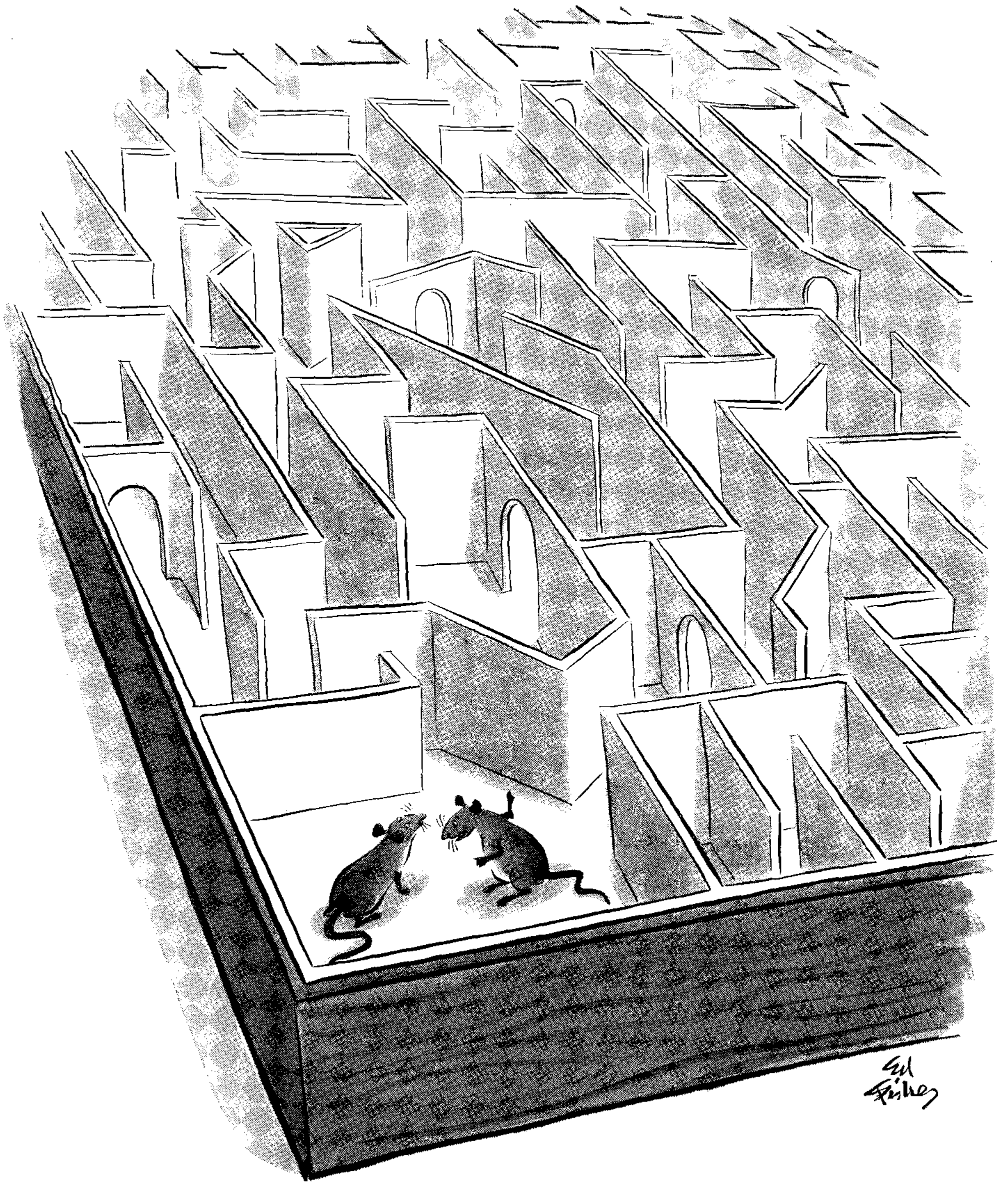
"And regard my career plan on neatly typed pages with wide margins."

"Exemplary," the Placement Officer said. "You seem married, mature, malleable, how would you like to affiliate yourself with us here at the old school? We have a spot for a poppycock man, to write the admiral's speeches. Have you ever done poppycock?"

I said no but maybe I could fake it.

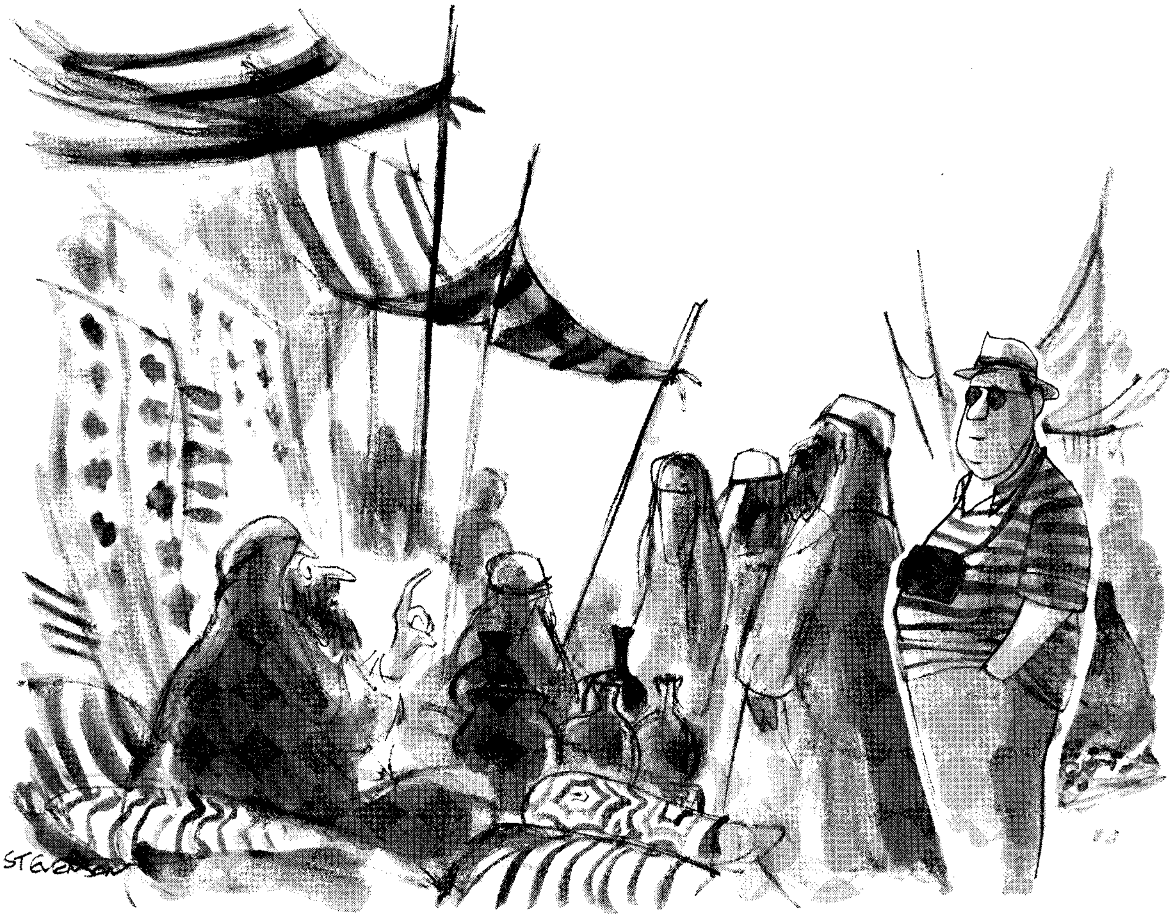
"Excellent, excellent," the Placement Officer said. "I see you have grasp. And you can sup at the Faculty Club. And there is a ten-per-cent discount on tickets for all home games."

The admiral shook my hand. "You will be a credit to us, George," he said. I wrote poppycock, sometimes cockypap. At four o'clock the faculty hoisted



"Make a sharp left, then two rights, then another sharp left . . ."

the cocktail flag. We drank Daiquiris on each other's sterns. I had equipped myself—a fibre-glass runabout, someplace to think. In the stadia of friendly shy new universities we went down the field on Gulf Coast afternoons with gulls, or exciting nights under the tall toothpick lights. The crowd roared. Sylvia roared. Gregory grew.



"*Something for the little woman?*"

THERE was no particular point at which I stopped being promising.

Moonstruck I was, after a fashion. Sitting on a bench by the practice field, where the jocks chanted secret signals in their underwear behind tall canvas blinds. Layabout babies loafing on blankets, some staked out on twelve-foot dog chains. Brown mothers squatting knee to knee in shifts of scarlet and green. I stared at the moon's pale daytime presence. It seemed . . . inimical.

Moonstruck.

We're playing Flinch. You flinched.

The simplest things are the most difficult to explain, all authorities agree. Say I was tired of p***yc**k, if that pleases you. It's true enough.

Sylvia went up in a puff of smoke. She didn't like unsalaried life. And couldn't bear a male acquaintance moon-staring in the light of day. Decent people look at night.

We had trouble with Gregory: who would get which part. She settled for three-fifths, and got I think the worst of it, the dreaming raffish Romany part that thinks science will save us. I get matter-of-fact midnight telephone calls: *My E.E. instructor shot me down.* What happened? *I don't know, he's an ass anyhow.* Well that may be but still— *When's the baby due?* January, I told you. *Yeah, can I go to Mexico City for the holidays?* Ask your mother, you know she— *There's this guy, his old man has a villa. . . .* Well, we can talk about it. *Yeah, was grandmother a Communist?* Nothing so distinguished, she— *You said she was kicked out of Germany.* Her family was anti-Nazi. *Adler means eagle in German.* That's true. There was something called the Weimar Republic, her father—*I read about it.*

We had trouble with Gregory, we wanted to be scientific. Toys from Procreative Playthings of Princeton. O Gregory, that Princeton crowd got you coming and going. Procreative Playthings at one end and the Educational Testing Service at the other. And that serious-minded co-op nursery, that was a mistake. "A growing understanding between parent and child through shared group experience." I still remember poor Henry Harding III. Under "Sibs" on the membership roll they listed his, by age:

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O Mrs. Harding, haven't you heard? They have these little Christmas-tree ornaments for the womb now, they work wonders.

Did we do "badly" by Gregory? Will we do "better" with Gog? Such questions curl the hair. It's wiser not to ask.

I MENTIONED Cardinal Y (the red hat). He's a friend, in a way. Or rather, the subject of one of my little projects.

I set out to study cardinals, about whom science knows nothing. It seemed to me that cardinals could be known in the same way we know fishes or roses, by classification and enumeration. A doomed project, perhaps, but who else has embraced this point of view? Difficult nowadays to find a point of view kinky enough to call one's own, with Sade himself being carried through the streets on the shoulders of sociologists, cheers and shouting, ticker tape unwinding from high windows . . .

The why of Cardinal Y. You're entitled to an explanation.

The Cardinal rushed from the Residence waving in the air his hands, gloved in yellow pigskin it appeared. I grasped a hand. "Yes, yellow pigskin!" the Cardinal cried. I wrote in my book, *yellow pigskin.*

Significant detail. The pectoral cross contains nine diamonds, the scarlet soutane is laundered right on the premises.

I asked the Cardinal questions, we had a conversation.

"I am thinking of a happy island more beautiful than can be imagined," I said.

"I am thinking of a golden mountain which does not exist," he said.

"Upon what does the world rest?" I asked.

"Upon an elephant," he said.

"Upon what does the elephant rest?"

"Upon a tortoise."

"Upon what does the tortoise rest?"

"Upon a red lawnmower."

I wrote in my book, *playful.*

"Is there any value that has value?" I asked.

"If there is any value that has value, then it must lie outside the whole sphere of what happens and is the case, for all that happens and is the case is accidental," he said. He was not serious. I wrote in my book, *knows the drill.*

(*Oh I had heard reports, how he slunk about in the snow telling children he was Santa Claus, how he disbursed funds in unauthorized disbursements to unshaven men who came to the kitchen door, how his housekeeper pointedly rolled his red socks together and black socks together hinting red with red and black with black, the Cardinal patiently unrolling a red ball to get a red sock and a black ball to get a black sock, which he then wore together. . . .*)

Cardinal Y. He's sly.

I was thorough. I popped the Cardinal on the patella with a little hammer, and looked into his eyes with a little light. I tested the Cardinal's stomach acidity using Universal Indicator Paper, a scale of one to ten, a spectrum of red to blue. The pH value was 1 indicating high acidity. I measured the Cardinal's ego strength using the Minnesota Multiphastic Muzzle Map, he had an M.M.M.M. of four over three. I sang to the Cardinal, the song was "Stella by Starlight." He did not react in any way. I calculated the number of gallons needed to fill the Cardinal's bath to a depth of ten inches (beyond which depth, the Cardinal said, he never ventured). I took the Cardinal to the ballet, the ballet was "The Conservatory." The Cardinal applauded at fifty-seven points. Afterward, backstage, the Cardinal danced with Plenosova, holding her at arm's length with a good will and an ill grace. The skirts of the scarlet soutane stood out to reveal high-button shoes, and the stagehands clapped.

I asked the Cardinal his views on the moon, he said they were the conventional ones, and that is how I know all I know about cardinals. Not enough perhaps to rear a science of cardinalogy upon, but enough perhaps to form a basis for the investigations of other investigators. My report is over there, in the blue binding, next to my copy of *La Géomancie et la Néomancie des Anciens* by the Seigneur of Salerno.

Cardinal Y. One can measure and measure and miss the most essential thing. I liked him. I still get the odd blessing in the mail now and then.

Too, maybe I was trying on the role. Not for myself. When a child is born, the locus of one's hopes . . . shifts, slightly. Not altogether, not all at once. But you feel it, this displacement. You speak up, strike attitudes, like the mother of a tiny Lollobrigida. Drunk with possibility once more.

I AM still wearing my yellow flower which has lasted wonderfully.

"What is Gog doing."

"Sleeping."

You see, Gog of mine, Gog o' my heart, I'm just trying to give you a little briefing here. I don't want you unpleasantly surprised. I can't stand a startled look. Regard me as a sort of Distant Early Warning System. Here is the world and here are the knowledgeable knowers knowing. What can I tell you? What has been pieced together from the reports of travellers.

Fragments are the only forms I trust.

Look at my wall, it's all there. That's a leaf, Gog, stuck up with Scotch Tape. No no, the Scotch Tape is the shiny transparent stuff, the leaf the veined irregularly shaped . . .

There are several sides to this axe, Gog, consider the photostat, "Mr. W. B. Yeats Presenting Mr. George Moore to the Queen of the Fairies." That's a civilized gesture, I mean Beerbohm's. And when the sculptor Aristide Maillol went into the printing business he made the paper by *chewing the fibers himself.* That's dedication. And here is a Polaroid photo, shows your Aunt Sylvia and me putting an Ant Farm together. That's how close we were in those days. Just an Ant Farm apart.

See the moon? It hates us.

And now comes J. J. Sullivan's orange-and-blue Gulf Oil truck to throw kerosene into the space heater. Driver in green siren suit, red face, blond shaved head, the following rich verbal transaction:

"Beautiful day."

"Certainly is."

And now settling back in this green glider with a copy of *Man.* Dear Ann when I look at *Man* I don't want you. Unfolded Ursala Thigpen seems eversomuchmore desirable. A clean girl too and with interests, cooking, botany, pornographic novels. Someone new to show my slash to.

In another month Gog leaps fully armed from the womb. What can I do for him? I can get him into A.A., I have influence. And make sure no harsh moonlight falls on his new soft head.

Hello there Gog. We hope you'll be very happy here.

—DONALD BARTHELME

THINGS

Black beads sliding over white flesh
Outlive me, and I want a black stone
With my name on it. And I want a fresh
Wind blowing. And I don't want to be alone,
Or take white beads against black skin—
Their implacable whiteness. Nothing has changed,
You say, take these beads, take them in
Your hand, take them! I am ranged
On the side of Things. They'll outlive us.
God help our impermanence—
"Here lies so-and-so beloved of"—and our embrace.
God give me the courage and the sense
To worship Things, these beads we give each other knowing they
Will outlive us, and the stones we shall have (I hope)
a white stone for you, a black stone for me.

—E. N. SARGENT

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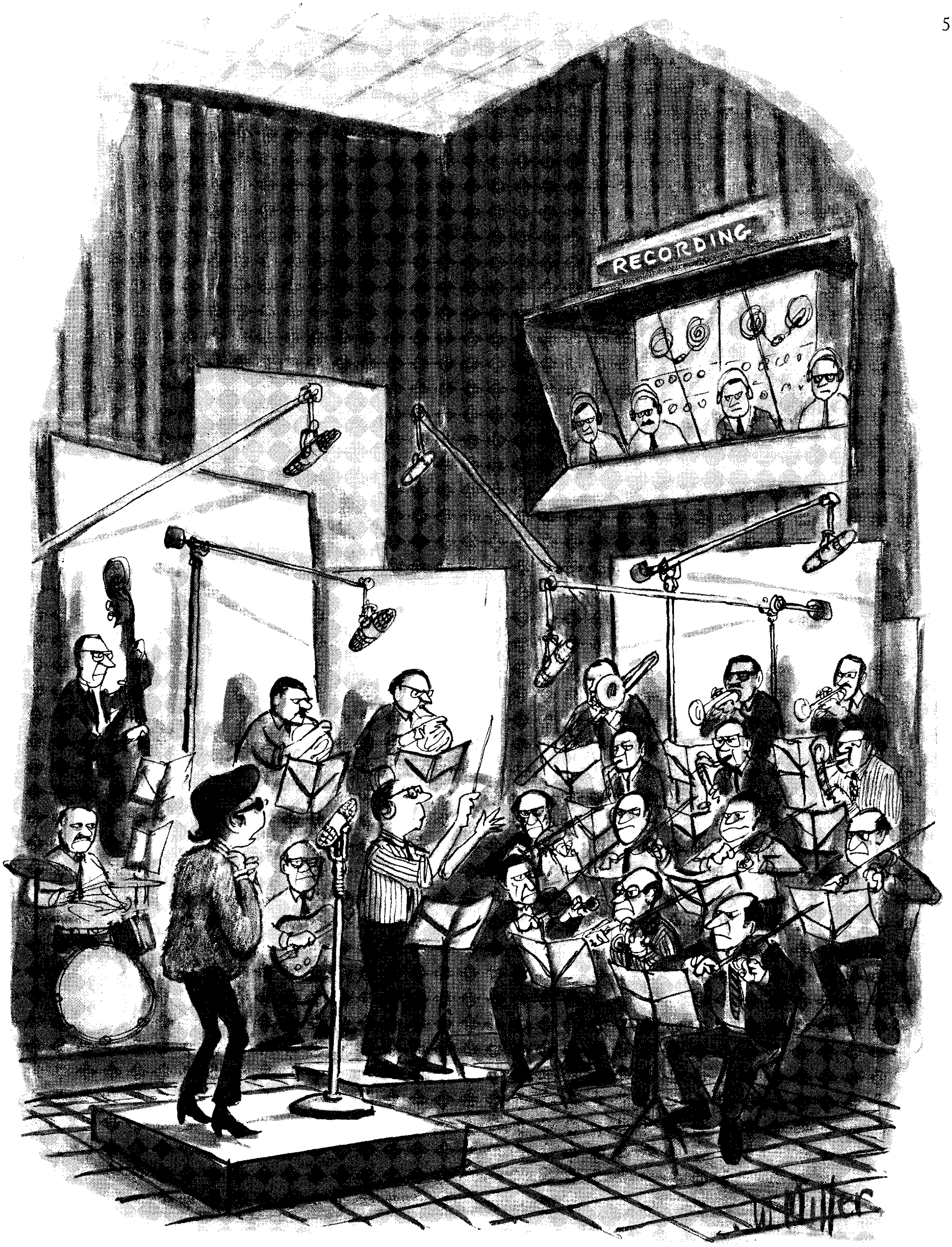


"Dolores left me.
I'm feeling bad,
Because my dad
Won't let me
Have a car,
Have a car,
Have a car!"

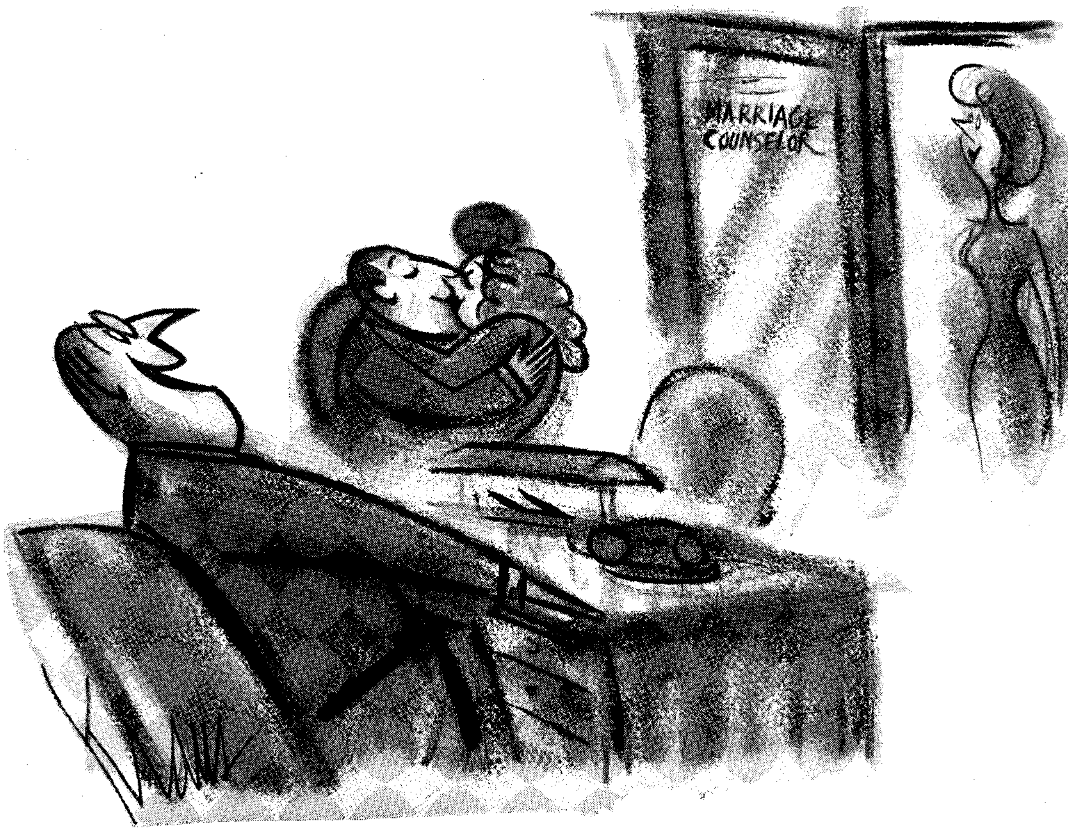
ANTEPENULTIMATE

MINERVA, the cat, was trampling, as she did every morning when she first woke and wanted her milk. Imogen, eyes barely open, stretched out her hand for her watch. Finding it, she saw it was six-thirty. Had the alarm already gone off? At that moment, it began its discreet buzz. Imogen pressed in the knob. Since Piers' plane did not leave until ten, they need not get to the terminal until nine, so if Minny would let him Piers could sleep on for another few minutes. But Minny was on his side of the bed now, kneading the blankets. Imogen, looking up at the ceiling, noticed for the umpteenth time how badly it was peeling. Still, she thought, the flat had served them well for fifteen years; really it owed them nothing. The first time she saw the old brownstone walkup, with its eight railroad flats, she had fallen in love with it. Having climbed the four steep flights (sixty-eight steps), to the east apartment on the top floor, where her landlady was waiting to let her in, she greeted her with "Mrs. Murphy, you'll only get me out of here feet first."

It was at the end of World War II, and Imogen had rented the flat by telephone, sight unseen, from Washington, where she had worked four years after she and her two small sons—Nicolas, aged two, and Peter, four—had fled the blitz. Piers, who had been a conscientious objector throughout the war, working on the land in Sussex, had written to her after V-E Day that he would join her and the children in New York. For six years, he had been cold, hungry, and overtired, fire-watching by night, digging by day. Suddenly he longed for a city and a change of pace. So Imogen had rented the flat, moved herself and the boys, bought the whole flatful of furniture for under a hundred dollars at the Salvation Army's depot, and found a job in a publisher's office. Her salary barely paid the rent—thirty-five dollars a month—and the food bills. They had lived on it, though; in those days it was impossible to bring money out of England. Anyway, there wasn't much to bring. When Piers was finally on his way, she had informed Mrs. Murphy. Mrs. Murphy had erected an arch of colored paper at the foot of the stairs, with "WELCOME HOME, HERO" across it in foot-high silver-paper letters. (When Mrs. Murphy's Kevin returned from Guadalcanal, the same arch reappeared, but the message read, "WELCOME HOME, SON.")

Poor lamb, Imogen thought, looking down at the peaceful face, the still boyish, straight brown hair, the thin, straight *aristo* nose, the long black lashes—so wasted on a man—the tight lips that even in sleep seemed sewn together. When he arrived, the place had been quite a shock. Raised in a country rectory, he had from the first felt claustrophobic in the three tiny rooms that led one into another, with neither doors nor privacy. From the first, too, he had disliked the noise, the dirt, the surliness of New York. He worried because the children had only the sidewalks to play upon; he resented Imogen's scrubbing the worn green linoleum in her slip; he carried cowslip ghosts and blackbird echoes perpetually in his heart and could never accept the cold concrete canyons of the city. The boys, hardly remembering the Sussex village where they were born, had quickly become part of the life of the old brownstone; they made great friends with the O'Donnells, on the floor below, whose television they watched daily, escaping from their own flat as soon as they had perfunctorily disposed of their homework. The O'Donnells were endlessly welcoming, never expecting hospitality in return, and Piers seemed to think it quite natural that his children should be always at the receiving end.

Piers was stirring now. As he rolled over, a paperback fell off the bed onto the floor. Imogen picked it up—it was the Bhagavad-Gita—and tried to find a place for it in any one of the bookshelves that lined the room from floor to ceiling on all sides. She gave up, after forcing the book half in. She hoped Piers would not notice—things were his friends, and he suffered so to see them ill-treated. Most of the books were religious—from de Caussade's "Holy Abandonment" to "Muslim Devotions," from "Hatha Yoga" to "Cassian," from the "Dhammapada" to the "Philokalia." All higgledy-piggledy, stuffed in without order either of size or subject. Books also spewed out onto chairs, tables. Imogen walked into the kitchen. There were more of them, perched on the icebox, the stove, the radiators—camped everywhere. The room looked seedy. The walls were streaked with grime. The last time they had been painted, the boys had done the job as a Christmas surprise. But they had not succeeded in matching the peculiar sickly



"*Next case, Miss Jackson!*"

green of the stove. "You've mixed your color all wrong," Piers had told them. "You have no eyes." That was three years ago. The boys were no longer at home. Grown now, they had drifted away—Nicolas to military service in Texas, Peter to whine over his slum childhood in a decorator's shop by day, in one Greenwich Village room by night.

"I'm making a spot check, sir. Does your room have a Gideon?"

Minny had followed Imogen into the kitchen; already outside the window the bright March light was making Mondrian-like black patterns of laundry lines and fire escapes on the brownstone opposite. Imogen looked out in delight, but Minny's loud miaow recalled her to her duty. She opened the icebox and got out a half-filled carton of milk, set it on the kitchen table, and from a lower shelf took a can of cat food. Opening the bathroom door with her elbow, she picked up the cat's dishes from under the bath, shaking off three roaches onto the floor as she did so. She managed to squish one of them with her bare heel. I will not, she thought, have Be Kind to Roach Week every week, even if Piers wants me to—it's us or them. They are many, we are few. They'll survive us anyway, since no one has found a dose of fallout that affects roaches. I'm not going to help them. Piers disapproved of poisonous powders, saying they were more likely to kill the boys than the roaches. The more Imogen cleaned—she scrubbed the floor twice weekly on her knees and mopped it daily—the more roaches arrived. "Such clean creatures," Piers said. "You should be very flattered that they so obviously prefer your kitchen to the kitchens of your neighbors." Dinner guests would remove roaches from the sugar before helping themselves, and whenever Imogen saw a glazed look come over some friend's face as he ate, she knew it was because behind her head roaches were scuttling up or down the kitchen walls. On guestless evenings, the boys would race roaches along the floor, blowing on them gently to keep them in line and urge them forward; they bet wildly with conkers or marbles.

Not only roaches disturbed the guests in those early years. Almost always, just when everyone had got comfortably settled (Imogen always just asked the ranking guest whether he preferred to face the stove or the sink), a hammering on the kitchen wall would begin. Until the boys, who slept in the middle room, woke, their parents would pretend not to notice. Then, while Imogen went to settle them, Piers would open the door to find their neighbor, Mr. Pacek—enormous, beefy, scarlet-faced, short-necked—standing at the door. Pacek would revile Piers in heavily Slavic English for making so much noise; Piers would counter in the purest Oxford, berating Pacek for waking the boys. Pacek would threaten to get the police; Piers would threaten to fetch up the landlady. Occasionally, both made good their threats. Once, when Piers opened the door suddenly, a policeman crouching outside almost fell in, explaining apologetically that Mr. Pacek here had asked him to listen to the racket. He gently assured Piers he could hear nothing offensive, not even a song—nothing anyone ought to complain about. "But you folks should learn to get along with each other here," he added. "This great country of ours has room for you all." Piers' expression, haughty as a camel's, showed that he did not relish this sermon; Pacek obviously could not understand a word of it. Imogen had invited the policeman in, "to see for yourself what sort of a party it is." He had accepted, had drunk a mild Scotch, then had stepped out.

Then there was the day Pacek had seized and shaken little Biddy O'Donnell, who had come up to play with Peter. The two children had been rolling marbles under the beds. Pacek, waiting outside the door, had pounced on them as they came out onto the landing. Imogen, struggling up the stairs with a huge bagful of groceries from the supermarket, heard the screams and stopped by the second floor west to enlist Mrs. Murphy's help. Mrs. Murphy had not even waited to put in her false teeth but had come instantly. When she heard Pacek yelling at Imogen that she was a foreigner and had no business to be in these United States, Mrs. Murphy let fly. "You're no American, neither," she told him, toothless but articulate. "You're just a man his own country didn't want—not that I can blame it, either. Good riddance to bad rubbish I say! These folks," she added, patting Imogen, "these Limeys, they've fought for us in two wars and they deserve to become real Americans."

PIERS appeared in the kitchen, rubbing his eyes. He was bare to the waist, and Imogen was astonished, as she was every time she saw him, at his archaic good looks. "Your husband is an Elizabethan Englishman," an Italian friend had told Imogen the first time he saw Piers. "He's like one of Nicholas Hilliard's ivories." It was true; the pale skin, the light-gray eyes, the elegant slim height, the perfect hands suggested rapiers and ruffs rather than trousers—or, as now, pajama bottoms. Imogen looked down at Piers' bare feet. His second toe on each foot was longer than the big toe—a fact of which he was complacently proud, declaring it a sign of good breeding.

"Oh, Minny woke you, too?" she asked. "I'm so sorry—I hoped I'd decoyed her in here in time."

Piers in his turn looked down at Imogen's feet—lumpy with corns—but with distaste. She was guiltily shaking the dead roach off her heel. "I want my tea," he said.

While Imogen got down the canister, he filled a saucepan with water and lit the gas with a kitchen match. Imogen put the saucepan lid on. Piers took it off. "But it boils so much quicker," she said.

"You can't see when it boils if the lid is on, and tea is horrid if the water it's made with has boiled for more than a minute." From the sideboard he took a silver tray, a gift on the occasion of his marriage from his father's parishioners; it was engraved with a dedication. Then he went to the kitchen cupboard, opened it, got out silver polish, and carried it and the tray over to the sink.

Imogen had just finished drying last night's beer glasses. "Darling, do leave that tray alone," she said. "I cleaned it two days ago. It's only the damp air that makes it bleary."

"You have no idea how to keep silver," Piers said. "Yours is always a disgrace."

"If you clean it too often, it wears the silver out," Imogen said, getting two plain white dime-store cups out and nervously peering inside them behind Piers' back as he stooped over the sink.

As though feeling her fear, he turned. "I'm sure they're dirty," he said. "I haven't had a clean teacup since I married."

"I've often heard Your Majesty say so." Imogen sighed. "And even oftener heard you tell our friends."

"Look at it now—isn't that better?" Piers turned triumphantly from the sink toward her with the shining tray in his hands.

Imogen went into the bathroom, to hide the tears she could not control. She must not cry, for Piers would say it was like a housemaid—only housemaids cry when scolded; you are so like a housemaid. But as she looked out of the window she forgot her chagrin in her joy at the fire escape, snow-padded and glistening with ice. It was always a delight. She would take her reading out there, or eat her lunch on it weekends, the year round. The washing—her own and her neighbors'—made ever-changing colored, lilting patterns, and she loved every season. In spring, the sun shone directly down, piercing hot. Pacek's niece, who lived next door now that her uncle was dead, would sit in her window, stark naked, and chat pleasantly. "This is the time the sun is full of vitamins," she told Imogen. "This way you absorb them directly," and she would wriggle her thin torso, her gray skin goosefleshed from the cold. In summer, the great boughs of the tree of heaven—the only thing that grew in the sour, bald black soil of Mrs. Murphy's dark yard—came up all around the fire escape, so Imogen could think green Marvelled thoughts in their abyss of shade. In the fall, she had to sweep leaves off the steps, and in the winter, snow.

Back in the kitchen, Imogen warmed the teapot from the tap, poured off the hot water, put in three teaspoonfuls of tea—one for each of them, one for the pot—while Piers poured the now galloping water from the saucepan onto the leaves. Some spilled on Imogen's hand.

"I'm sorry," Piers said.

"That's O.K.," Imogen said, rubbing the spilled water off on her nightgown as she followed Piers back into the big Castro Convertible double bed that almost filled the front room.

THE CHILDREN'S SNOW

The snow might stop, but then the shovelling
Must start in earnest. Better that it snow
Interminably, cover up the igloo,
Smother all contours of the land, smooth out
All life into one death, collapse the ice
Of the river by sheer pressure into stones
Of frozen water riving the bedded stones
Of the river into new shapes. Let contortion
Dominate wholly, clearness never come,
The snow continue, a white fall of grace
For all the country children who lie warm
In bed, and passionately do not wish
To contemplate rising, shovelling, going to school,
Doing anything at all. Let the snow go
On falling endlessly for the innocent sake
Of the children who spontaneously imagine
An end of the world under snow, but with each one
Of them somehow surviving, dominating,
Making parents and siblings toe their line, not heeding
The bullies who, turning out to be weaklings, freeze.
For the innocent? For the experienced sake
Of the country children let the snow not stop
Till, past the living-room windows, it drift high
Against and over and past their bedroom windows
And, atop the eaves, cover the whole house.
That would be winter indeed! for them, a winter
Equal to their intense desire for snow
Overwhelming their enemies, actual, potential,
Releasing them from claims, a snow of great
White endless anti-shovelling falling down,
Anti-school, anti-getting up, anti-anti-freeze,
A knowing snow, suckling them in their dreams
Of power in the world of aftersnow.

—Thomas Whitbread

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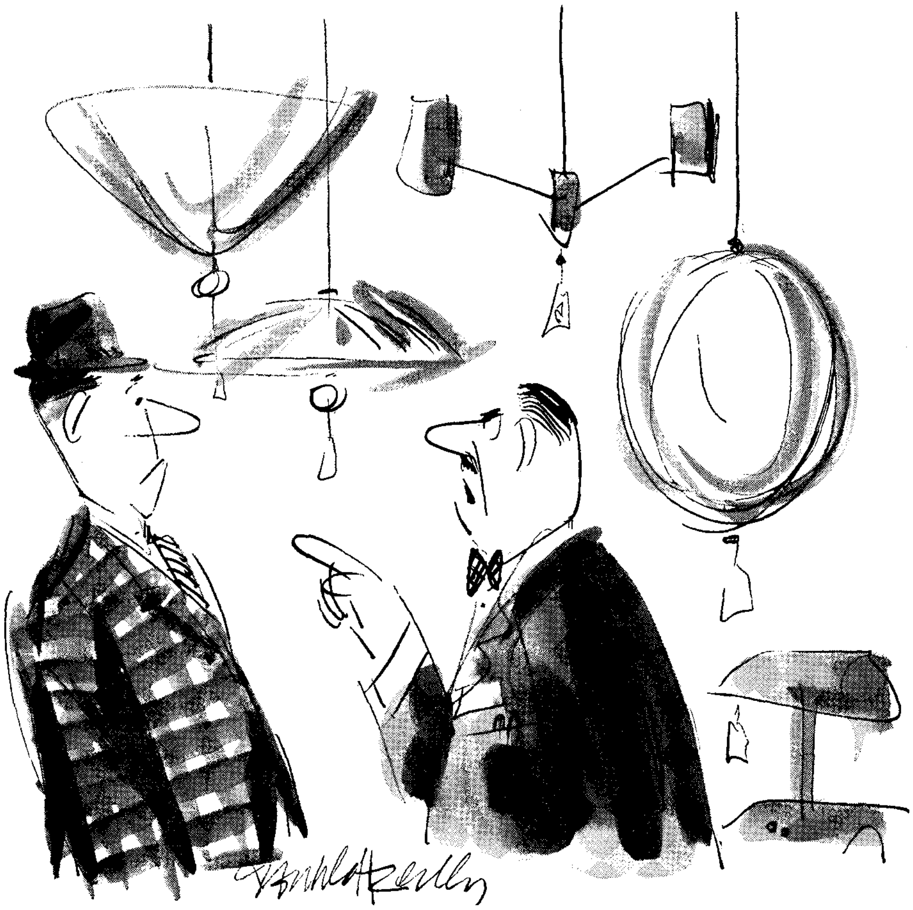

"Look at it this way. If someday your son flunks out of college, would you want it on your conscience that you saved a measly two bucks on his very first study lamp?"

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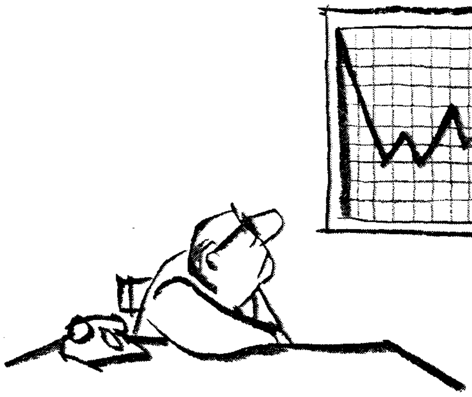
What a unifying drink tea was, she reflected. Whenever she had put the refuse in the wrong ashcan—and nothing used to infuriate Mrs. Murphy more—she could always reëstablish calm by the offer of "a nice cup of tea." Indeed, she had got into the habit, as Mrs. Murphy stormed upstairs into the apartment, declaring Imogen would land her in jail or make her liable for an immense fine—and all for some empty cans set on top of the ashes, or for some dead flowers loose, not enveloped in a paper bag—of putting on a kettle at once and then waiting for the scolding to end. The first time Imogen had spied a garbage truck from her window, she had rushed delightedly down to the street, two days' accumulated horrors in her arms, to be rejected by a handsome giant in a sort of pachydermous armor. "I'm trash, not garbage," he had told her. Imogen had taken years to learn to distinguish ashes from trash and trash from garbage, but she had quickly learned to know, and grown to love, Mrs. Murphy. For over the mollifying tea—Lapsang Souchong, brewed so strong that, with lots of milk, it tasted almost like Lipton's—Mrs. Murphy would discuss the other tenants. Pacek was quickly dismissed as sick; blood pressure accounted for the ugliness of his temper. For Mrs. Murphy, whenever possible, excused human weaknesses, especially in tenants. Pat O'Donnell, Liz's truant husband, was an exception. "Now she's chain-smoking, and her mother has been to Father Dougherty about it, but she's so upset she can't unwind. And she knows he's living with that gook Annie, who's not a patch on Liz, who's as slim as on her wedding day, in spite of these five kids."

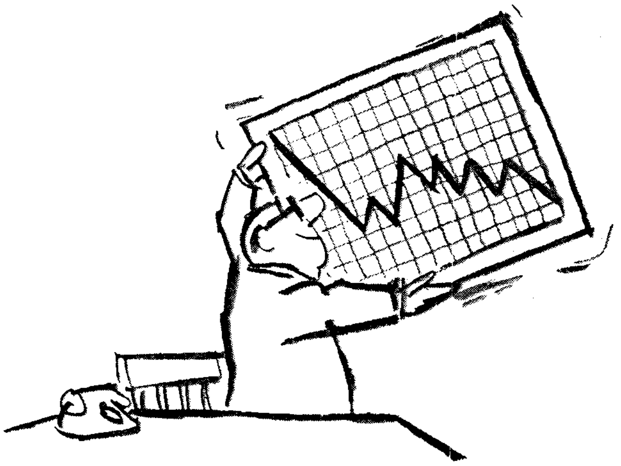
"Some men *are* pigs," Imogen agreed.

"Pigs!" Mrs. Murphy spat. "Don't you demean no pig by mentioning it in the same breath with Pat O'Donnell!"

The Erhards, first floor east, used to sit forever in their window watching the passersby. Mr. Erhard had put a sign in the window saying, "Fountain Pens Fixed," but no one ever was seen to patronize him, and on the one occasion Imogen's pen had leaked and she had taken it to him he had said sadly that as it was foreign, no parts he could buy or provide would help. Mrs. Murphy had explained the Erhards. They once lived where Imogen and Piers now did, and had had one little girl, blond and cute. When she was four years old, she had fallen off the fire escape and died in the ambulance Mrs. Murphy called. After that, they had moved downstairs; by the time Imogen came to the house both were aged and ailing. One day, Mrs. Murphy asked Imogen to go with Mr. Erhard to the hospital in a cab—he had been taken poorly. Imogen waited with him while all the formalities were filled in. "You his daughter?" she was asked. "I need a long rest," he told Imogen when she said goodbye. He had never returned. Mrs. Murphy had asked all the tenants to help her out with Mrs. Erhard's rent; everyone but Pacek had chipped in, until the visitor who came once a week from some Lutheran charity said that Mrs. Erhard must be moved to a home—she was incontinent and in constant discomfort from bedsores. Imogen had gone to prepare her for the move. "I want to die! Why can't I die?" Mrs. Erhard had said. "I've taken thirty aspirin at a time, but I'm always sick to my stomach after and retch them out."

Mrs. Murphy had not wanted to die. Indeed, through the first three years Piers and Imogen were in the house she seemed more alive than any of her tenants. Then, stopping by one first of February to pay the rent, Imogen found Mrs. Murphy's Kevin and Mrs. Connolly, her only daughter, sitting in the kitchen drinking whiskey. "Mother died this morning," Mrs. Connolly said, crying. Imogen asked, "Where is she?" and was told that the undertaker had fetched her but would soon bring her back. The wake would be in the evening. Imogen was bidden, together with Piers and the boys. The boys? Imogen had wondered, but had dressed them in their Sunday suits and taken them down. They had followed her, quietly curious, into the Murphys' kitchen. All the O'Donnells were already there, including the errant Pat. Imogen's Peter and Biddy O'Donnell had quickly got together, but Nicolas had followed Imogen into the front room, where Mrs. Murphy lay in a white-satin-lined, shiny polished mahogany coffin, candles lit and floral tributes piled beside her. Her mouth was lipsticked, her cheeks were rouged. "Doesn't she look beautiful?" Mrs. Connolly said to Imogen, patting a peroxided curl into place. A photograph of a modern church in a lush Oriental landscape stood by the coffin, and Nicolas, pointing, asked where it





was. Mrs. Connolly explained that that was the church her mother—God rest her soul—had sent money to build in India. Beside the picture of the church stood another photograph, this one of a dark young man in a clerical collar.

"That's the pastor, Father Figerado," Mrs. Connolly explained. "Mother paid all his expenses through seminary, too—the first photo we have of him is just a pickaninny in a loincloth."

Imogen said, "She looks very peaceful."

Mrs. Connolly agreed. "Yes, *now* she does—but she went the hard way. I thought she would never be done dying. Her last words were 'Will it never end?' "

Nicolas asked, "When people die, they don't stay dead, do they? They come again as babies?" No one answered him, so he declared, "I would like to die at midnight in my sleep."

Mrs. Connolly told him sharply, "You'll go when the good Lord calls you, that's when. Like Ma here."

All men fear death, Imogen mused, but what about dissolution? Death there had been, right in this house; dissolution had followed hard upon it. For the Connollys separated and their marriage was dissolved. After Mrs. Murphy's death, Mrs. Connolly, moving in to take over the house, had explained her marital situation to Imogen. "I am a pigeon widow, you might say. All Mr. Connolly ever thought about was those damn birds. Even if he did take me out in the car once in a great while, the back seat was always full of cages, and both front and back seats would be covered with pigeon dirt. He never took me anyplace except from one pigeon race to another. And all day Saturday and all day Sunday he'd be on the roof—ours or a neighbor's—training those damn birds, flying them. I'm glad to be back here, I can tell you—I was just too lonesome living with him." But later, when he got ill, it was she who took him to the doctor, to learn that he must be operated on at once for cancer. "I'll get him into the hospital tomorrow, Mrs. Connolly," the doctor told her, but Mr. Connolly had dug his toes in right there in the doctor's office. There was something very important he had to do tomorrow, he told the doctor, while Mrs. Connolly declared loudly that he had never had to do anything important in his whole life. When they got outside, Mr. Connolly had explained there was a big pigeon race next day. Mrs. Connolly had let him go to it. He had died quietly next day under the knife.

Piers poured in the milk, then the tea.

"I married a milk-firster," Imogen said, smiling. How her dear mama must be rolling around in her grave—or did ashes not roll?

" 'A milk-firster married me,' you should say," Piers corrected. "One way of pouring is a solution, the other an infusion. The difference is not social but scientific."

"How clever you are," Imogen said, and sighed. "How shall I ever manage without you?"

Piers frowned. "Have a biscuit?" he asked.

Imogen shook her head.

"Not a *Marie*?" Piers said. "The best—though a *petit beurre* is permissible when a *Marie* is unobtainable. Would you like me to read?"

Imogen nodded and handed him "Milenda's Questions."

He opened it, looking for the place where he had left off yesterday.

Imogen drank up her tea. At the bottom of the cup were tea leaves. She had never learned to read them, though when she was a child Nanny had explained that four in a square meant a letter, four in a row a journey.

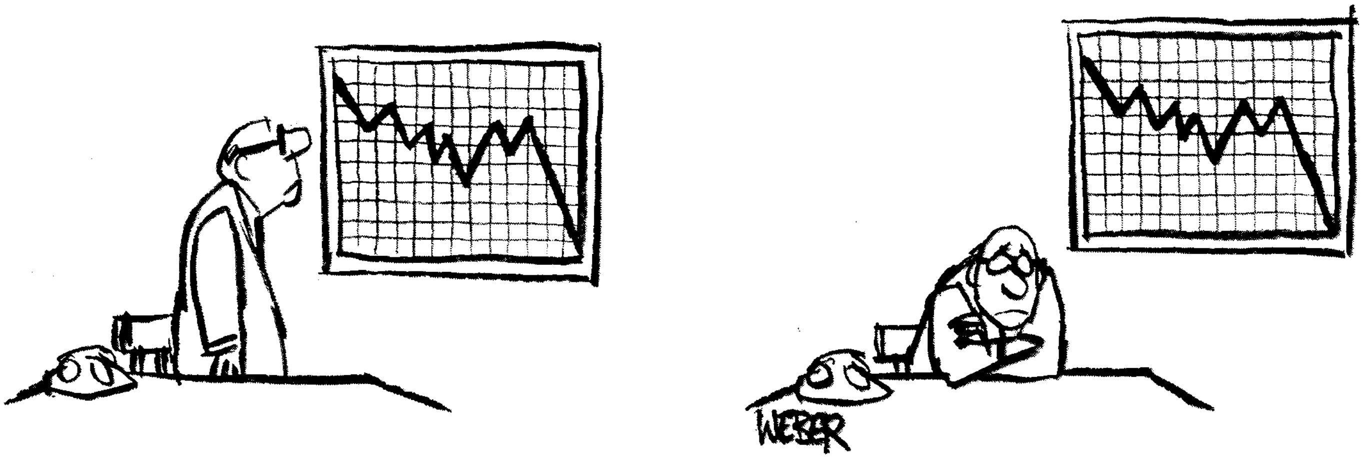
" 'Now that you are grown, Sire,' " Piers read, " 'are you the same as you were when you were a boy, young, tender, lying on your back?'

" 'O, no, revered Sire. That boy, young, tender, lying on his back, was one thing. I who am now full-grown am another.' "

And have put away childish things, Imogen thought. But have I? Is that not the crux of my problem? Is that not why Piers is leaving me? Am I the same I who decoded cables in Washington, longing to be home with Piers? Am I the I who scrubbed the floor while Peter ironed his shirts and Nicolas did his arithmetic? "Which do you like best," Peter had asked his brother, "arithmetic or sums?" And Nicolas had answered, "Money." Were *they* the same? Every bit of the human body changed every seven years—not a nail, not a piece of skin, not a hair was the same. How, then, am I the same? Is Piers the same man who married me with those great Anglo-Saxon double oaths? Why must he go? Why must I stay? Who is it who is going? Who staying? Who am I? Who is he?

"You are not attending," Piers said. "I shall stop." He closed the book.

Imogen took the tray from his knees and slipped quietly back into the kitchen. Now he would practice mental prayer for fifteen minutes while she dressed, ran his bath, and made the coffee. "What does one wear for an execution?" she asked rhetorically, then chided herself. "Housemaid again!" Yet she began to sniffle. She dressed, brushed her hair, looking at her face in the mirror. "They all say the same," she told herself, "all the saints," and she thought of St. Paul's description of himself looking at his face in the mirror, then forgetting immediately what he had seen. What did she see? A face that had both faded and fattened into the forties, was nondescript, egg-shaped, unaccented, bland. She had



never liked it much; she despised it now. Her hair done, she put on her beige dress.

Piers passed her and she asked him, "Will you zipper me up?" He did, and while he was in the bath she set the table, cut a small melon in half. "Toast?" she called through the bathroom door.

"One slice, please," he replied. He came out, glowing, shaven and smiling, smelling of lavender water.

"Delicious," she said, sniffing.

"An anti-aphrodisiac," he told her. "That's why the English love it so."

Imogen slipped the bread into the toaster, poured his coffee and hot milk, then hers. "I'm sorry I've been such a lousy wife," she said in a choked voice.

Piers stopped smiling. "You know the only thing a man dislikes more in a woman than B.O. is remorse," he said. He added, "You have burned the toast again."

Imogen took the smoking piece out of the toaster. "It stuck," she apologized, giggled nervously, then said, "You must agree it takes near genius to burn the toast in an automatic toaster. I'll make you another piece."

"There isn't time," Piers said, and took the burned piece from her hand, buttering it and spreading Cooper's Oxford marmalade thickly on it.

You masochist, Imogen thought, you sado-masochist. Piers had never burned a single bit of toast since his Eton days—his fagmaster there had taught him not to the hard way. Why could not she, too, make mistakes once only? Why was she so chained and bound to her clumsiness, her incompetence, her timidity, her female sense of inferiority? Sins, she knew, were never held against one; it was stupidities that destroyed. As her mother had often told her, against stupidity the gods themselves are powerless. Her mother had warned Imogen, too, against her naïve good will, undigested, lumpy. "*Surtout pas trop de zèle*," she had adjured her. But Imogen then, as always, had seen her face clearly in the mirror one moment and straightaway forgotten what she had seen.

Piers turned the radio on for the eight-o'clock world-news roundup. Over the announcer's voice he said, "You must give Nicolas back that shirt. It's ridiculous of him to give me such an expensive birthday present when he is always asking you for money. And besides, I have plenty of shirts."

"Snow flurries predicted," said the announcer. Perhaps the plane won't be able to take off, Imogen thought.

Piers was still speaking. "If he takes it back to the shop where he bought it, they will credit it, I'm sure. I haven't taken it out of the box."

"Nicolas's feelings will be hurt," Imogen said.

"Beware of feelings." Piers smiled. "Didn't we read that in some pious author?"

"Dom Chapman," Imogen said.

"Will you stay on here?" Piers asked.

"Where else? This is my burrow."

"Aerie, rather—burrows aren't up sixty-eight steps," Piers corrected her.

"I'm no eagle," Imogen said.

"Are you a rabbit?"

"I wish I were," Imogen said. "Then you would love me. You are so nice to small and furry things."

There was a sticky silence.

Piers is going back to his burrow, Imogen thought. To him this has always been foreign, alien, lower-class. War and war's ending brought us here, but today we are not the same people who came. The children are grown, and I must grow up, too. Only I don't know how, at my age. Or in what direction. Or why.

Piers said, "You know you can reach me care of my bank if you need me for anything. We should be going. Do you really want to come out in this cold? I don't have much luggage and could perfectly well pick up a cab."

"I'd love to drive you," she said. "Please let me."

They went down the stairs, she behind him, locking up as he went on ahead. The car was on the right side of the street for Tuesday. "You'll never find another place to park," he said. "Much better just let me take a cab."

"No, please," she begged. "I want every minute of your company I'm allowed." The cobbler opposite, the delicatessen next him, and new plane trees planted by the city only last fall, Mrs. Connolly coming back from early Mass—Imogen wished it was not all so ordinary, so peaceful. Why couldn't there be an earthquake, a hurricane? It was like any other day. "You're sure you won't let me come, too?" she asked. "I'd so love just to be living in the same city. Even in the same country."

"No," Piers said. "You'd always be ringing up—or we'd run into each other, in the bank, on a bus. I'd much rather not."

She stopped the car at the side door of the East Side Airlines Terminal. He kissed her. "I've never loved anyone as I loved you," he said. Then he got out.

She started the engine up again. "Infamous last words!" she shouted after him. But he did not turn his head.

—Anne Fremantle

◆

Gary Clark only reluctantly agreed to star with Chris Noel in Universal's "Wild, Wild Winter," when he learned he would have to ski in the film. Just three months earlier he had broken an ankle skiing.

Too many people are ready to carry the stool when there's a piano to be moved.
—*Bedford (Va.) Bulletin-Democrat.*

Nonsense. You can't have too many.

LETTER FROM SOUTH VIETNAM

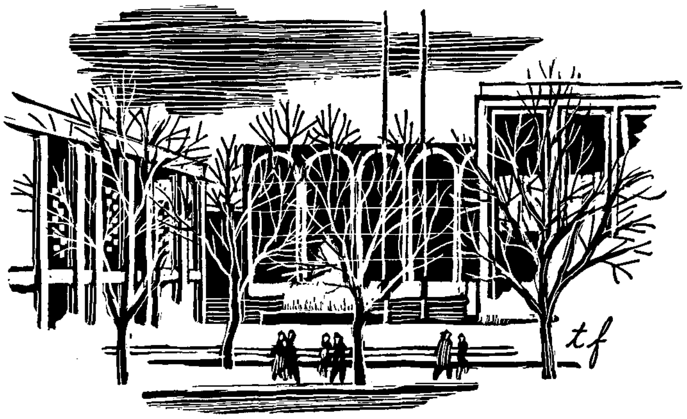
MARCH 1

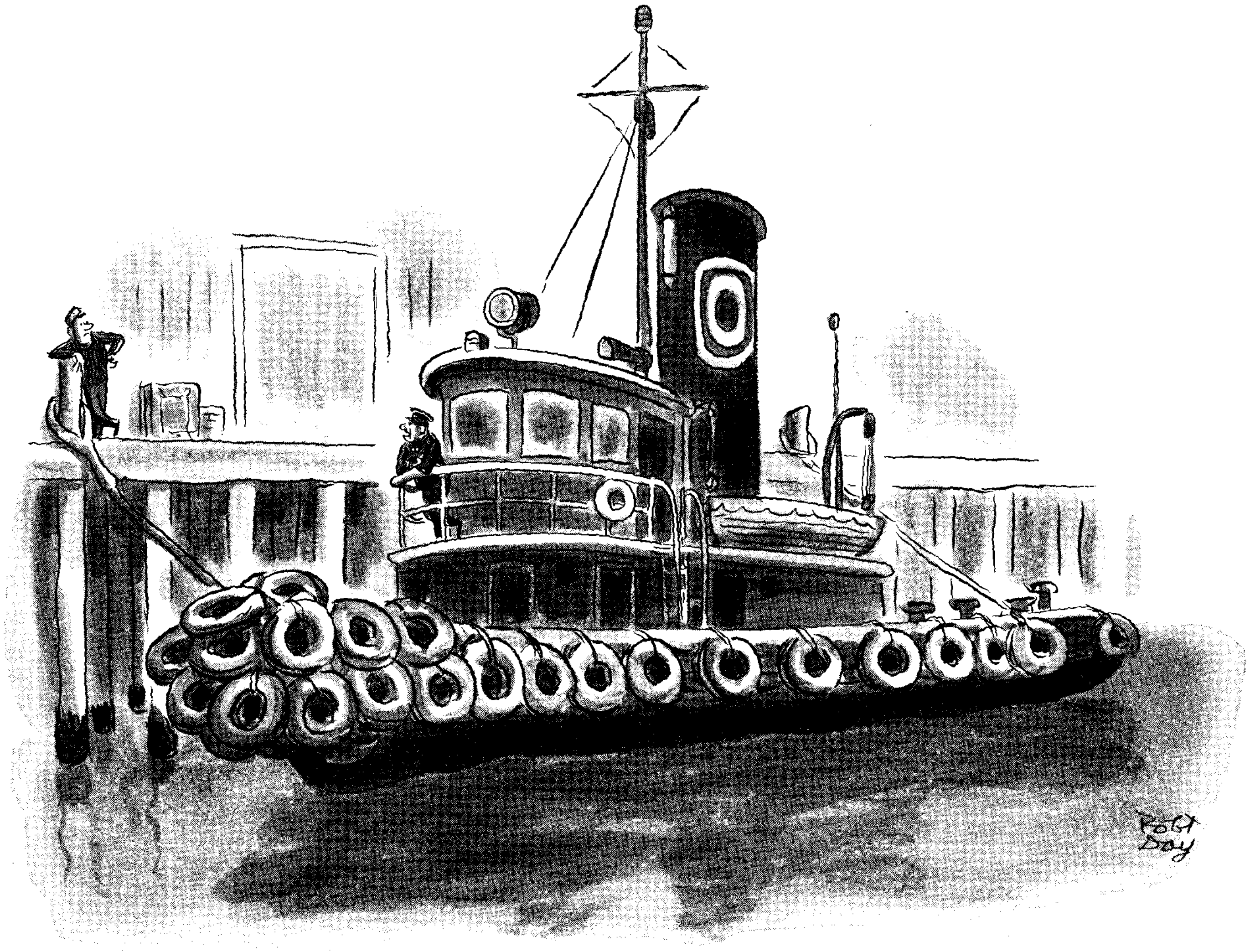
WHILE the objective of creating "a social revolution," to build "a better material life" and establish "democracy in the rural areas"—the rather well-worn phrases enunciated by the leaders of South Vietnam after their meeting in Honolulu last month with President Johnson—is perhaps impossible of achievement at such a late hour in this tormented, and by now cynical, country, it at least represents a new awareness on the part of both the South Vietnamese and the Americans of fundamental revolutionary dynamics. Even if one accepts the sincerity of the young leaders who, with our suddenly impassioned encouragement, have at last come up with something resembling a revolutionary program, it would be unreasonable, after so many promises have gone unfulfilled, to expect that anything but the most limited progress can be made before the end of 1966. There is, in fact, an odd contrast between the grandiose statements issued at Honolulu, which had such a strong Johnsonian ring as to amount almost to a call for a Great Vietnamese Society, and the more restrained announcements that have been made here of plans for what is being called "rural construction and development"—a term that has in this context replaced the previously all-embracing term "pacification," which now denotes, specifically, military campaigns to clear out the Vietcong. It is too soon to gauge the concrete results, if any, of the new pacification-*cum*-construction efforts, but some tentative assessments can be made.

American advisers and observers here who have been involved in earlier schemes of the sort agree that the current one is at least more realistic in its recognition of the mistakes of the previous experiments, which failed, one after another, because of poor planning and poor execution. In general, the earlier reform programs were too broad in concept and too centralized in their administration, and were constantly caught up in webs of personal and bureaucratic conflict reaching from Saigon down into the provinces. Perhaps the biggest mistake was a failure to establish effective coördination between the military and the civic-action aspects of these plans; they invariably collapsed because of a lack of sustained security measures in the villages and hamlets. Direct participation by the peasants was never spontaneous and seldom became more than halfhearted, mainly because of the fear of Vietcong reprisals. During the early sixties, there was the Strategic Hamlet Program, directed by Ngo Dinh Nhu, the brother of Ngo Dinh Diem. The program's chief aim was to establish and maintain political control by creating what amounted to private paramilitary forces, and its main accomplishment was to extend the grip of the Ngo family. Whatever else can be said about the two murdered brothers, Diem and Nhu did at least have a purpose. The programs of the shaky regimes that succeeded them, though they were also motivated primarily by the urge for political self-preservation, were inhibited at the start by military conditions of near-collapse and later on by the lack of both a coherent philosophy of government and a grasp of counter-revolutionary techniques. The attempts at rural reform between late 1963 and mid-1965 were, at best, sporadic ameliorative measures, vitiated not only by power contests among civilian and military officials but by corruption as well.

Not that all such struggles are now over or that corruption has been completely eliminated. Indeed, as a result of the huge and still increasing American involvement in Vietnam, plus inflation, the problem of corruption is worse than ever; as for the contests for political strength and influence, if they are not as open or as violent as they once were, they continue to simmer. Yet, for the first time, there seems to be both an attempt at genuine self-diagnosis by the Vietnamese and an acceptance by the Americans of fuller responsibility for guiding as well as for financing the reform program. This new approach by both parties has led to what looks like a workable plan—which was, in fact, evolved before the Honolulu meeting and is now undergoing further refinement. It remains to be seen whether it can be effectively carried out in the face of the long-continued social disintegration, the still unresolved bureaucratic confusion within both the Vietnamese and the American hierarchies, a paucity of Vietnamese civilian leadership at the top and of trained cadres below, and the sheer pressure of the war and of the general uncertainty about the relative probability of its continuation by prolonged fighting, its dying out in ultimate stalemate, or its sudden cessation in a cease-fire. And the dangers and perplexities posed by each of these three possibilities must, in turn, be weighed in relation to the enemy's immediate purposes and tactics and his long-term objectives and strategy, which are bound to shift according to whether the government makes or fails to make headway in its efforts to convince peasants that it not only can protect them but can offer them a better way of life than the Vietcong.

AT the moment, the Vietcong and at least nine North Vietnamese regiments that have been infiltrated into South Vietnam seem to be pursuing a strategy based primarily on avoiding further large-scale battles with the Americans except on definite Communist terms, and on continuing to engage the South Vietnamese government forces in small or medium-sized attacks whenever and wherever possible. The great majority of the casualties suffered by the government troops, which continue to be three or four times as high as those of the Americans, are suffered in such attacks. The Communists are still able to exploit their mobility and elusiveness in the highlands stretching through central Vietnam from the Laotian border to the coast. They are still moving large forces more or less at will in this crucial area, much of which is jungle, and supporting them—though with increasing difficulty, under the impact of our air attacks—via the recently extended Ho Chi Minh Trail through Laos. The American strategy is to seek out and fight the large forces, as was done successfully, though at a heavy cost, in the week-long Ia Drang Valley battle, near the Cambodian border, last November, and this year, on a





"Every time I ask for a raise, all I get is another damn tire."

• •

lesser scale, in Operation Masher, on the coastal plain. The Communists, in their current efforts to avoid a repetition of this type of direct combat, are withdrawing from some of their longtime strongholds. In February, they moved out of the rice-rich An Lao Valley, near the coast, apparently on the theory that even the combined American and Vietnamese forces will not be able to hold the place indefinitely. Thus, they believe, an area like An Lao can eventually be retaken, or reinfiltrated, without a fight—something that has happened before in a number of other places that the Americans have swept through and then left. In the opinion of most military men here, the Communists' strategy is a logical one, at least right now, for until some four hundred thousand American troops have been added to the forces now in Vietnam, the ability to hunt and kill the Vietcong in their sanctuaries and also hold on to more than a few large areas at a time simply doesn't exist. This, in turn, means that if reconstruction measures are attempted in too many places at once, the Vietcong will effectively disrupt such efforts, as they have done in the past, with consequent propaganda benefits.

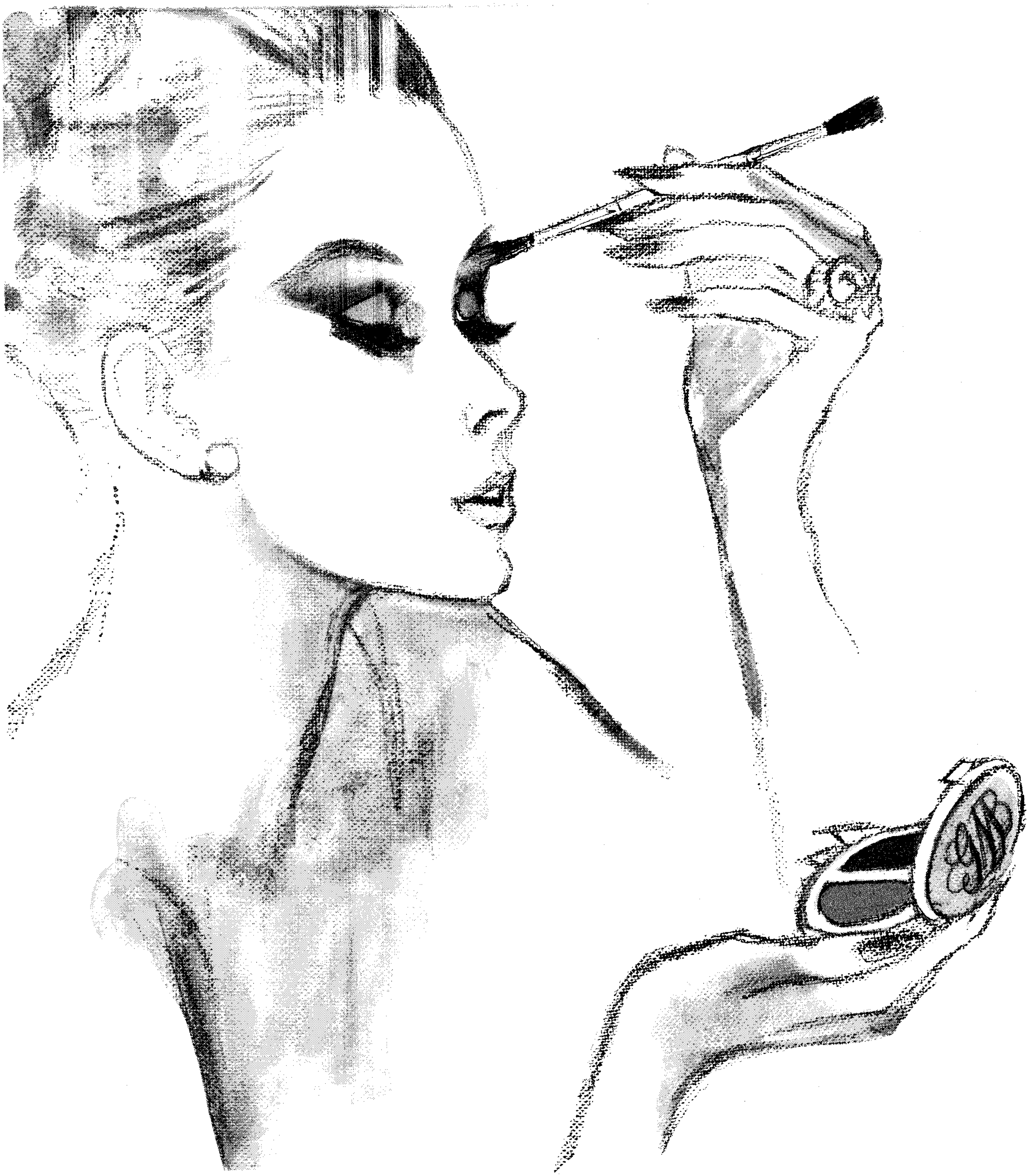
None of the military men I have talked with here, from General William C. Westmoreland down to company commanders in the field, favor the permanent-enclave theory—the proposal to defend key bases and the principal cities and towns and let the Vietcong control the rest of the country—that has been advocated by General James M. Gavin and former Ambassador George Kennan, but, naturally, they are all aware of the limitations imposed by the number of troops now available. Together, the Vietnamese, the Americans, and their allies (notably the Koreans) can muster about nine hundred thousand men, two hundred thousand of them being American troops. Only about thirty per cent of these Americans can be employed as strike forces at any given time, for the rest are assigned to guarding bases and other areas and keeping supply lines open, or are taking necessary rest. Here, again, the difficulty of carrying out the pacification-construction program is underlined. Even with a million and a half troops, the job of clearing out the Vietcong completely would be a colossal one, in view of the Communists' well-known ability to switch back and forth as they choose between counter-offensives and a resumption of guerrilla tactics. Consequently, an increasing number of knowledgeable Americans believe that even if successful Allied search-and-destroy operations are mounted, the war will eventually reach a stalemate. If that should happen, or if there should be an agreement for peace talks—followed, inevitably, by a long uncertain period in which attempts would be made to negotiate the intricate matters of troop withdrawal and methods of policing the country—the need to continue with pacification and construction would, of course, remain. The question would be: Pacification and construction by whom? The Communists, unless they were completely defeated, which seems unlikely, would certainly have something to say about this, and in that eventuality the war could very well become a contest in which the North Vietnamese and the guerrillas of the National Liberation Front would undoubtedly continue to combine terror and assassination with propaganda and to do what they could to maintain their own hold on as many of their so-called "combat villages" as possible. No one here supposes that the Communist organization, so carefully built up over two decades throughout South Vietnam, will be readily destroyed—if, indeed, it ever can be. In the last analysis, whatever the South Vietnamese and the Americans do, it is on this organization that the Vietcong and their friends in Hanoi are depending for victory—if not now, then sometime in the future. The battle for Vietnam is, therefore, likely to evolve into a prolonged duel of will and perseverance, necessarily supported on our side by the continued presence of some military force, backed by threats of more.

Privately, the majority of the Americans, both military and civilian, who are leading the struggle here feel that President Johnson, in waging his peace offensive so ardently and so publicly, has failed to explain clearly to the American people the consequences of a cease-fire at this time. It is the unofficial view of many of the Americans and Vietnamese who have been wrestling the longest with pacification and construction programs that no formal peace offensive should have been mounted until at least a third of the country could undertake such programs under permanent protection. This, they point out, cannot be done until there are enough American or other Allied troops here to keep the Vietcong out of the areas in question for good, so that the government cadres could complete their work. In this sense, war and construction, though seemingly incompatible, go together, and negotiations, especially prolonged and inconclusive ones, these men say, might simply serve to turn the situation to the Communists' advantage, as another inconclusive Geneva settlement could. While the men on the scene do not agree with all of Senator Mike Mansfield's views, they feel that he has faced up more straightforwardly than the President to the realities of the situation in stating in the Mansfield Report that "what might eventually materialize through negotiations . . . cannot be foreseen at this time with any degree of certainty," and in declaring that "under present concepts and plans, then, what lies ahead is, literally, a vast and continuing undertaking in social engineering in the wake of such military progress as may be registered."

THE Americans are still determined that the bulk of the social engineering must be undertaken by the Vietnamese themselves, the role of the United States being confined to offers of advice and donations of material help. An attempt is being made to coördinate our overlapping lines of policy and administration by placing them all in the able hands of Deputy Ambassador William Porter. Porter's task, which is not an easy one, is to settle the jurisdictional disputes that have continued among the various American agencies engaged in the effort—most notably the Army, the State Department's Agency for International Development, and the Central Intelligence Agency. The retired Air Force major general and counter-insurgency expert Edward G. Lansdale, who is now serving in our Embassy in Saigon, continues to work behind the scenes at establishing liaison between individual Americans and Vietnamese. As the program proceeds, more and more of it is expected to come under the direction of A.I.D., but at the moment this agency lacks sufficient manpower in the provinces, having fewer than two hundred economic advisers there compared to a thousand representing the Army at the sector, or provincial-headquarters, level, not to mention another thousand or so working for the Army at subsector, or district, levels. These military subsector advisers have often formed very close and effective relationships with their Vietnamese counterparts, the district chiefs, who are the vertebrae in the backbone of whatever pacification and construction efforts are being made by province chiefs. The feeling in the American Embassy, however, is that construction should be essentially a civilian undertaking, with the military much less in evidence.

It is not so simple for the Vietnamese to deëmphasize the role of *their* military. The lack of competent civilian officials, primarily a legacy of the colonial past, and the fact that the country is

"One adult and one great big beautiful doll."



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Germaine Monteil

ruled by a military Directory, probably means that construction will continue to be carried out by military men for some time, though Premier Nguyen Cao Ky, with whom I recently spent a day travelling through central Vietnam, told me he hopes to replace those district chiefs who are Army captains—and this includes most of them—with civilians over the next year or so. Premier Ky, whose political stature was rather disproportionately elevated as a result of President Johnson's trip to Honolulu to meet him and his fellow-members of the ruling junta, continues to make a good impression on the Americans here, despite his fondness for Pop Art showmanship. (The sight of Ky and his wife dropping in on embattled villages dressed in "His" and "Hers" black flying suits had a comic-strip quality.) I have heard Ky compared with the young Mohammed V of Morocco, who, when he assumed the throne, was better known for his love of fast cars and fun than for his capacity to govern, but who, once he had been given counsel by Algerian and Moroccan elders, became a highly able king, strong and reform-minded. Ky has shown something of the same pattern of development, though in his case there is always the danger that he will seem to the Vietnamese too much of an American protégé—a danger that he himself is aware of. "We realize that during eighty years of French control and ten years of Diem, a small minority profited but never the common people of Vietnam," he told me. "But to get ourselves accepted by the people takes time."

It may take more time than Ky realizes, for among the Vietnamese there remains a strong disinclination to support a military government indefinitely, and among leading Buddhists and Catholics, as well as in the press and various political groups, pressure to bring in more civilians is again rising, though it has not yet become the emotional issue it was a year or two ago. A minor reorganization of the government after the Honolulu meeting—prompted by indistinct rumblings some weeks earlier of another coup—did not satisfy the demand that civilians play more important roles. This demand will almost surely increase in intensity, especially if the Buddhists go ahead with plans to create what is to be called a Buddhist Force—in effect, a political party of Buddhist lay leaders. There are also signs of a new polarization wherein both Buddhists and Catholics who favor negotia-

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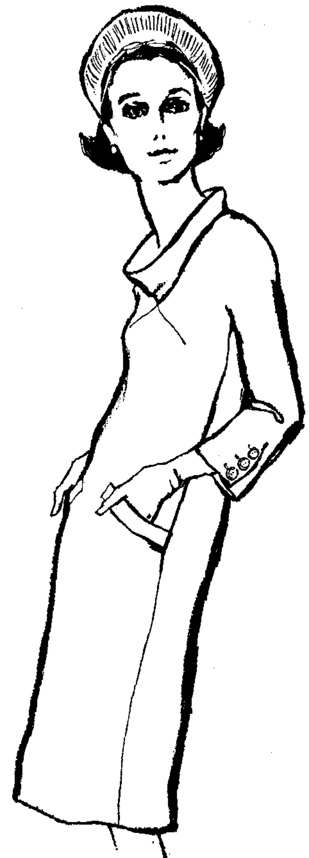

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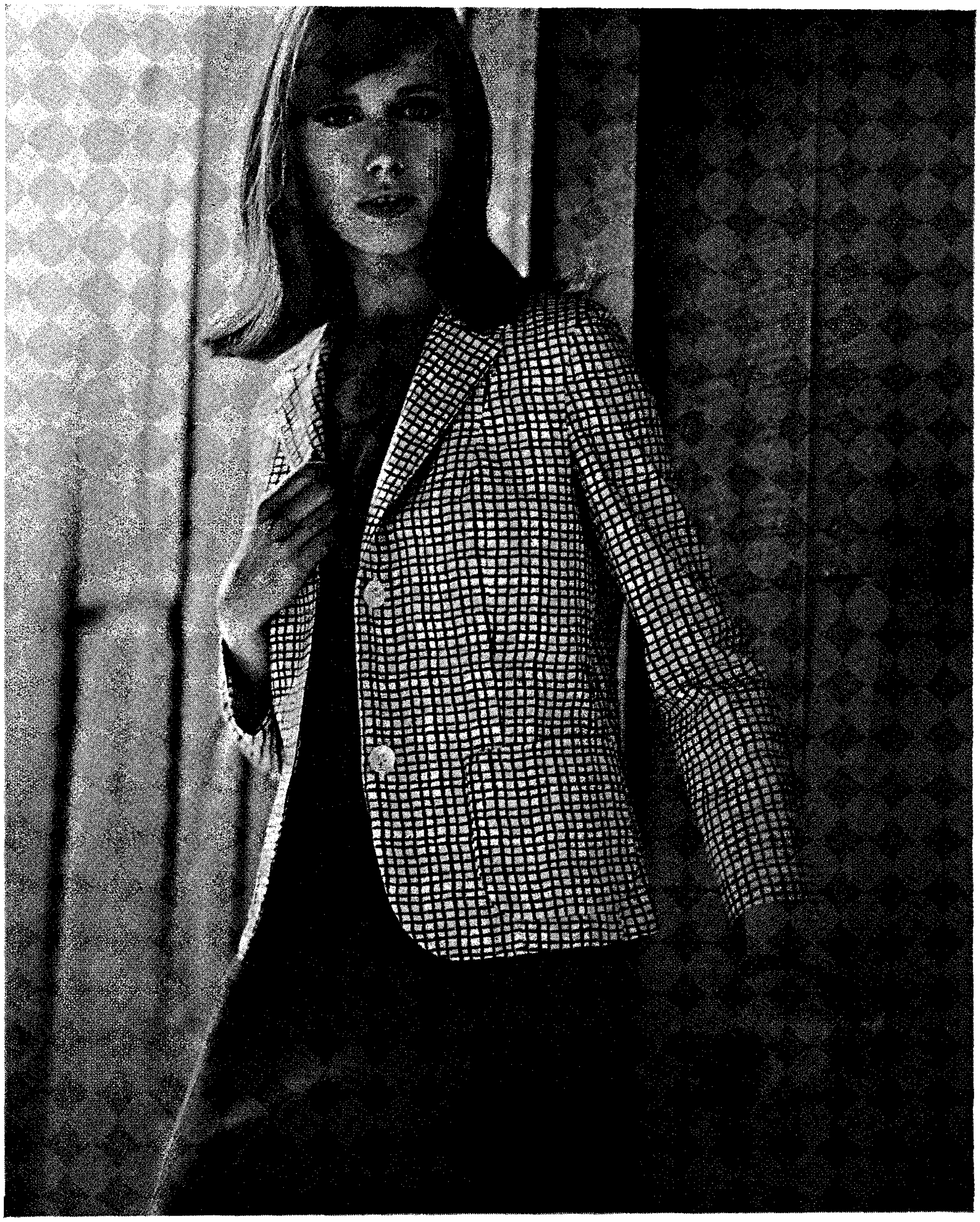

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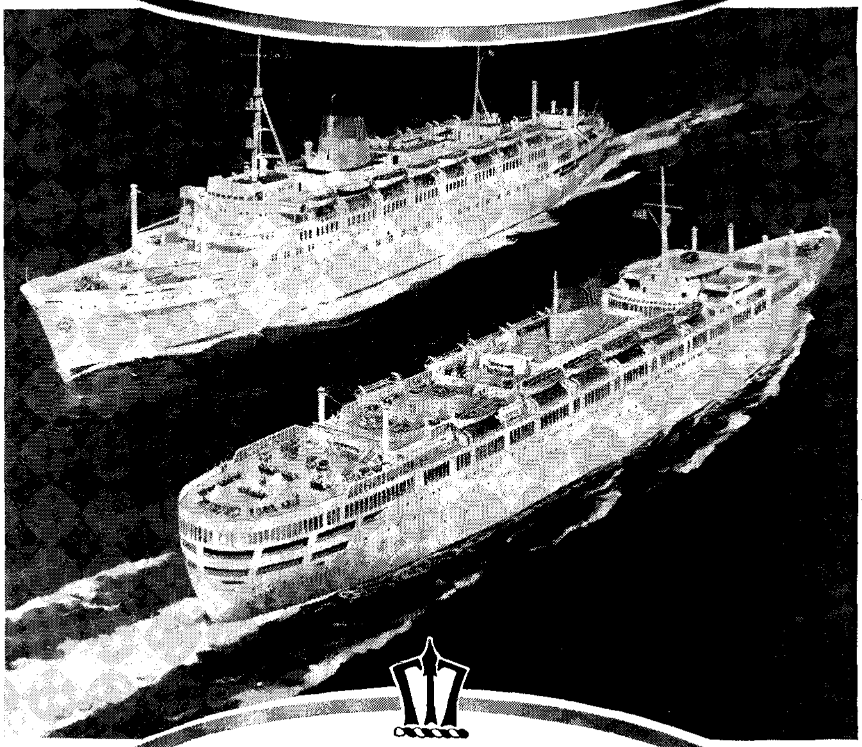
tions with the Vietcong will line up together against Buddhists and Catholics who oppose such negotiations.

Ky's announced long-range plans for the preparation of a new constitution and for a referendum on it, followed by free elections, have not yet had much of an impact on this nation, which has heard such pledges before. The skeptical consensus of those Vietnamese who have any awareness of or any interest in the democratic process is that seeing is believing. What may turn out to be more important than the legal introduction of democratic forms is the application at the local level of measures that, for the first time, really promise to combine collective social and political activities with insurgency and counter-insurgency methods not altogether unlike those employed so successfully by the Vietcong. The old military aphorism "Know your enemy" is at last beginning to be fully understood and accepted here. Whether it can be widely applied in both rural and urban areas—the importance of the cities as an insurgency battleground having grown in the last year, with the influx of refugees—will be the true test of the construction program. One danger that is already apparent is that the plan will become too mechanical in its implementation, too heavily dependent on blueprints and schedules handed down from the top. Where the Communists work horizontally through cells in hamlets, villages, and districts, and tie their program together in nine military regions or zones, which receive orders both from Hanoi and from the National Liberation Front, the government's structure is still a vertical one, working down from the central focus of power in Saigon, through the forty-three province chiefs, to the chiefs of the districts and villages.

The present setup in Saigon imparts a peculiar vagueness to the system, consisting, as it does, of a ten-man Directory and an executive branch, the latter presided over by Prime Minister Ky, who is himself a Directory member. Sitting on the Directory, which is headed by Chief of State Nguyen Van Thieu, are the four Army corps commanders—who are, in fact, the most powerful men in the country. Theoretically, their job is to mold policy and then pass it on to Ky to carry out. In their individual capacities as "government delegates" as well as Army chiefs they are in the position of being able to do what they wish, in the manner of warlords, irrespective of what Ky may order. Ky, who can be thoroughly disarming in private con-



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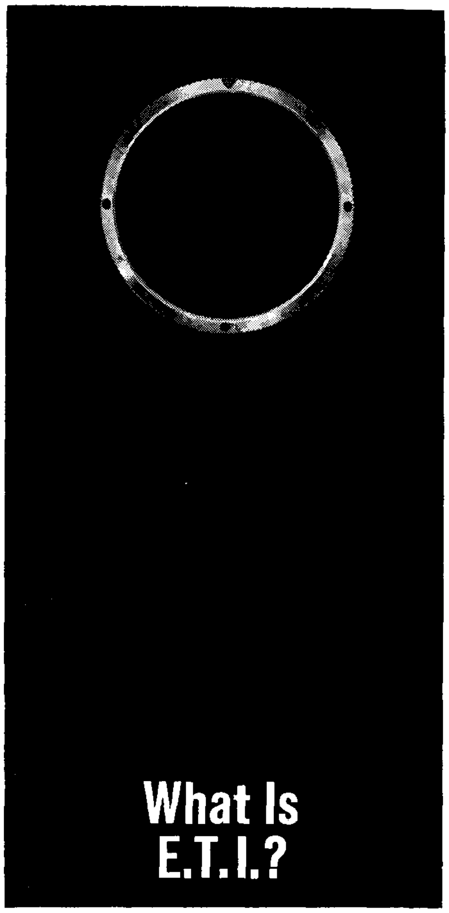

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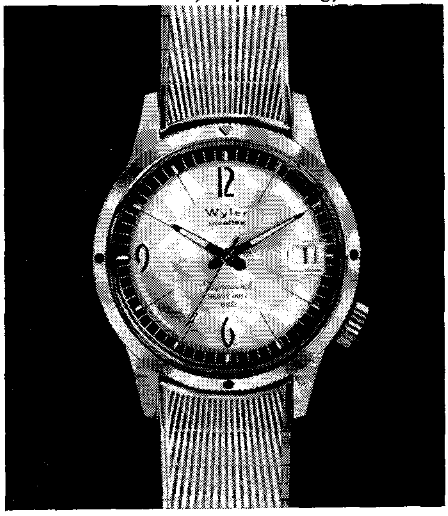

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versation, admitted to me with a smile, "This creates a very delicate position for me, but so far, at least, we have had a solid consensus in the Directory and we haven't had to take any votes. I just tell my fellow-officers, 'You decide what you want, and I'll carry it out.' " In practice, however, it is more often than not the four corps commanders who, acting on their own, not only decide what they want done but, more important, whom they want to have do it. This means, among other things, that province chiefs are being shifted about according to the whims of these four men; not all the whims, unfortunately, are in tune with the national construction effort, since they appear sometimes to be motivated primarily by self-protection and self-aggrandizement. To anyone taking the long view backward through the colonial period and forward to the possibilities of democratic achievement in Vietnam, such things raise the question of whether the sickness of the past can ever be overcome. An American friend of mine who has been here since 1955 says, "There is probably no other solution now but to go on trying. However, the longer we stick with the non-military construction task, the more difficult it will be to avoid concerning ourselves directly with Vietnamese political problems, and particularly with those related to such things as a man's being removed from his job because he is too effective, or because he is beginning to look too much like a natural leader, or—what is even more dangerous—because he seems too much a pet of the Americans."

LATE in February, just such a situation arose in the important central province of Binh Dinh, which includes one of four priority areas in the 1966 national construction program. These four areas—the three others are a group of villages around the northern base of Danang, most of the western delta province of An Giang, and Saigon and parts of six surrounding provinces—have been accorded priority both because they are of strategic importance and because the government wants to prove that it can effectively introduce and pursue its new construction program under varied conditions. Each of these areas presents a different set of problems, involving such factors as the religious and political backgrounds of the population, the presence or imminent presence of Vietcong or North Vietnamese forces, the economic situation (including the number of refugees from bombed hinterland zones), and

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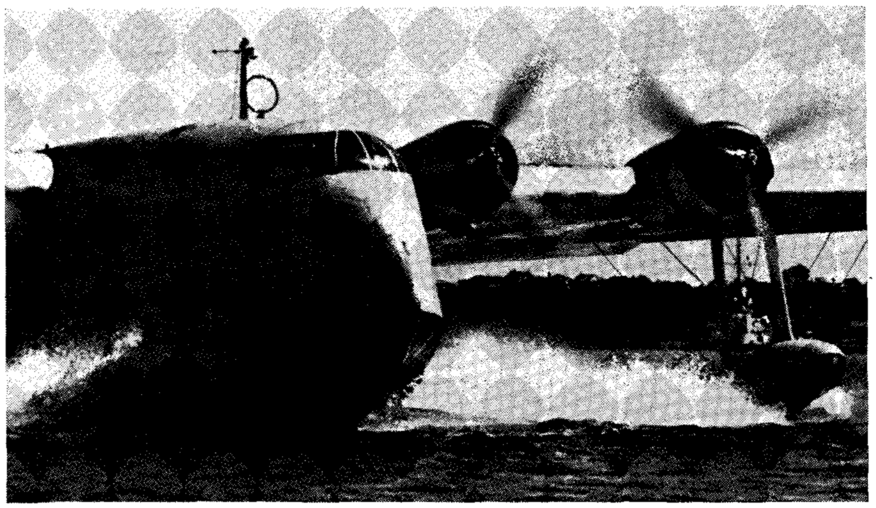

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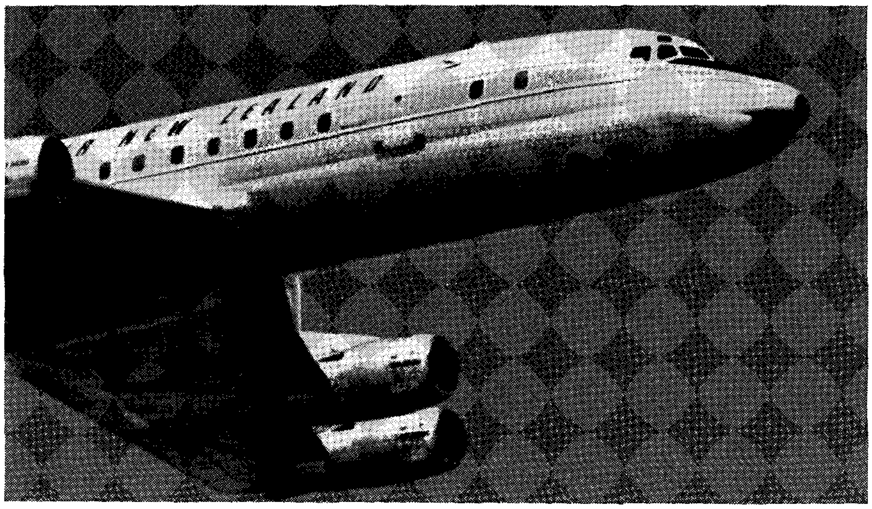

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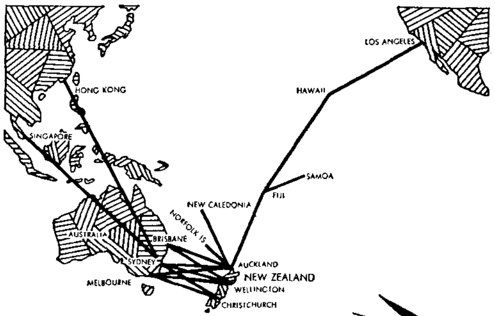
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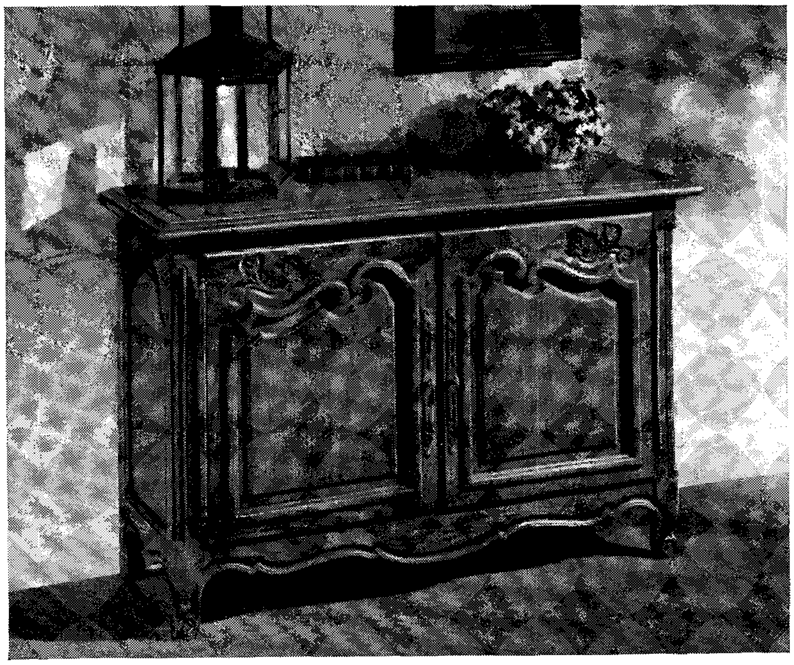

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the availability of rice. The Vietnamese and the Americans have agreed that Binh Dinh—a cradle of revolutionary activity, where the Vietcong have always been strong—is in many respects the most important of the four priority regions. It is the one where the greatest progress has been made with the new construction techniques. These results have been attributable mainly to effective work done over the past year by Colonel Le Truong Tuong, the province chief, and a dedicated deputy, Major Nguyen Be. Despite their accomplishments, Colonel Tuong and Major Be have just been eased out of their jobs, to the dismay of American provincial advisers, who claim that the construction effort will be set back at least six months in consequence.

The removal of the two men was sought, as Prime Minister Ky has privately acknowledged, by Major General Vinh Loc, the commander of the II Corps, which includes Binh Dinh and most of the surrounding plateau area. I was told that General Loc and at least one other high-ranking Army officer in the area wanted Colonel Tuong and Major Be out of Binh Dinh for reasons of their own, the ostensible reason being that they were effective at the top administrative level but lacked support below. This was categorically denied by every American I spoke with in the province, and I was able to see for myself that the two men had been remarkably effective in imbuing the district chiefs and their staffs with new spirit and in creating a tight and efficient organization. Here was a clear case of a powerful commander exerting pressure to achieve his own ends, which were said to include the bringing in of a cousin as the new province chief. The Americans, when they were apprised of what was going on, did what they could to stop the transfers, but these efforts were made too late. "This is one we lost, and it's too bad, but I don't know what else we could or should have done," one of them said. There are others here, however, who feel strongly that if we mean business in Vietnam, we must do a lot more to save men like Tuong and Be from being moved around like pawns—that in such instances the United States should bring sufficient pressure sufficiently early—at the Directory level, if necessary. As one rather bitter American critic said, "All those fine declarations by President Johnson and Vice-President Humphrey won't mean a thing if we are still afraid or unwilling to fight for the ideas and the people we believe in. It's true that the threat of

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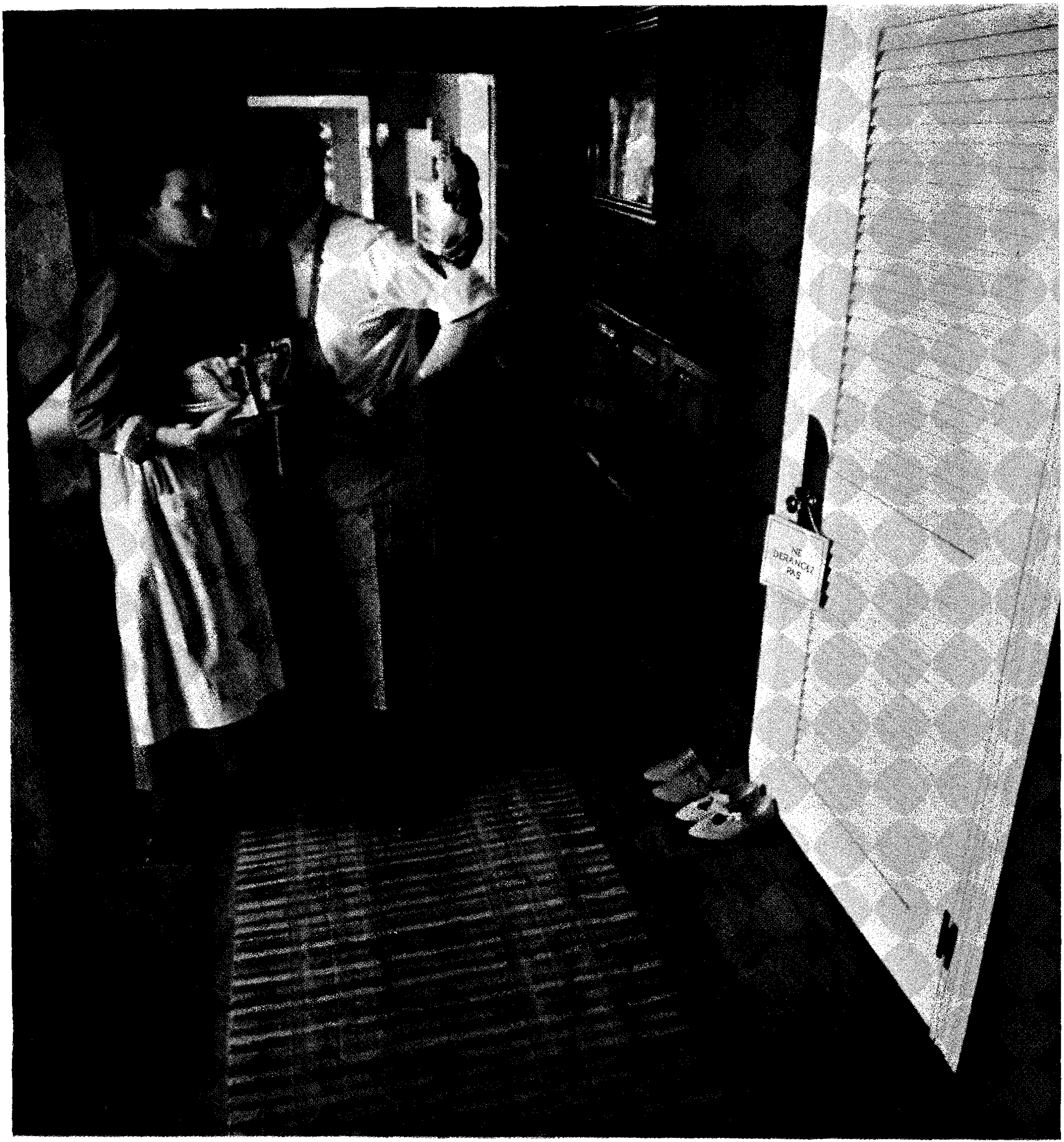

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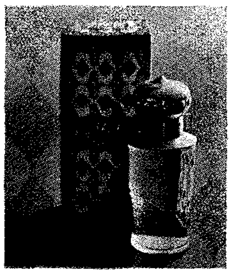

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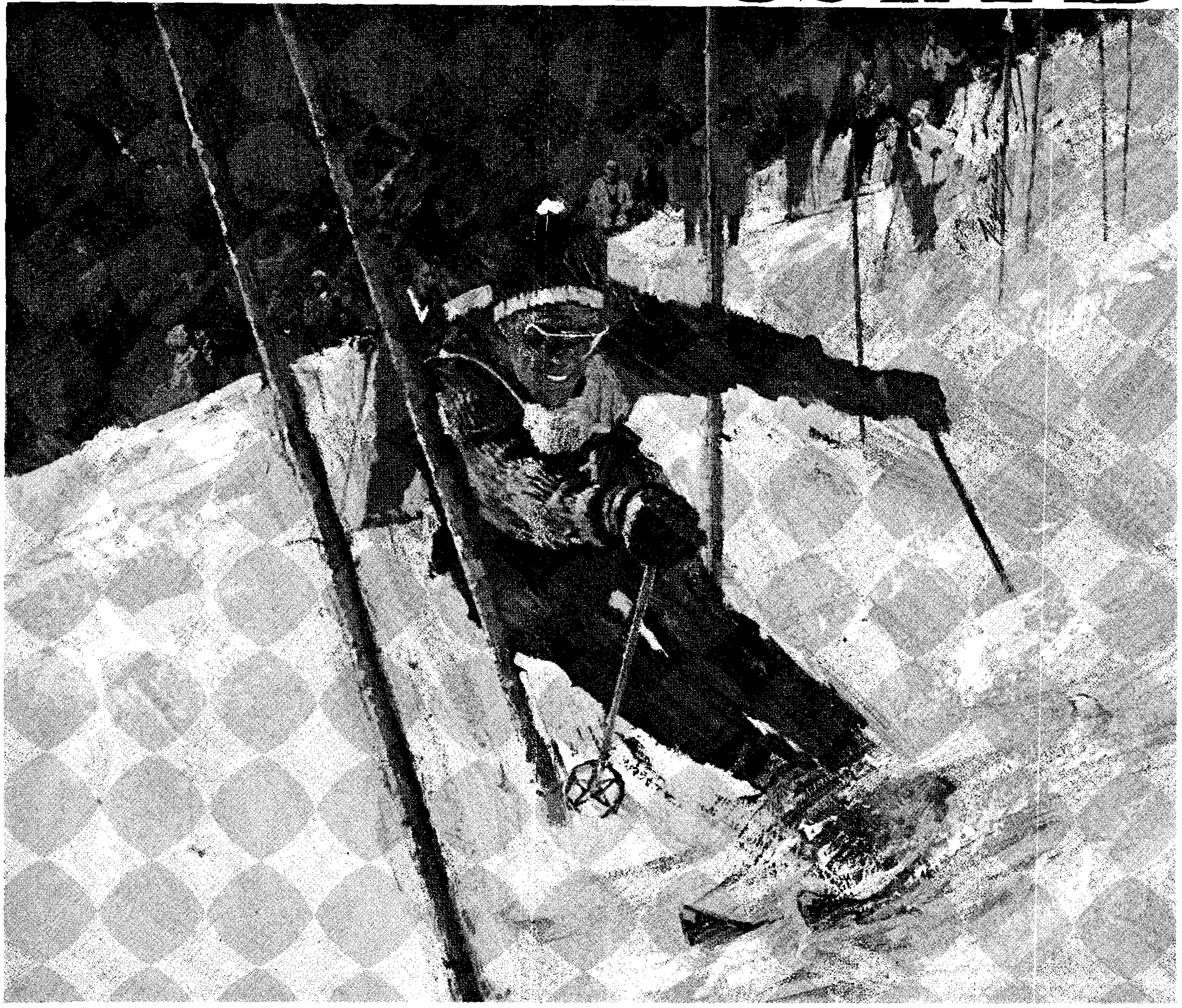

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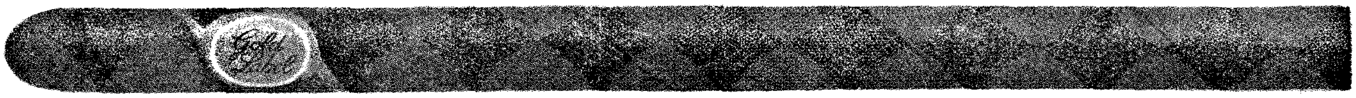

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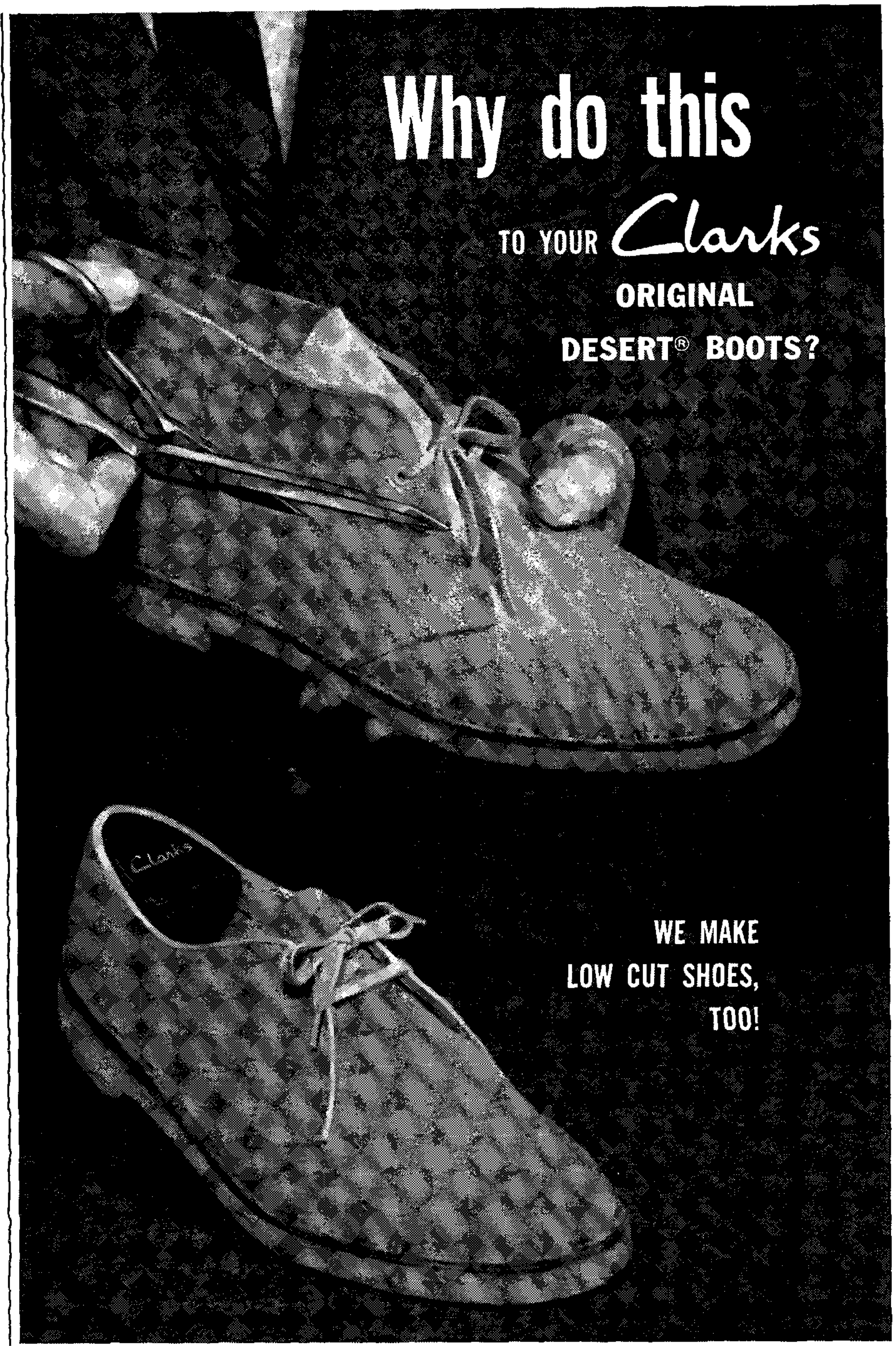
sanctions is a dangerous procedure, but there are other forms of leverage, including the establishment of much closer relations with individual Vietnamese leaders in order to help prevent disastrous shifts and power plays. This sort of thing happens all the time because there is no political structure in Vietnam that enables a man to move upward through normal channels. It's a cinch that the Vietnamese aren't going to change, so we'd better."

The program that Tuong and Be created is built, as are such programs elsewhere in the country, around Rural Construction Units, as they are officially called, of sixty-six men. (The master plan just refashioned in Saigon calls for fifty-nine in such cadres, but the number will continue to vary from province to province, depending on specific local needs and the availability of trained people.) Fifteen of the R.C.U.s are currently functioning in Binh Dinh, five are held in reserve, and the members of six others have just finished a course, set up on American initiative a couple of years ago, at the main R.C.U. training center, in Vung Tau, a resort town on the sea near Saigon. All but two of the working teams are operating within three provincial priority zones—a valley to the northeast of the provincial capital, Qui Nhon, and two other valleys to the northwest of it. Each R.C.U. is theoretically made up of an armed People's Action Team (forty men), a Civil Affairs Team (sixteen), and a Propaganda and Maneuver Team (ten). The leader of the unit is the platoon chief of the People's Action Team, who has two assistants—one for security and one for political work. Under the security man are three squads of twelve men each, whose main job is to protect the hamlet or hamlets they are working in—usually one or two at a time for a period of three or four months. The political man directs the two remaining teams—Civil Affairs and Propaganda and Maneuver. The first consists of an investigating cell, whose task is to interview all the people in each hamlet the team works in and make a preliminary effort to classify the population, politically and otherwise; an administrative cell, including hamlet chiefs, which takes a census of the land and other properties and starts organizing the population for hamlet and village-council elections; and an action cell, which is in charge of taking any necessary steps to deal with elements harassing the hamlet. The Propaganda and Maneuver Team also has three cells, one for "maneuver," or acquainting itself with local sentiment



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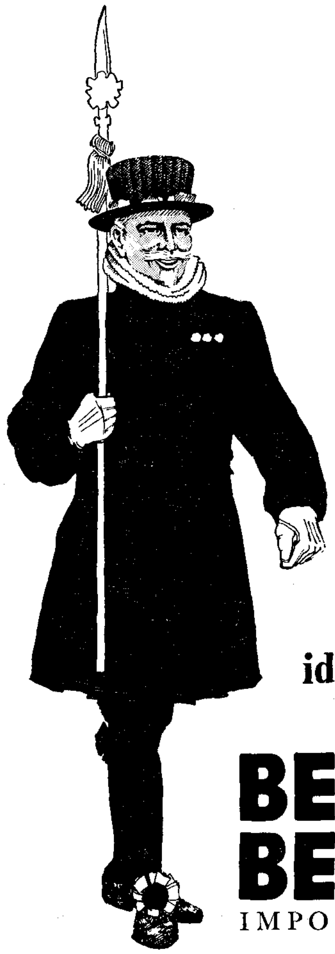

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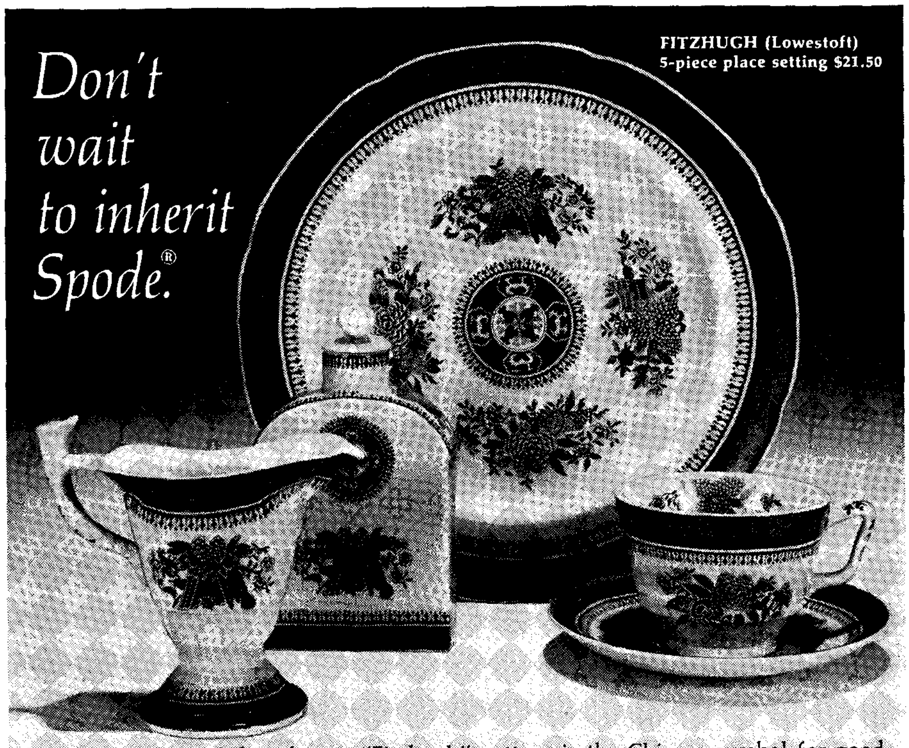

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and trying to get the people to work together; one for civic action; and one for propaganda. Essentially, this group's job is to organize political courses in the hamlet, by age and other groups; to disseminate propaganda; and to get self-help and repair projects started—on schools, bridges, dams, and so on.

Binh Dinh, which has a population of nine hundred thousand, including some one hundred thousand refugees from neighboring provinces, was occupied almost solidly by the Vietminh—the anti-French predecessors of the Vietcong—between 1945 and 1955. When the Communists withdrew to the north after the French war, they left cadres behind them in the hamlets and villages, and these people create the vital protective screen for the Vietcong. In Binh Dinh, as elsewhere, construction starts only after the extermination and pacification efforts against main-force Vietcong units and guerrilla bands have been completed. In the first stage, these efforts are conducted both by the Americans and their allies (Binh Dinh is actually in the Korean Division's sphere of operations) and by the Vietnamese regular forces. Following the military action, clearing operations against any remaining guerrilla groups are carried on by the government's Regional and Popular Forces—provincial and local troops, respectively—and by the National Police Corps. Then the Rural Construction Units, spearheaded by the People's Action Team, come in and begin their work, in coöperation with Popular Force contingents that patrol village perimeters, and with newly established local self-defense forces, including young boys and girls and elderly men and women. At the top of the whole provincial structure is a Rural Construction Council, headed by the province chief and two vice-chairmen, and with a secretariat composed of district chiefs and their deputies, the P.A.T. chiefs, and the various heads of the special types of cadre, such as agricultural and health experts. Each district also has a council of its own, supervising the work of two or three Rural Construction Units. In all, there are 675 hamlets in Binh Dinh, of which fewer than a third are today considered "secure," and hence ready for follow-up construction work. The 1966 schedule calls for building fifty-six new hamlets in the province and strengthening fifty-one others—a modest goal.

Two years ago, when the P.A.T.s were originally formed, they were known as Advance People's Action groups. Directed by Vietnamese after being organized and trained by the

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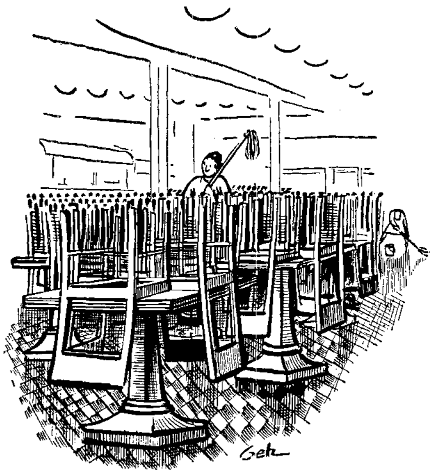
United States Central Intelligence Agency, they were, specifically, guerrilla outfits of six men each who, dressed in black pajamas, like those worn by the Vietcong, surreptitiously entered a Vietcong-controlled hamlet, usually at night; engaged in direct armed counter-insurgency action against the Communists; and followed this up, once the Vietcong were dispersed, by staying on the scene and helping the people harvest their rice and repair whatever damage had been done. Some counter-insurgency experts among the Americans feel that the method of operation should have been retained. Actually, a certain amount of clandestine counter-terror is still being carried on, mostly by ex-Vietcong who have surrendered under the Chieu Hoi, or Open Arms, Program, but there are also some Vietnamese—usually ex-Vietminh men, like Major Be in Binh Dinh—who feel that pacification and construction will never make serious headway until the program relies to a much greater extent on secret activity and organization within each hamlet. Even though the P.A.T. members are now selected from specific hamlets and villages, then taken off for the ten-week training course at Vung Tau, and sent back where they came from, they still bear a government stigma when they return, and the peasants of Vietnam are understandably mistrustful of any representative of the central government. If the Vietcong are to be defeated at their own game, the effort to recapture small areas from the Communists must be based on infiltration from within, preferably by such non-government elements as the peasants' union of the Confederation of Vietnamese Trade Unions. The peasants' union, once the biggest agrarian union in Southeast Asia, was destroyed during the Diem period and is now in the process of being rebuilt. Secret campaigns against Vietcong



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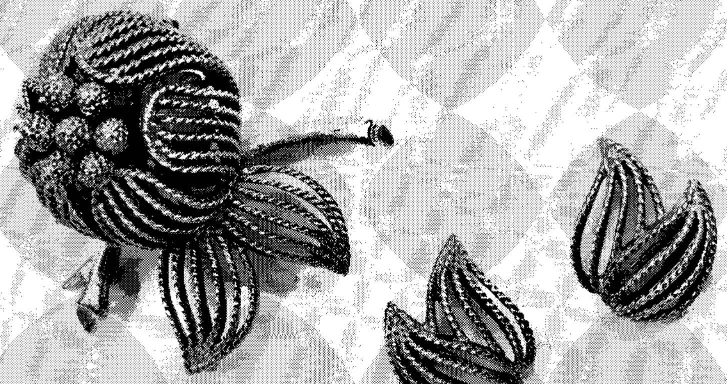

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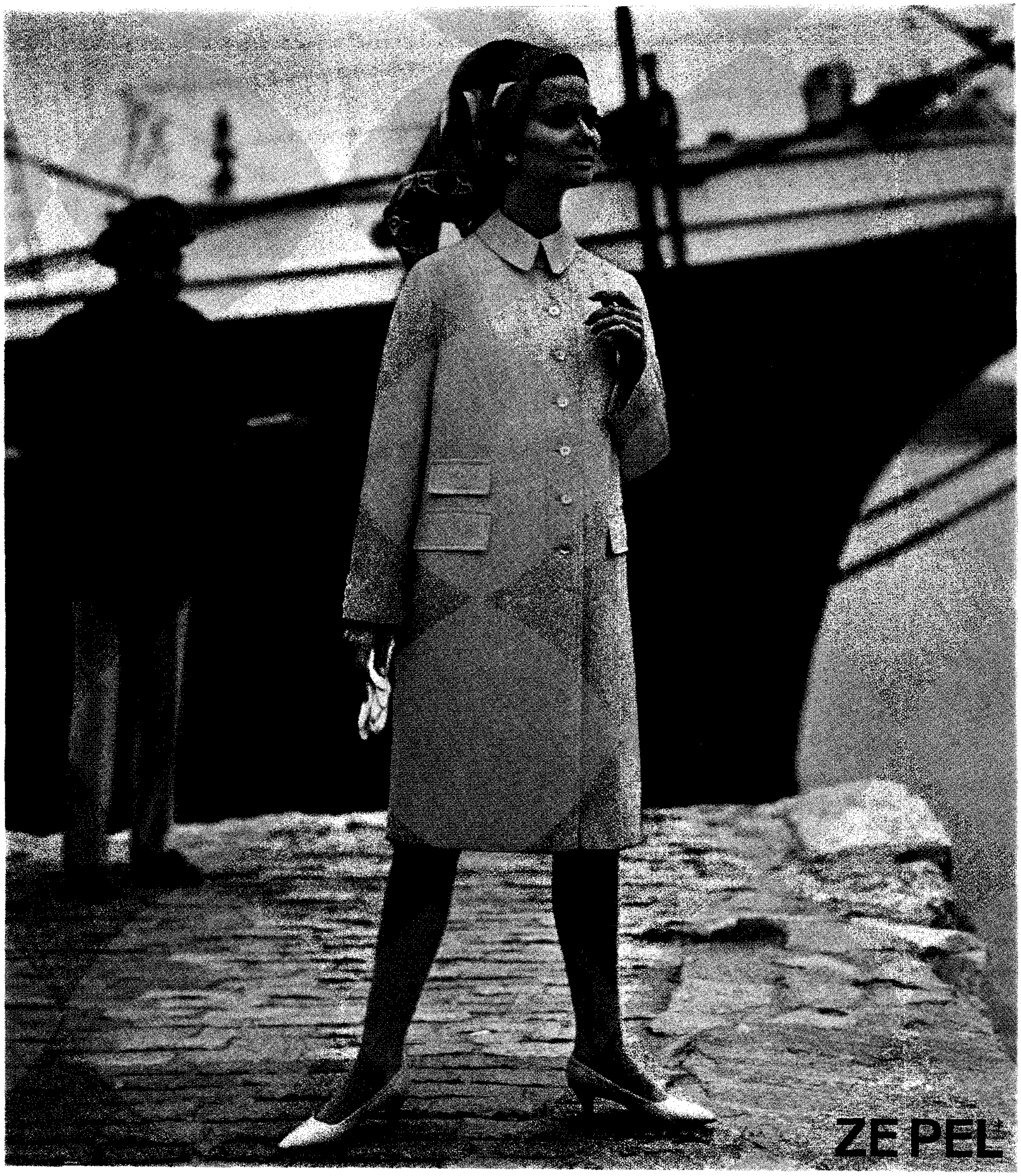

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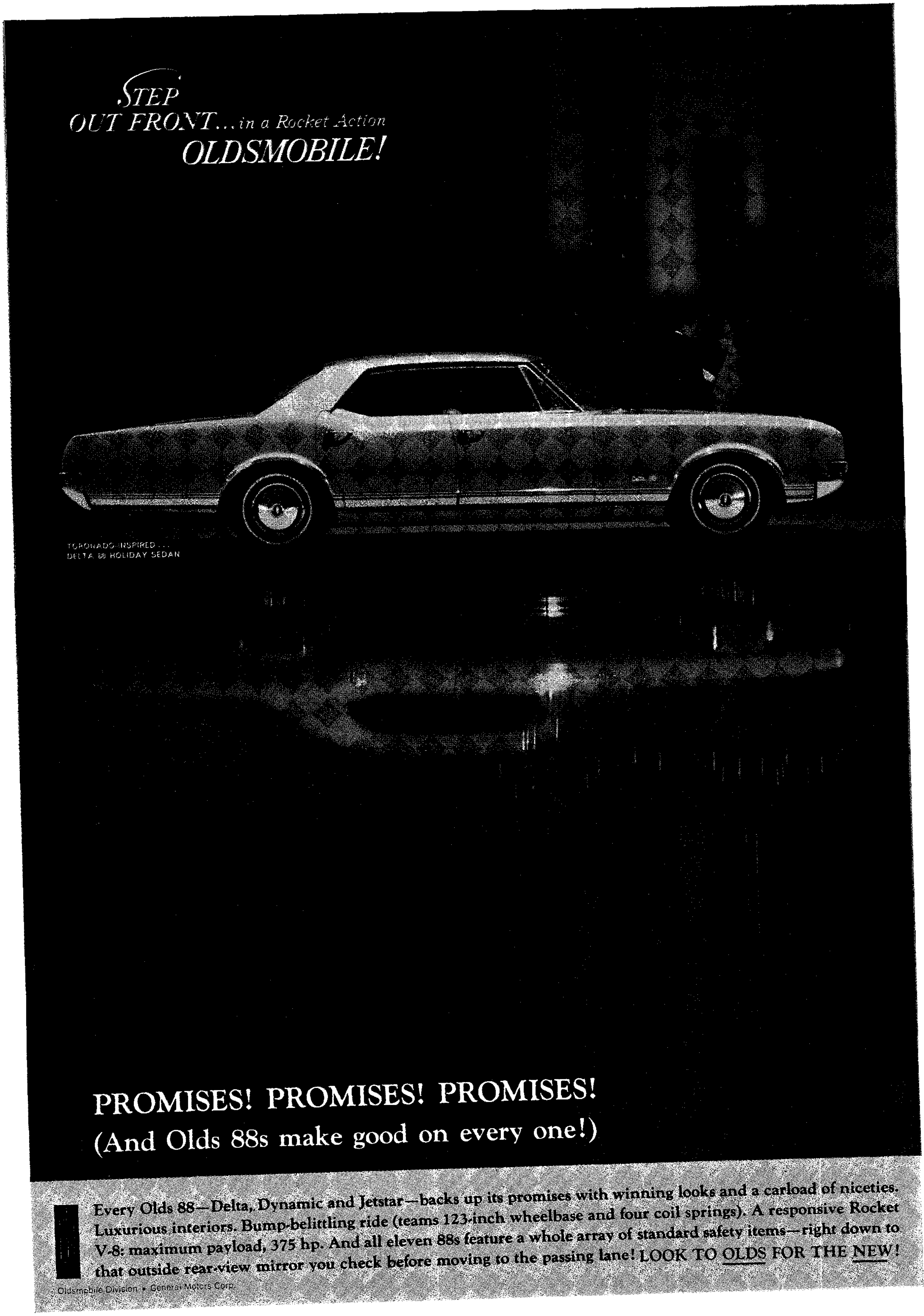

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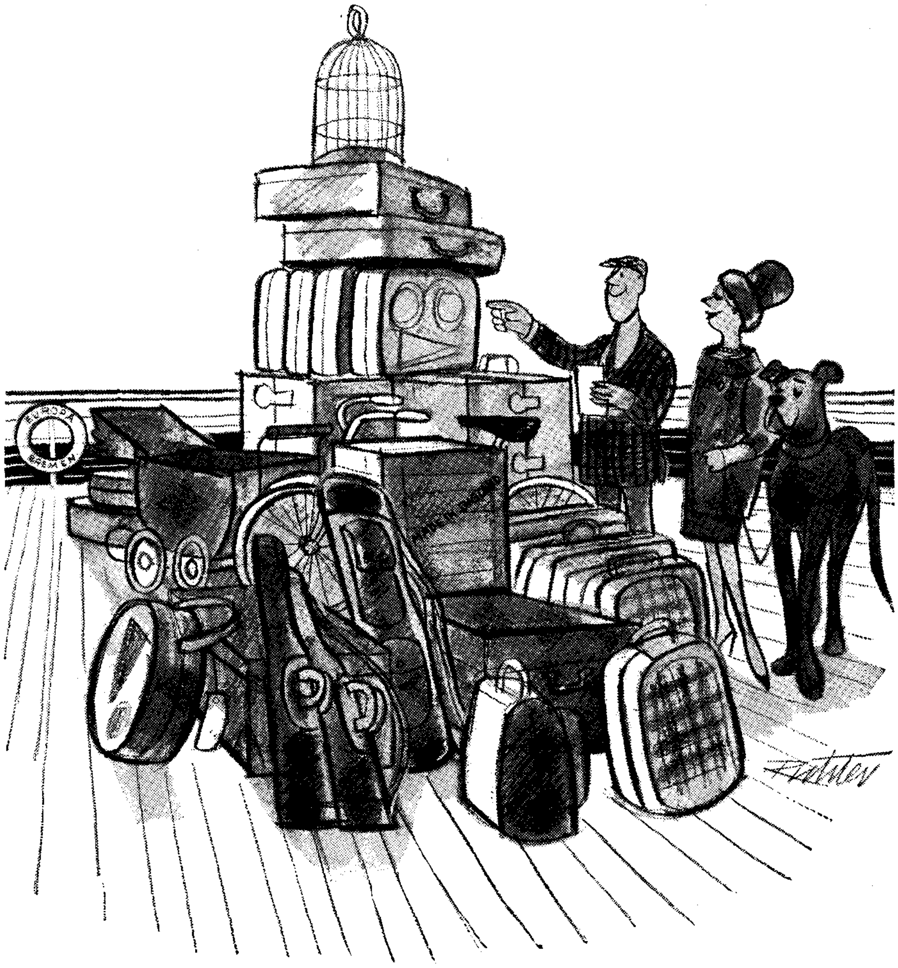
agents right in their own hamlets—dangerous work, for even though there are only a handful of Vietcong in many hamlets, the handful control the population—would confront the Communists with opposition based on their own agitprop methods. Once the people of a hamlet—preferably a hamlet where the harsh taxation and conscription methods of the Communists had aroused resentment—were persuaded that they could obtain more benefits from a friendly government than from the Vietcong, the government would have won half the battle. The other half would be won when autonomous hamlets and "coöperative villages" were created. The role of the central government and of the Americans would then be mainly to give these communities economic assistance.

This concept, amounting to a decentralized, non-Communist form of agrarian Socialism, is perhaps somewhat naïve politically, but as I travelled around Binh Dinh and took a look at several of the rural construction projects, I was inclined to agree with some of the Vietnamese I had spoken to, who told me they were still worried about over-abrupt, overbearing central-government participation in the rural construction program. With two American advisers of the Binh Dinh P.A.T.s, I went first, by helicopter, to a village consisting of three hamlets in the middle of the province, just west of the main north-south highway, where a P.A.T., its members dressed in jungle camouflage suits dyed purple, had been operating for three months. The hamlet in which the team was working the day we were there had a population of ninety-seven families—four hundred and thirty individuals—and the P.A.T. chief proudly showed us a preliminary census map his men had made, on which ten houses belonging to "Vietcong sympathizers"—families with relatives now in the Vietcong—were colored red, fifteen houses of families with relatives in North Vietnam were colored yellow, and several houses belonging to families of "doubtful" loyalties were also marked. One P.A.T. squad was currently on patrol, another was helping the peasants harvest rice, and the third was being held in reserve. The hamlet had been considered insecure from the spring of 1963 until the spring of 1965, when government troops conducted a campaign against the Vietcong in the area. Now, with the P.A.T. there, and some Popular Forces nearby, it was regarded as secure, but the Vietcong were known to have a regiment near the Phu Cu pass,



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not far to the north, and the population, though it seemed to appreciate the presence of the P.A.T., was well aware that it was still in danger, especially since the P.A.T. was scheduled to move on soon to another village area. In this hamlet, it seemed to me, a fairly good start had been made on construction; the houses had been cleaned up, the fields were being worked, and everyone appeared busy. There was obviously still much to be done, though, in the way of rooting out the Vietcong, creating a permanent sense of security, and bringing in additional teams to assist with agriculture, education, and health.

Our next stop was the village of Hoai An, even nearer to the Phu Cu pass. Hoai An, still in a secondary phase of pacification, was little more than a fort protected by some Regional and Popular Forces, and, surrounded as it was by the Vietcong, it served as a clear illustration of the fact that it would be a long time before all or even most of Binh Dinh was sufficiently pacified to benefit from a permanent construction program. The same was true of Bong Son, an isolated airstrip at the northern end of the province, just south of where the 1st Airborne Cavalry Division and the American Marines were soon to start their sweeps in the An Lao Valley. A Special Forces sergeant we spoke with there said, "There are snipers all around us, and everything four klicks [kilometres] to the north is solid Vietcong."

Ten days later, I flew back up to Bong Son with Prime Minister Ky, when the combined American and Vietnamese offensives both in the An Lao Valley and in the Dam Quan Valley, to the northeast, were under way and the Vietcong either had been driven off or had pulled out of the territory. The pressure on the area had been relieved somewhat, but the enormous job of completing the pacification, to say nothing of beginning construction work, remained apparent. Ky had dramatically ordered those of his top Ministers who were engaged in the construction program to follow him into the Dam Quan Valley, mainly to bolster the morale of the villagers, who had been under Vietcong influence almost continuously for a decade or more. In one village, we saw a twelve-foot-high white concrete Vietcong war memorial in the central square. Government troops had been here twice in the past three years but had not been able to stay. "We'll stay this time," Ky said grimly, but within a week bitter fighting had resumed in the valley, and it was obvious that convincing demon-

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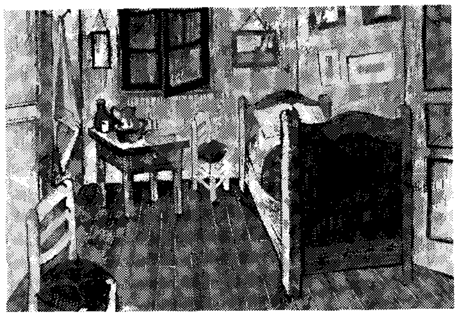
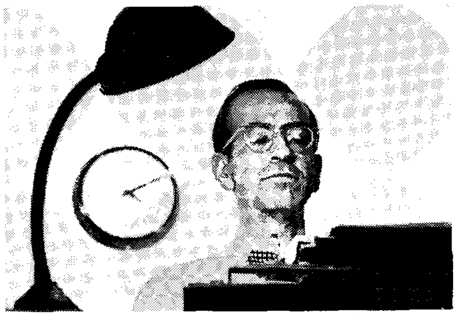


Some budget tours lodge you in pensions, a nice word for 'boarding house.' Not these.



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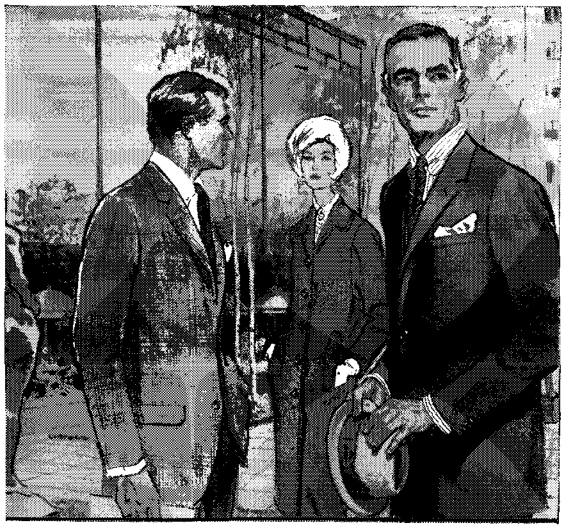
strations of the government's strength and real proof of its intention to remain would be needed in order to win the "hearts and minds" of these war-weary people.

IT has been said repeatedly, and with justification, that there are not only forty-three different wars in Vietnam, or one for each province, but two hundred and forty, or one for each district, and this was brought home to me during my stay in Binh Dinh. In Phuoc Hai, a fishing village of three hamlets I visited on the coast just northeast of Qui Nhon, a P.A.T. had been working for four months. The place was filled with refugees who had been driven out of fishing settlements to the north by the Vietcong. On a spit of land nearby a model village had been built for the refugees, but in Phuoc Hai itself, it seemed to me, very little had been done beyond offering the people a minimum of security and providing them with food and a few other necessities. Their reaction to our arrival by helicopter was more inquisitive than enthusiastic. The circumstances of the war and the condition of the people here were far different from what they were elsewhere in the province, one of the Vietnamese district-council officials pointed out. The primary need, he said, was a resuscitation of the fishing industry—which meant, first of all, getting some new boats, and then providing security measures that would allow the fishermen to take their catch to market.

The contrast between one community and another was further emphasized when we visited two hamlets only a few miles west of Phuoc Hai. In one, called Tho Nghia, which had been rated "insecure"—not safe from the Vietcong—a month before, considerable progress had been made by a P.A.T. that was working in coöperation with some Popular Force elements and a locally organized self-defense group. This group included a middle-aged woman who was sitting under a canopy holding a wooden pole to which two blocks were loosely attached; she was part of the warning system, she explained; if there was any report of Vietcong guerrillas around, she would sound her primitive klaxon. There was one big project in Tho Nghia in which the whole population was engaged, and that was the building of a new dam before the dry season began, in order to make sure there would be enough water to irrigate the fields. In the past, a dam in the same spot had been washed out each year by the spring floods, and an outside contractor had



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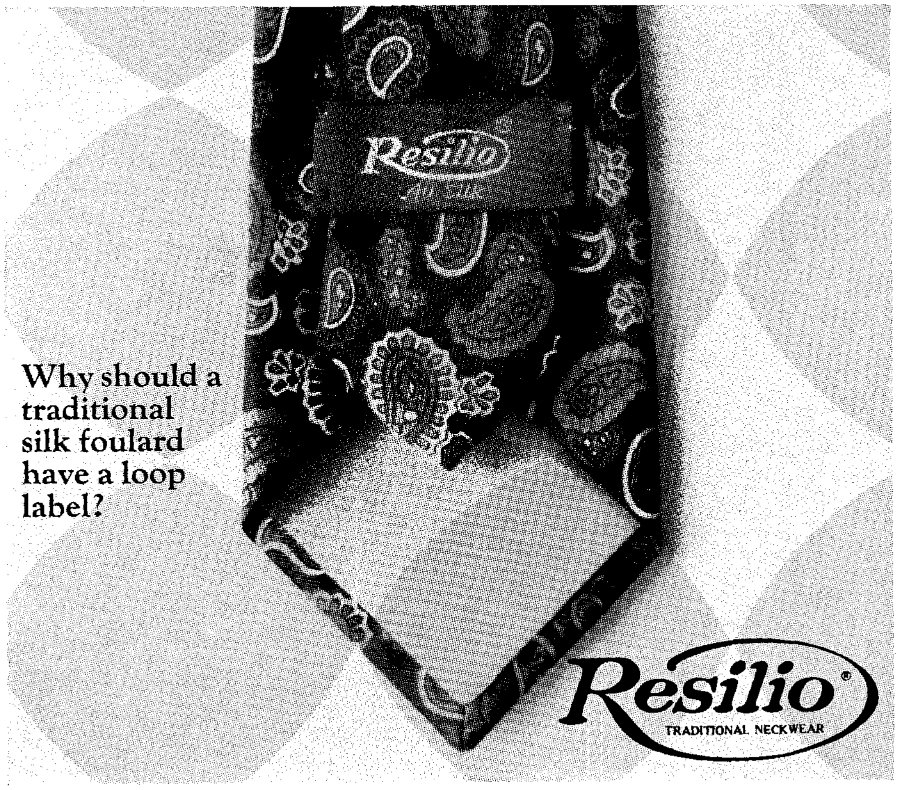

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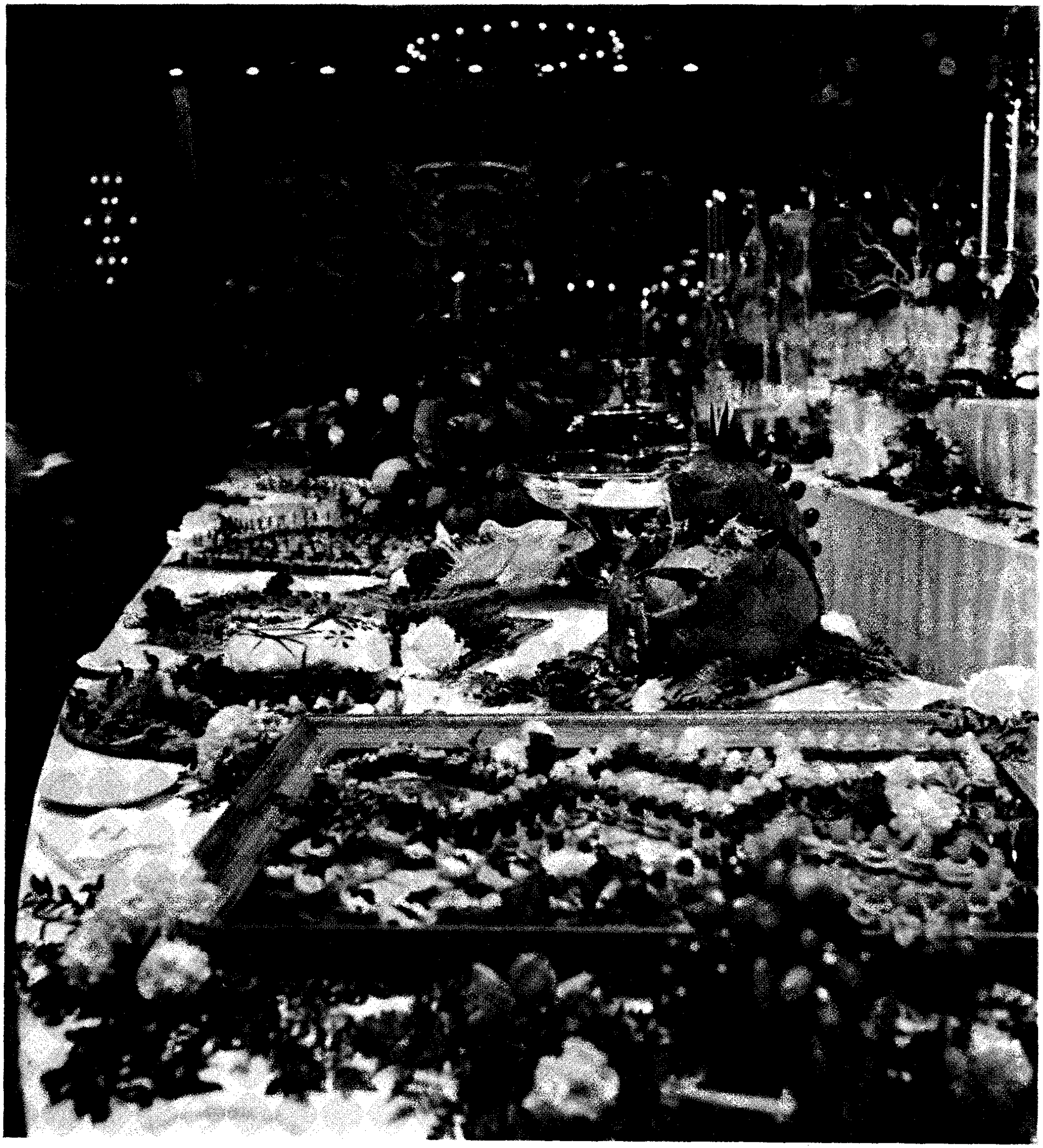

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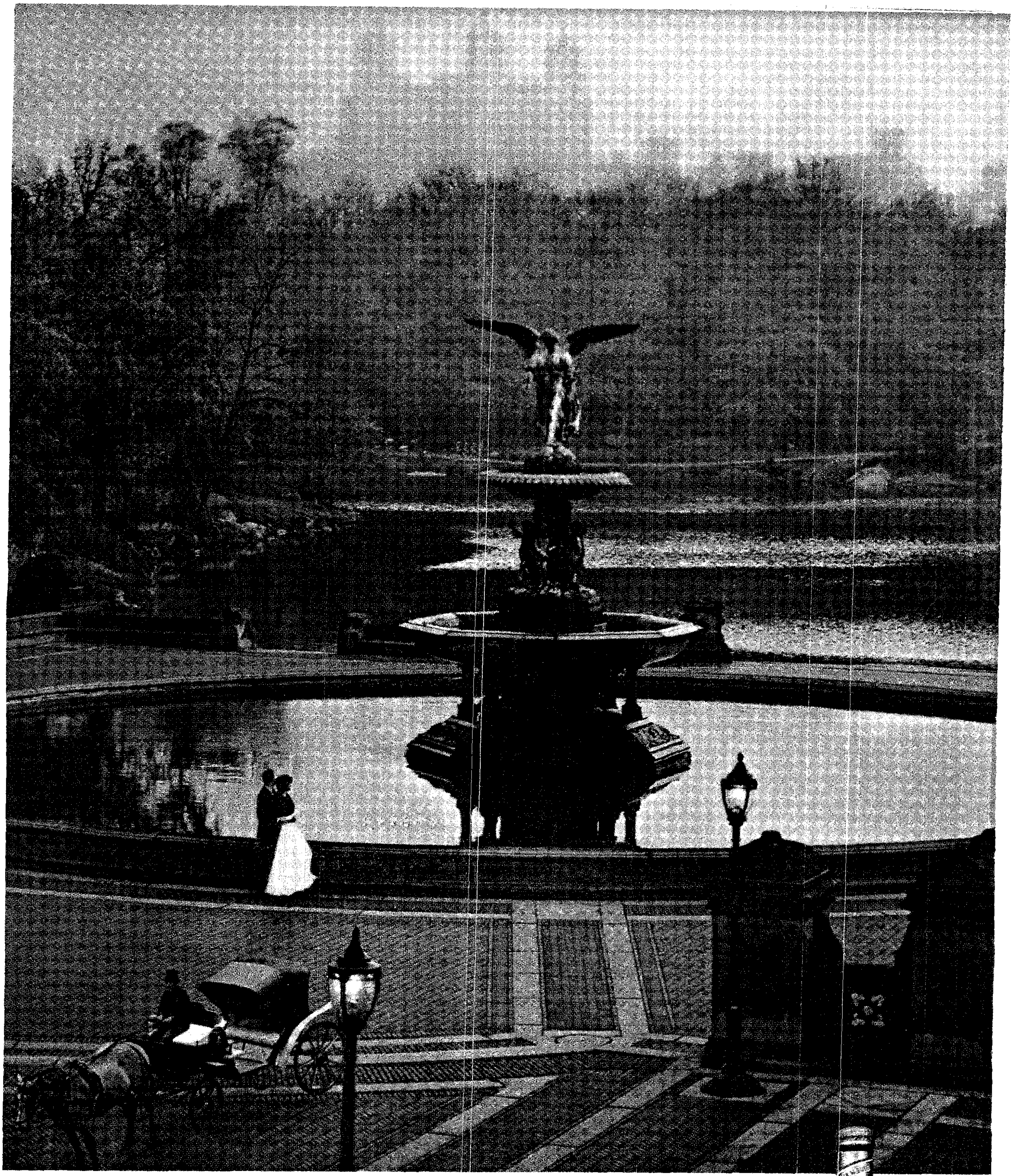

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been summoned to erect a new one, at a cost to the villagers of forty thousand piastres (about six hundred dollars). This year, the P.A.T. had persuaded the villagers to build a new dam themselves, with P.A.T. assistance, the hope being that next year the new self-help elements in the hamlet would repeat the project. The U.S.A.I.D. and American P.A.T. advisers had promised to bring in a tractor and a bulldozer. There was indeed a new spirit here, I thought.

I was equally impressed by the progress achieved in another hamlet, Khe Son, fifteen kilometres away. Last August, the Vietcong had made a firm stand at Khe Son, as a blasted market place and a number of shattered houses—the result of American bombs and South Vietnamese ground fire—attested. About twenty per cent of the population had either fled or been forced to leave with the Vietcong troops. Since the battle, some twenty-five hundred others had returned voluntarily. They had done so largely at the behest of Americans, particularly Richard Kriegel, the provincial A.I.D. representative, who, with two members of his staff and a few Marine engineers, had lived in the village for a month, despite the constant danger of a counterattack. First, the hamlet chief and his cohorts had been persuaded to come back and stay, and their return had inspired the return of most of the others. Since then, though the hamlet still bore many scars of the recent struggle, a considerable number of the damaged houses had been repaired with tin roofing, and so had the local school; Vietcong trenches and spider holes—tunnels—had been filled in; mines had been removed; and such rations as bulgur wheat and cooking oil had been brought in. The onus borne by the Americans and Vietnamese for the destruction had not been totally removed, but the quick action in restoring the place had made a good impression. The day I was there, Major Be, who was then still on duty in the province, handed out toys to the youngsters—the remains of nine thousand dollars' worth that the Americans in Qui Nhon had contributed at Christmas. I was struck by the fact that the children kept saying "Thank you" in English to Be, a Vietnamese.

THE problem of the over-all impact of Americans on Vietnam is one that has many subtle aspects. On the debit side, beyond the sad circumstance that American bombs and bullets and shells are killing Vietnamese

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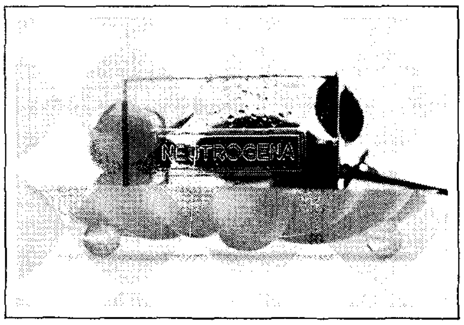

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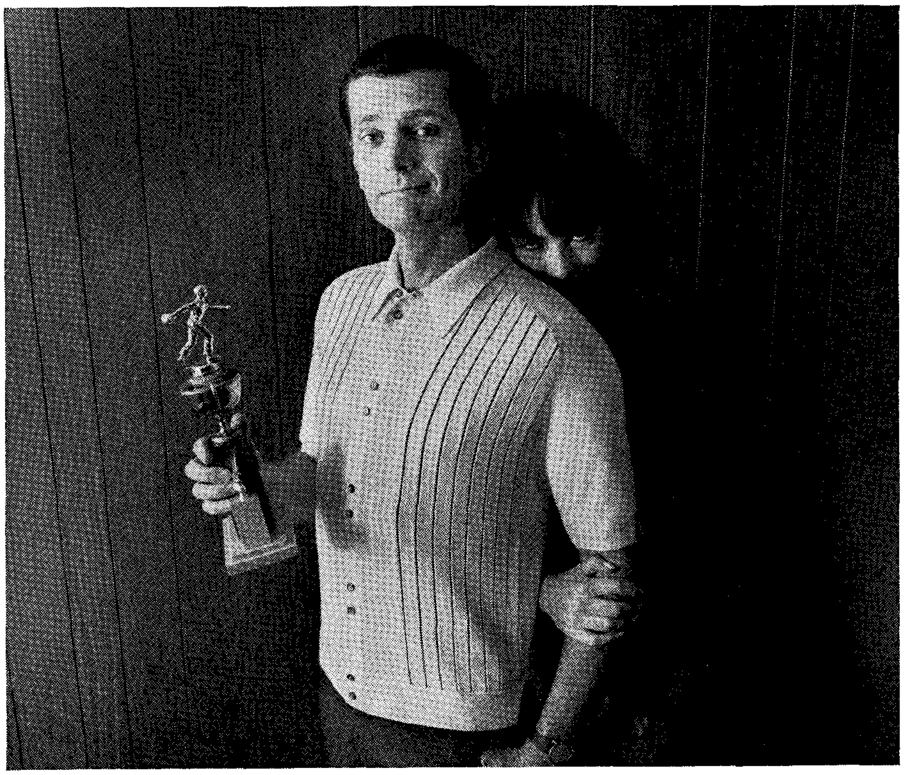

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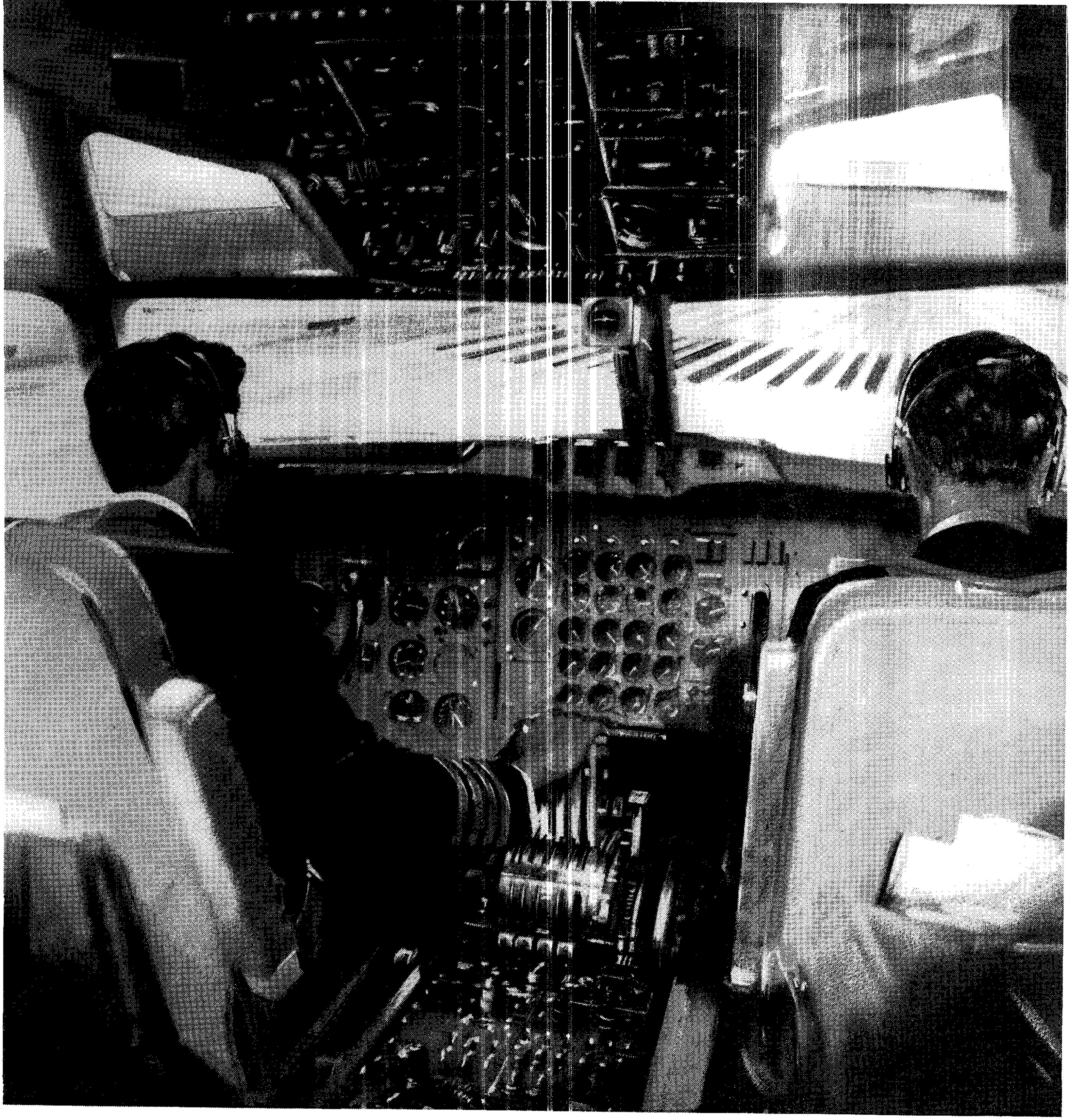
and destroying their homes, are the continued growth of a privileged class of Vietnamese who are profiting in all sorts of ways from the heavy influx of troops and money, and the soaring, and still essentially uncontrolled, inflation, caused largely by the fact that the prices paid by the Americans for everything from workers to women are much higher than the prices the Vietnamese pay. It is hoped that as the partnership between the Americans and the Vietnamese in rural construction continues to develop, the position of the Americans as friends, rather than overseers, will become clearer. So far, the Americans have tried to remain as unobtrusive as possible.

Initially, a quiet role played by a small group of American experts had a great deal to do with helping the Vietnamese untangle the administrative maze that had grown up during earlier reform efforts. Until recently, there were no fewer than thirty-nine different sorts of groups engaged in one form or another of rural construction and development. The first corrective steps were taken as far back as March, 1964, when the Advance Political Action teams, the predecessors of the P.A.T.s, were created and were put through a course at Vung Tau under the supervision of a thirty-eight-year-old Vietnamese Army captain named Le Xuan Mai. Mai, a Tonkinese who had been with the Vietminh until 1951, was quick to appreciate the wisdom of using Vietminh methods against the enemy, and, particularly, of placing undercover agents in Vietcong-dominated villages. "From the very start, with Mai, we were concerned with motivation—with how to keep a man in a dangerous village and get him to work with the people there," one of the Americans who worked on the program has recalled. "We got hold of a group of young men, most of whom had been influenced by the Vietcong, and put them through a military indoctrination course. We set the first teams down in Quang Ngai Province, just north of Binh Dinh. In mid-1965, it was decided to combine a political course with the course these people were getting, and it was then that the P.A.T. concept came into being. It was based on training forty-man teams in both political and paramilitary techniques. At the end of the ten-week course, seventy per cent of the men not only can handle a Browning automatic, a submachine gun, an M-1 rifle, a carbine, and a grenade but they can field tough political questions."

Mai is a quiet, intense man who is a



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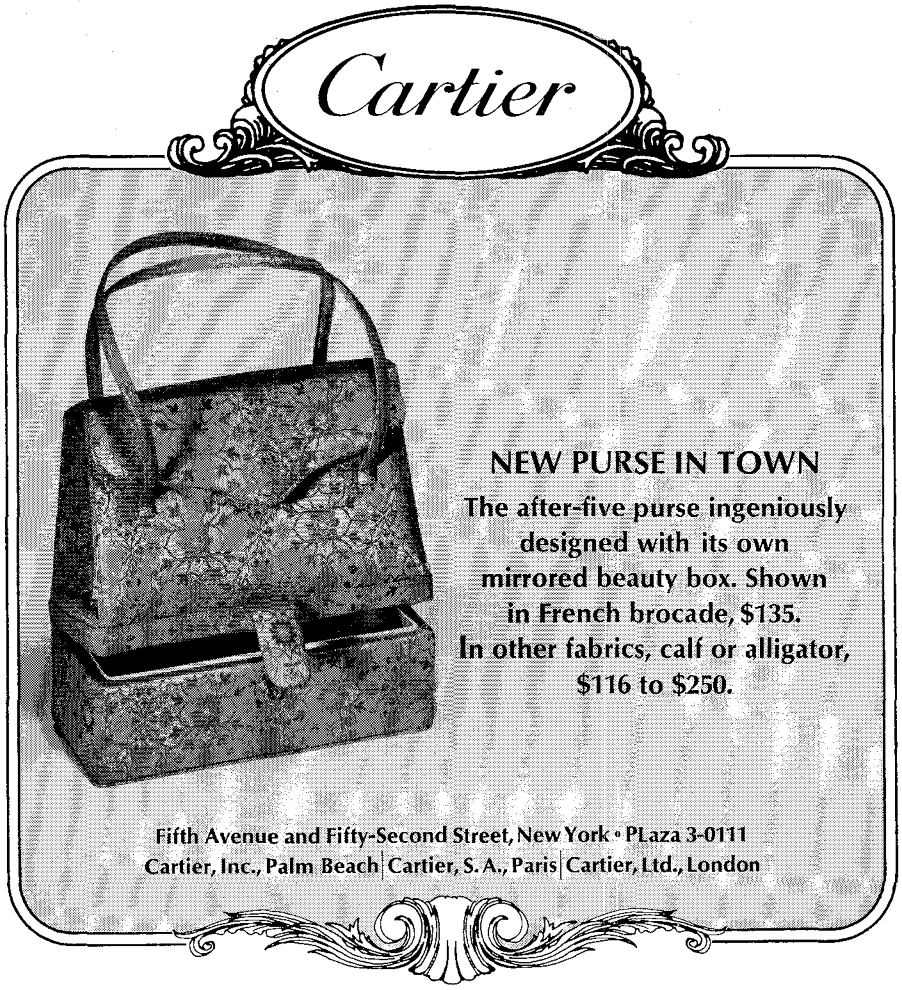
tough taskmaster. For the first week of the Vung Tau course, he lets his pupils wear ordinary green uniforms, but after that they wear the dark pajamas that are traditional for the clandestine agent and for the farmer as well. "You're peasants," he tells them. "Wear peasant clothing proudly." The first thing he does with a new group of candidates, especially if the group has been subjected to Vietcong propaganda, is to "straighten out their minds," as he puts it. "These boys come in with no knowledge of Communism or Marx, but they all talk some jargon that shows they've been exposed to propaganda," he says. "We listen to them rattle on, and then we suddenly hit them at the right moment with some facts of Vietnamese history, and we drive home the point that all invasions of Vietnam have come from the north. Bit by bit, we'll separate the truth from the legends." As the course progresses, there is a considerable amount of "self-criticism" and of Communist-style question-and-answer debate and group discussion, in five-man cells—much like an agitprop discussion run by the Vietcong. At the end of the course, Mai conducts a ceremony in front of a special shrine at Vung Tau, in which the three themes of victory, love, and sincerity are emphasized.

In addition to the P.A.T.s, twenty thousand members of which have now been trained, there pass through Vung Tau members of all the other mixed and overlapping groups of the past and present, for training or retraining. Elsewhere, in a large house on the outskirts of Saigon, there are trained what may turn out to be the most important groups of all, the Census/Grievance and Aspiration experts, who deal painstakingly with the long-term aspects of moral rejuvenation in the countryside. The members of this select group are mostly men over forty—former village or district officials or professional people, such as schoolteachers. They are specially chosen by the province chiefs and are sent to Saigon for a fifteen-day course, after which they return to their provinces as instructors themselves, selecting individual hamlet agents and giving them a repeat version of the basic fifteen-day course in preparation for their first assignment, which is to make a highly detailed blueprint of their respective hamlets. These reports are an extension of the census map work originally undertaken by members of the P.A.T. to pinpoint households with members in the Vietcong and so on. I was shown a few of the hamlet agents' surveys, and they seemed to me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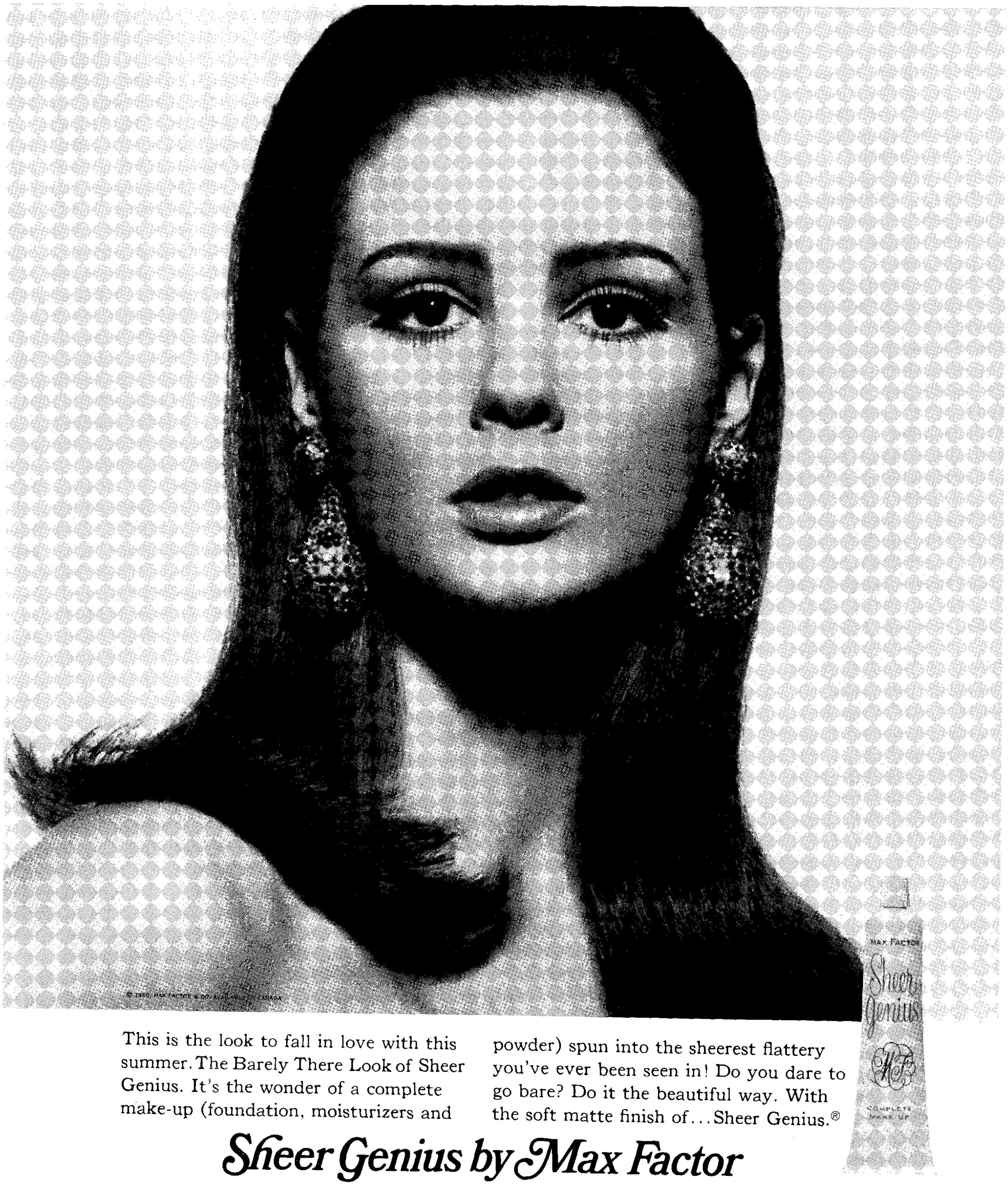
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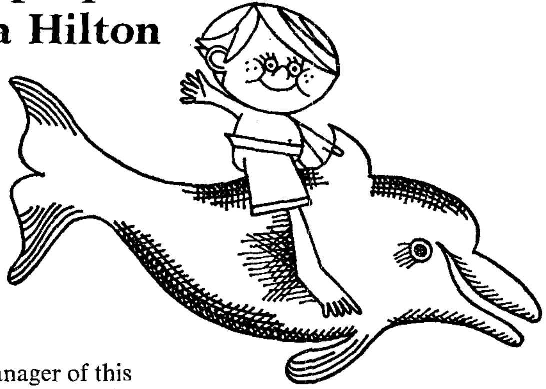
a close approximation of the house-to-house canvasses that the Vietcong conduct to furnish the foundation for establishing complete control and to obtain multiple eyes and ears. Next, the Census/Grievance and Aspiration workers ascertain what the people of a hamlet want and what their complaints are. These workers, who operate independently of hamlet and village chiefs, and report directly to the province chief, could, in a sense, be considered *agents provocateurs*, though the South Vietnam government and the Americans supporting the program naturally reject the term. Moreover, although their reports are secret, they conduct their inquiries openly, unlike members of Ngo Dinh Nhu's Can Lao Party, whose identities were never known and who reported privately to Nhu alone. The emphasis now is always on the common desires of the hamlet citizens rather than on individual gripes, and American A.I.D. representatives have access to the reports. To cite two recent cases, one hamlet reported that it had no drinking water available within a radius of five kilometres, and another said that its pagoda, taken over as a headquarters five years ago by the Regular Army, had never been replaced; in both cases, as soon as the reports of the census agents were received, the province chief, with the help of his A.I.D. representative, took action to correct the situation. Some twenty-five hundred Census/Grievance and Aspiration men are now working in twenty-eight provinces, often in areas that are only semi-pacified. The effectiveness of their work is shown by the fact that about half of our useful intelligence about the Vietcong now comes from them.

If long-term construction and development are to be successful in Vietnam, and some sort of hamlet-by-hamlet opposition to the Vietcong is to be built up, these ends will probably be achieved largely as a result of the progress made by the Census/Grievance and Aspiration program. This will, however, take time, and the results it comes up with are bound to be spotty at first. For example, I was far less impressed by what I saw being done up north, particularly around the big base of Danang, than I had been in Binh Dinh. The Danang section is the area of the I Corps, and it consists of five provinces, with a population of approximately two and a half million. Only about a quarter of the area is regarded as secure, the rest being about evenly divided between territory controlled outright by the Vietcong and



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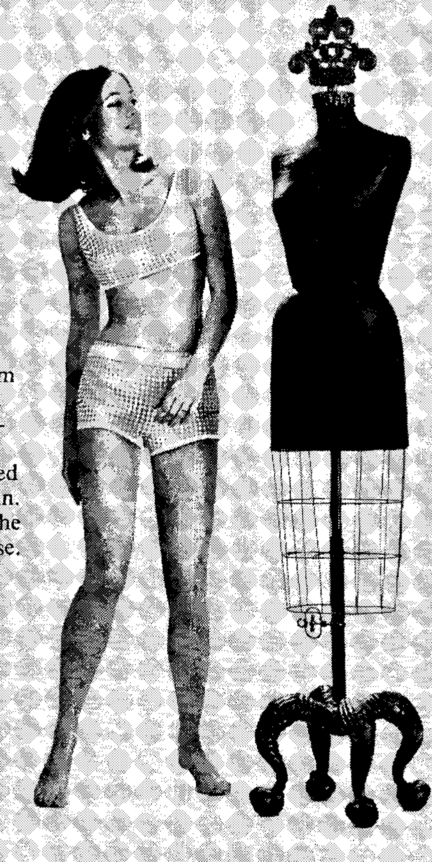

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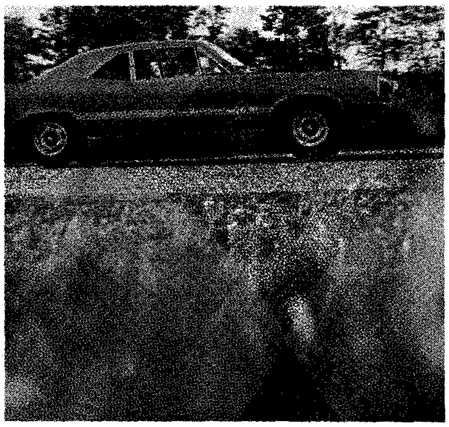

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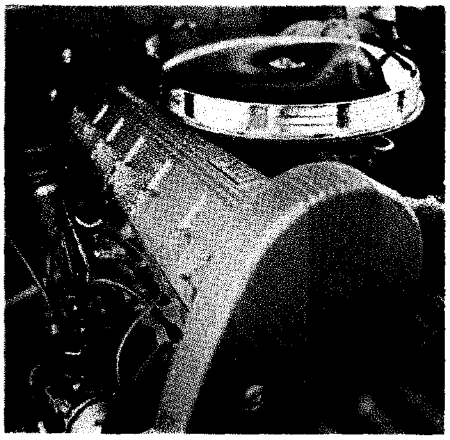

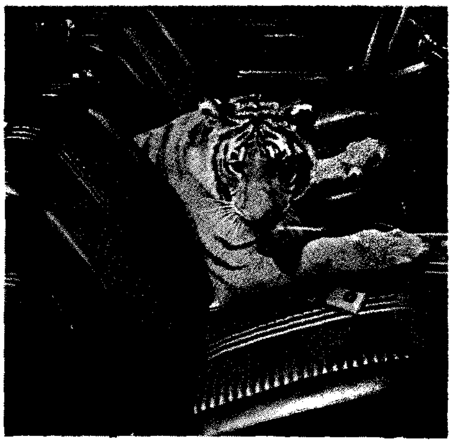

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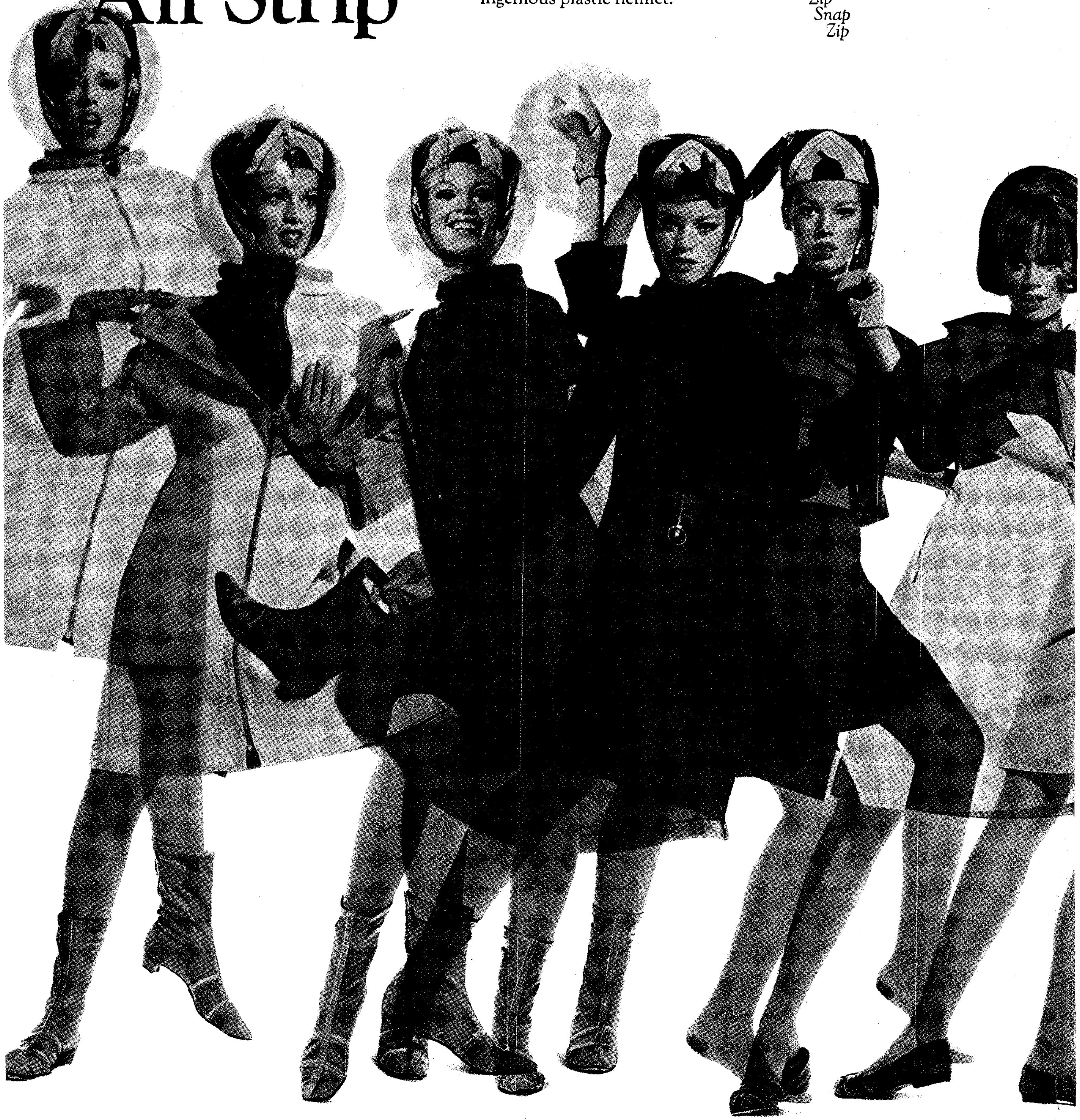
Snap
Zip



changes into a lovely serving dress which we call a Puccino (named for its creator, Emilio Pucci, who believes that even an airline hostess should look like a girl).

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Zip

slips out of the Puccino, revealing the way-out outfit on the right.

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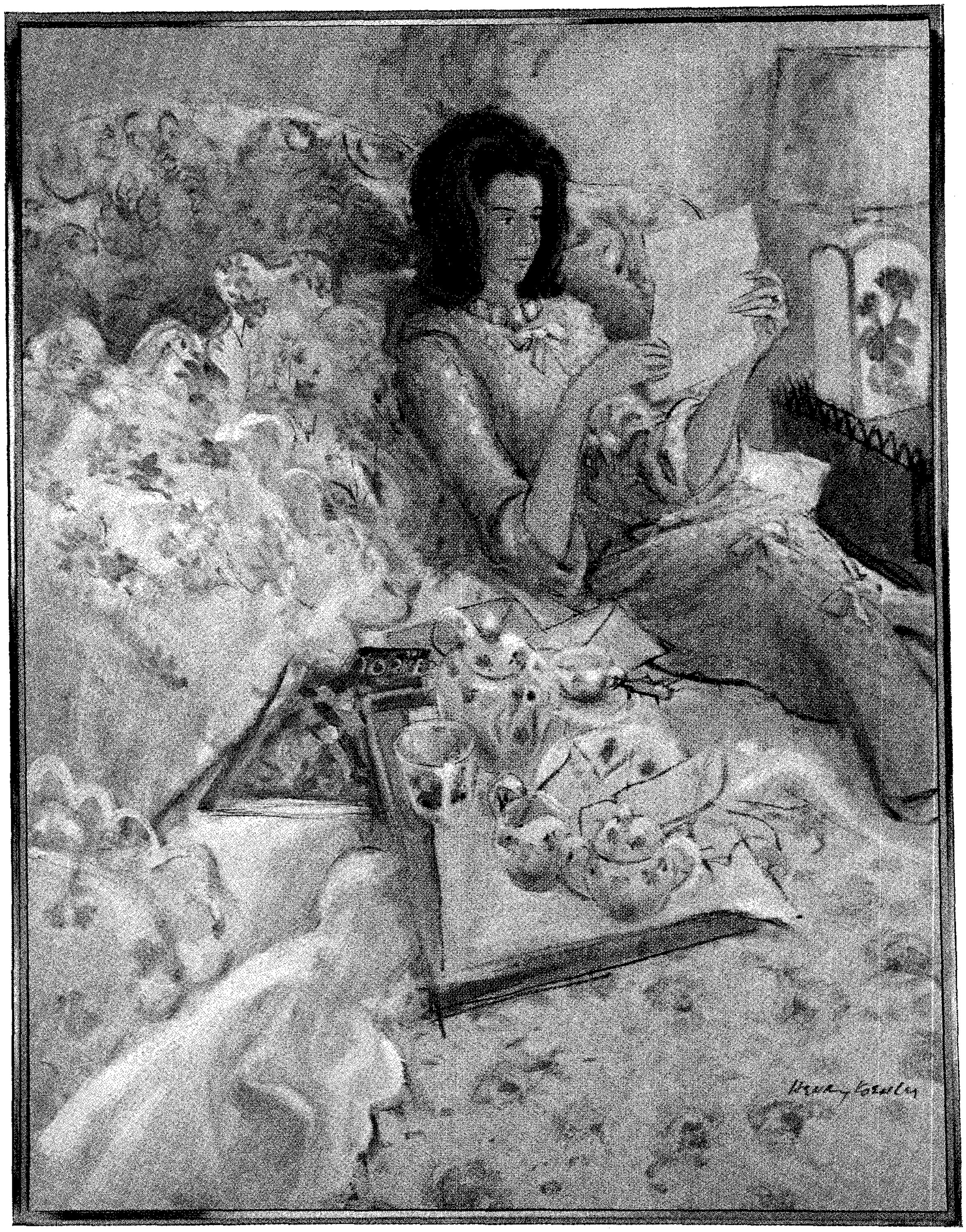

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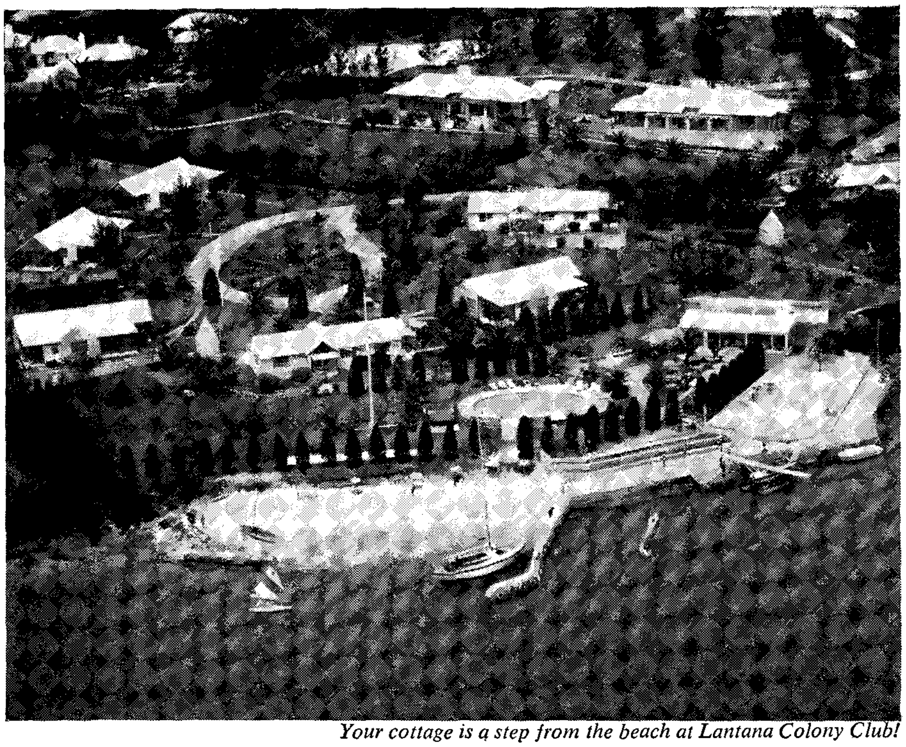
zones where, although hard-core Vietcong elements have been cleared out, at least temporarily, local guerrillas are still active. Much of this region, that is, is still being fought over, and the Communists, since they have more troops in the north than they have ever had before, are quite capable of attacking again in strength.

One of the major difficulties in the north is a lack of sufficient manpower, especially in the area south of Danang, where the Vietnamese have been unable to create enough of a Popular Force or other local militia to be of help in defending the population. Most of the young men in a nine-village region that, up to late last year, had been under Vietcong control for a solid decade have either gone over to the Vietcong or fled with their families to Danang, where they can get good pay working for the Americans or can otherwise make money out of them. As a result, in this particular region the American Marines are tied down by the pacification-and-construction campaign, which keeps them from going out and pursuing the enemy. The Marines are proud of their construction program, which has won many friends and has undoubtedly brought the people many immediate benefits, especially medical ones, but a number of observers, both American and Vietnamese, feel that the Marines have become overeager in their constructive efforts and should be released as soon as possible for combat, particularly since in developing their own program they have somewhat restricted or inhibited the introduction of the central government's program.

Not long after the Marines arrived in Vietnam last spring, they became involved in pacification and construction in a village called Lei Me. Starting with the provision of medical aid for the local population, the program quickly grew and soon included assistance to the village in building or repairing roads and bridges, schools, wells, and latrines, and also in constructing showers, which the villagers had never seen before. Success at Lei Me inspired Major General Lewis Walt, the Marine division commander, and a tough fighting man with a heroic combat record, who had become sold on rural development, to create a joint council of high-ranking Vietnamese and Americans, both military and non-military. This council, which has the backing of Lieutenant General Nguyen Chanh Thi, the I Corps commander and the single most powerful man in Vietnam, now meets regularly in Danang to discuss and formulate pacification-and-



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construction policy. Since, of the four corps commanders, Thi is the most independent, the council often serves as a convenient instrument for helping him run his corps area as he sees fit—in conjunction with the Americans when he sees fit to consult them. Thi, a fervent nationalist who has frequently been suspected of wanting to assume still more power (his disclaimer is, "I have been offered the Prime Ministership three times and turned it down, so why should I try to grab it?"), has become increasingly well disposed toward the Americans since the arrival of the Marines, but he still exhibits a sporadic aloofness toward American assistance and is firmly on record against any "Americanization" of Vietnam. Recently, he ordered all the commercial signs in English in Danang taken down, and reminded the Vietnamese there to remember their national identity.

Thi is very concerned with current manpower problems. "In order to prosecute the war as we should, including more thorough bombing of the north, we need twice as many Americans and twice as many Regional and Popular Forces," he says. "And the local forces should be paid more than they are." He has promised to strengthen his own local forces, even if he has to bring volunteers or conscripts in from outside, but meanwhile the Marines have to hold the ground, especially in the touchy nine-village area. In five of the villages, grouped together to the west, only two of twenty-one hamlets are secure; the Marines are guarding two sides of the nine-village area, and mixed elements of local forces and some P.A.T. and miscellaneous special groups are at work in the remaining hamlets. The P.A.T.s are still being used in the north more for pacification than for construction, though this is contrary to their newly defined purpose. The most troublesome village in the area has been Cam Ne. Government troops took the place in September, and between then and late December the Vietcong counterattacked three times, the Marines being forced at one point to come to the rescue of a battered Regional Forces platoon. Now, at Thi's orders, Cam Ne is being levelled to the ground, except for its fruit trees, and trenches and tunnels from which the Vietcong had fought are being filled in. The population, which has been heavily indoctrinated by the Vietcong, is being moved to an area close to a nearby road, but theoretically, at least, the people will still be able to farm their old land. When I visited the village, the Marines were

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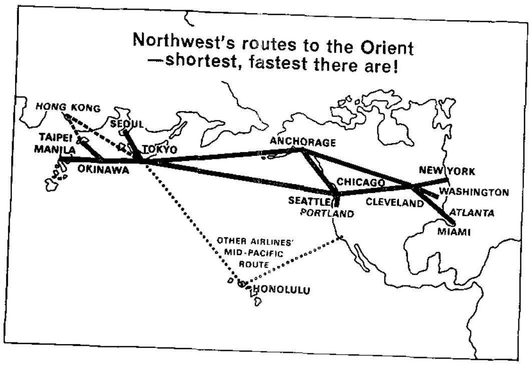

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handing out clothing supplied by the Catholic Relief Services, and the various Vietnamese elements in the village, including some P.A.T. members, were trying to get the villagers to coöperate in moving their homes and belongings. I saw few smiling faces. In this area, pacification and construction had obviously made little headway beyond an area two or three hundred yards wide on each side of the road. Along the road itself there were, in keeping with Marine policy, numerous signs in English advertising laundries and similar services, most of which, I learned, had been set up with the help of the Marines and their equipment. In several huts, Vietnamese were selling soft drinks and American canned goods and rations, all of them bought on the black market or stolen. When the Marines leave the area, as they eventually must, they will be missed as much for the boost they have given the local economy as for their other contributions.

My next stop, farther south, was the village of An Trach, where another Marine company was based. An Trach was considered to be eighty per cent pro-Vietcong last September, when the Marines first got there, and at least half of the two hundred and fifty families were still regarded as Vietcong sympathizers when I arrived. So far, the Marines have established a medical program, operated by their own orderlies; have fixed up the damaged school building; have built a playground; and have distributed some bulgur wheat and other foods to the people. A ten-man P.A.T. in the village had just been reinforced by the addition of fifteen more cadre members, but it was obvious that the P.A.T. leader and the Marine captain had not yet established any rapport, and apparently neither knew quite what the other was doing. This situation was attributable largely to translation difficulties, which frequently all but nullify the good intentions of both South Vietnamese and Americans; there simply are not enough good translators, and very little has been done to correct the situation. The interpreter in An Trach turned out to be my former busboy at the Continental Palace Hotel in Saigon, a pleasant young man of nineteen who had been drafted, given a one-month crash course in English to bolster his busboy lingo, and assigned to the Marines. He was clearly incapable, through no fault of his own, of occupying the delicate position of liaison man between the Marine captain and the P.A.T. leader. Finally,

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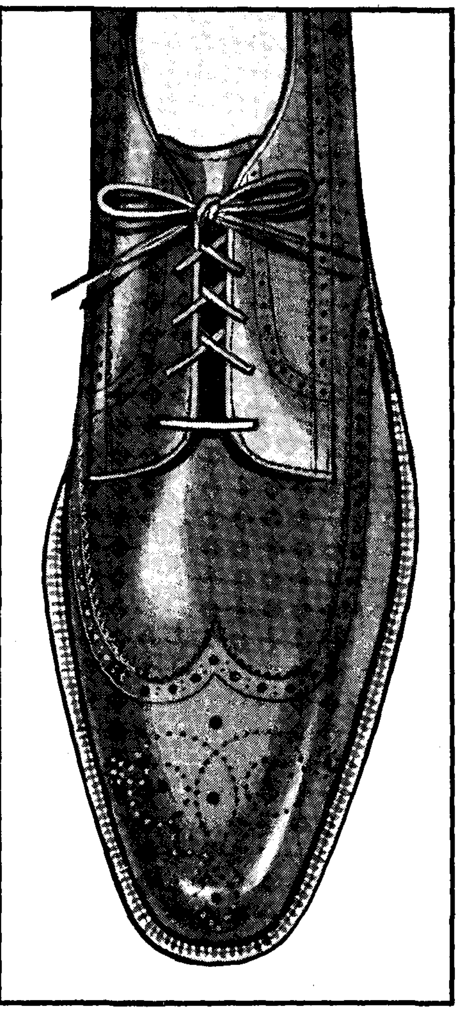

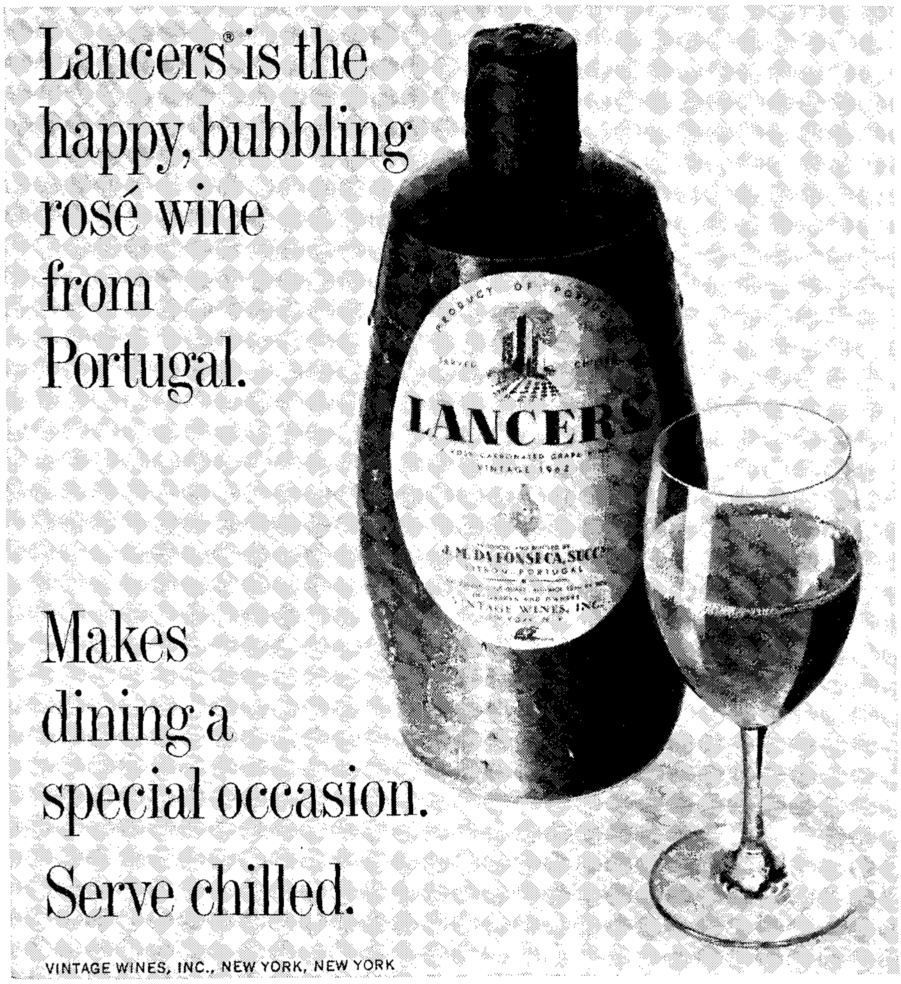
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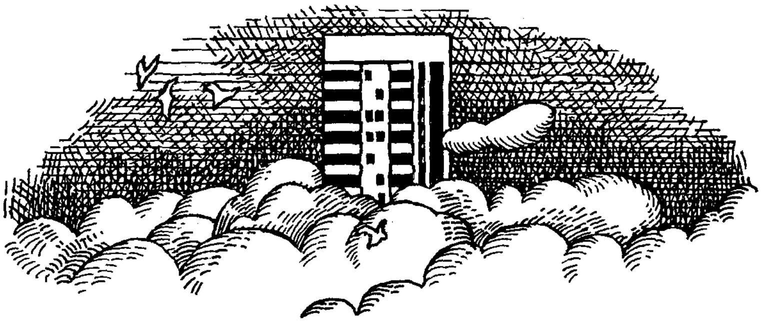

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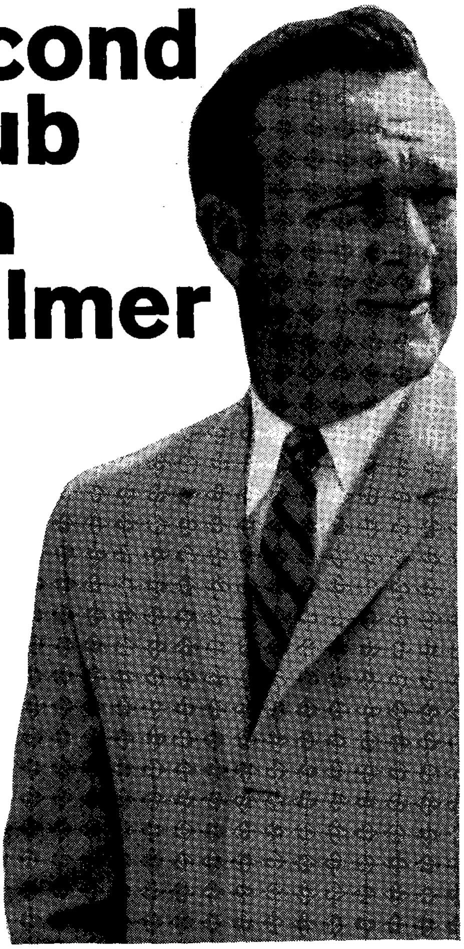

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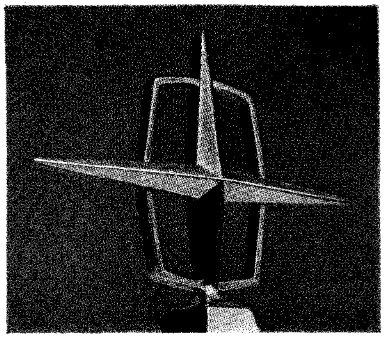
my own interpreter was able to make it clear to the captain, for the first time, that the P.A.T. leader wanted some food from the Americans, not for his own team, as the captain had supposed, but to pay off informers who were willing to give him some data on the Vietcong. The P.A.T. leader seemed out of touch with the villagers, I thought—probably because he and his team all came from another area. (In this case, since An Trach had been held by the Vietcong for so long, it had been impossible to recruit a P.A.T. locally.) The former village chief, a pro-government man who had been living for several years in Danang, had been brought back to An Trach, but he didn't seem to be doing much. The P.A.T. chief told us that there was no use appointing a village council yet, because the Vietcong would simply assassinate its members. All in all, the government presence in An Trach, which was still being subjected to sniper fire and perimeter ambushes, was little more than a holding operation, and one that would have been impossible without the Marines. The completion of the pacification process, let alone the beginning of serious construction work, was at least several months off. Colonel John E. Gorman, the regimental commander of the Marines, said, "We've picked a place that has been under the Vietcong for a long time, and it's naturally hard to figure out who's who." The Communists, Gorman added, were currently operating in small groups and—according to captured documents—were under orders to maintain as much pressure as possible against both the Marines and the government forces. Gorman, like other experienced officers there, expected the Vietcong to do what they could to wrest back this vital village complex.

The Marines, as General Walt acknowledged, simply did not yet have enough over-all strength to do more than hold on to key village areas beyond the Danang and Chu Lai airbase perimeters—the defense of these still being their primary task—and to conduct patrols in and around those areas, as they were doing day and night. Even now, they were spread so thin in some places that the Vietcong had been able to infiltrate and conduct counter-thrusts against hamlets, keeping the Marines off balance and delaying construction measures. So far, there seemed to be no cohesive Rural Construction Unit activity in this area, and the three scattered P.A.T.s—old-line outfits going back to the early Vung Tau training days—were



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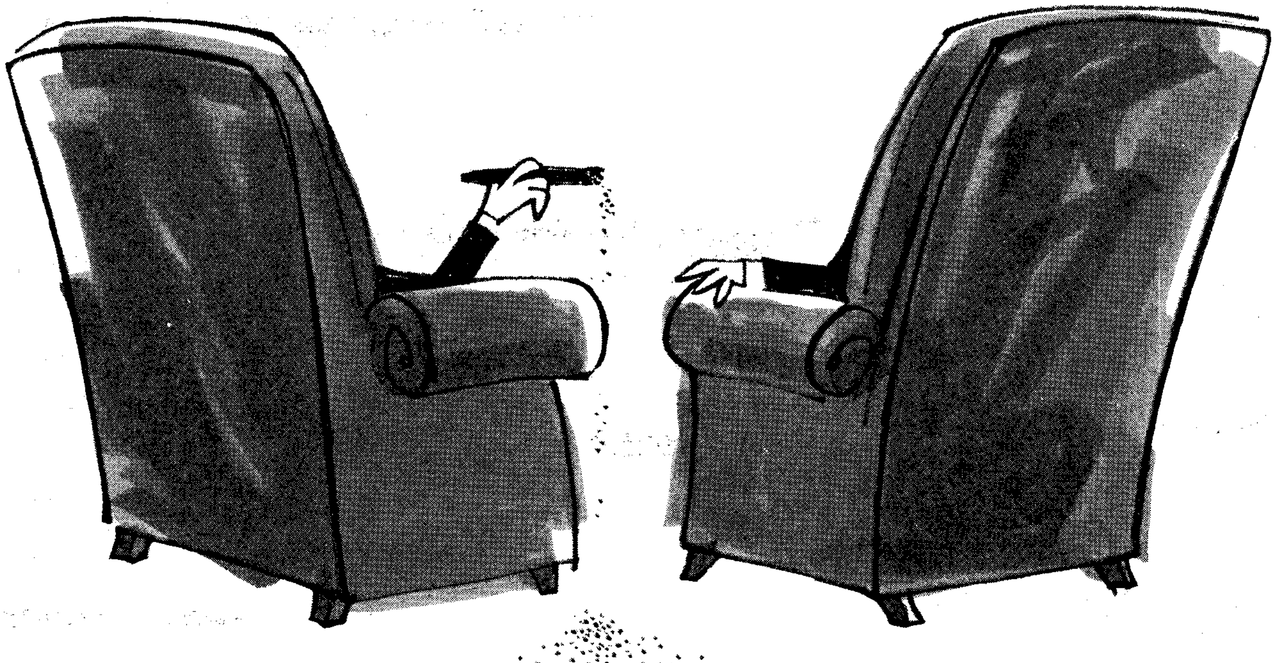

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out of touch with the program and needed to be brought up to date. Both in this province and in the province of Quang Ngai, just to the south, the P.A.T.s had become unavoidably embroiled in regional politics, and particularly in the in-fighting going on among various factions of the Vietnam Quoc Dan Dang, or the People's Fatherland Front—one of the oldest nationalist parties in Vietnam and one that had long been active in this area. Quang Ngai, which is outside the Marine area of operations, is where the P.A.T.s first started out, two years ago, and there were now some forty teams there, doing an exemplary job of protecting villages that were virtual islets in a Vietcong sea. The story in Quang Nam, however, was by no means as good, and the whole pacification-and-construction organization seemed falsely built on the presence of the Marines. There was thus an unreal atmosphere of rather tenuous progress, and one could not help feeling that the Vietcong were still very much of an influence below the surface.

One Marine experiment was bringing rather special results. Because of his part in establishing the joint American-Vietnamese council, General Walt was able to persuade General Thi to go along with him in creating a Combined Action Group, consisting of an integrated company of Marines and Popular Forces. The experiment, which was begun several months ago at Phu Bai, the communications base near Hué, north of Danang, has proved so successful that it is now being carried out around Danang as well, and, I was told, would soon be extended southward into the nine-village area, and eventually into the area, farther south in Quang Nam, where the Marines and Vietnamese hope to have control by the end of this year. At Phu Bai, which was my next stop after Danang, the joint squads, each of them led by an American sergeant, were conducting regular day and night patrols, during which the Americans and the Vietnamese used each other's weapons and communicated with each other by means of hand signals—though they had also, under stress, begun to learn each other's language. As a result of these joint patrols, the Vietcong network in four villages around Phu Bai has been measurably damaged, though the Communists still slip in eight or ten armed agents at a time to collect food and taxes from the population, and nothing as advanced as a Census/Grievance and Aspiration unit can yet function safely. Road traffic in this area has picked up noticeably,

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and hamlet markets now attract buyers and sellers from as far off as two kilometres, which may not sound like much but is a lot compared with what the safe-travel radius was six months ago. The Vietcong, however, still have control of the waterways leading to and from the sea. The Marines' local medical program, incidentally, includes a unique scheme whereby medical students from Hué University come out each Saturday and join the Marine doctors in treating villagers for respiratory, skin, and other diseases and help perform operations, several of which have been to correct youngsters' harelips.

IF the Marine area in the north continues to present all kinds of construction difficulties, an equally hazardous and perhaps even more crucial area is the one forming a broad ring around Saigon and Cholon, the immediately adjacent city of several hundred thousand Chinese. This includes all or part of six provinces, and it constitutes the largest of the priority areas in the government's 1966 construction-and-development program. The province of Gia Dinh, which contains both Saigon and Cholon, constitutes a separate Central Military Region, while part of another province, in the Saigon River delta, is designated as the Rung Sat Special Zone, and comes under the supervision of the Navy. Within the Central Military Region, the Special Zone, and the rest of the six provinces, less than a third of the hamlets are now candidates for construction programs. The situation varies greatly throughout the area; several of the six provinces are under at least partial Vietcong control, particularly at night. The worst of the six is Hau Nghia, southwest of Saigon, where approximately eighty per cent of the population either is controlled directly by the Communists or is under their influence. The former province chief, who was recently replaced, commented ruefully, "There are two hundred and twenty thousand people in Hau Nghia, and two hundred thousand of them are ruled by the Vietcong, which made me a hamlet chief, not a province chief." In Hau Nghia, where it is unsafe to ride around in a jeep even in the daytime, less than half the hamlets—there are three hundred all told—are scheduled for construction; only twenty-eight, even today, have chiefs. Among the latter, only about half feel safe enough to spend the night in their hamlets. The Vietcong not only have maintained their pressure throughout this crucial area but have increased it, sometimes with hit-and-run attacks and

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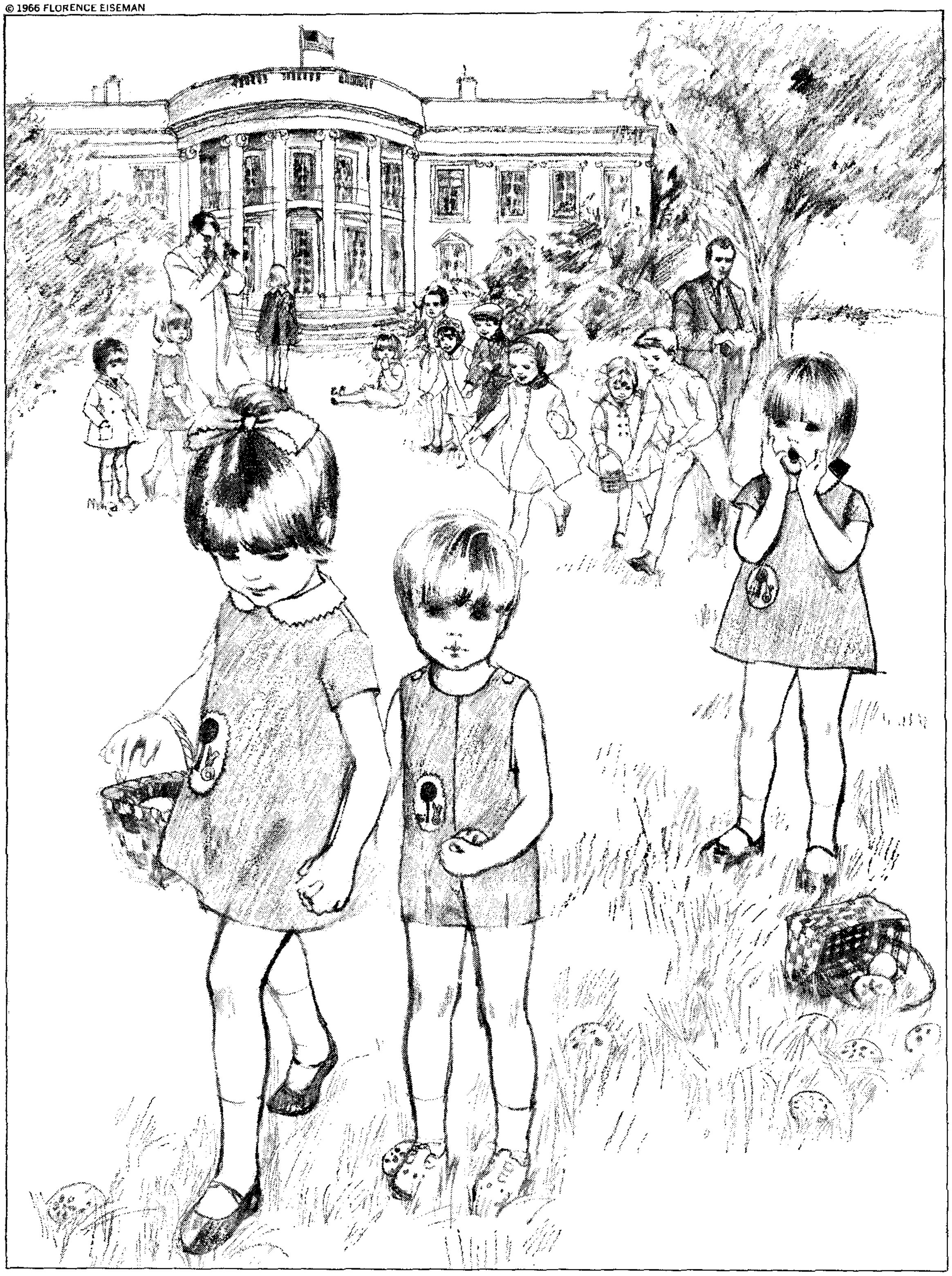

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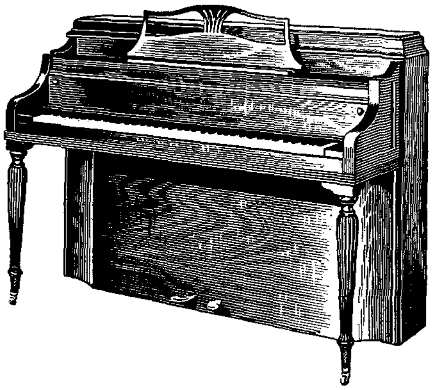

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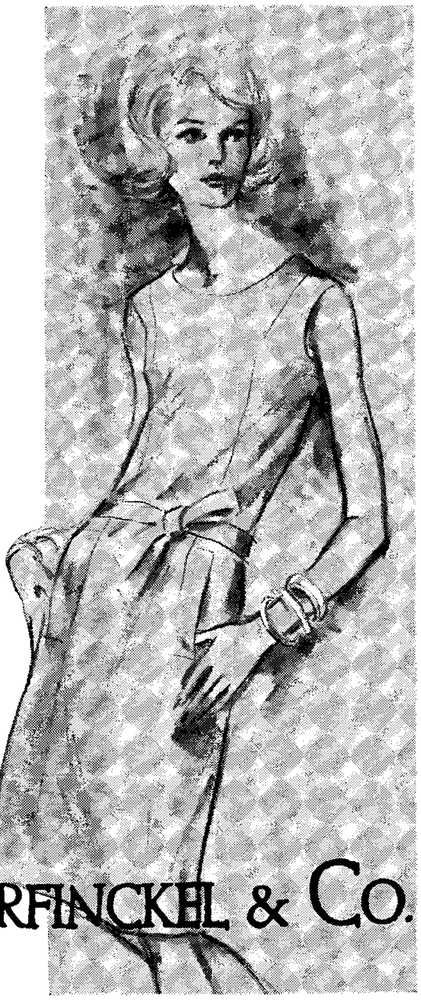

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small-scale offensives but mostly with assassination, sabotage, and propaganda actions and incidents.

The Communists have directed many of their attacks against the National Police, the military police, and the auxiliary field, or local, police—forces that are the key to the government's pacification efforts in this region. The principal job of the police is to institute what are called "population and resources control measures," designed to try to keep the Vietcong from obtaining the supplies they want—mostly food, medicines, cement, small machines, and electrical parts—and to maintain a constant check on population movements in and out of the Saigon-Cholon area. It is obviously impossible to control the more than two million people who live in the two cities, and the war-swollen population gives the Vietcong an opportunity to infiltrate propaganda agents and terror squads almost at will. Considerable progress has been made by the various police groups in establishing checkpoints on the roads, where people, cars, and motorbikes are regularly searched—but it remains just about impossible, even with house-to-house checks and a wide use of identity cards, to determine who is and who is not a Vietcong activist or sympathizer. Control of incoming and outgoing goods is theoretically easier to maintain, but the opportunities to move things in and out of Saigon are manifold, thanks largely to a system of palm-greasing whereby the Vietcong and the government both collect taxes on the carriers of commodities. Until recently, anyone in Saigon could buy two phials of penicillin in any drugstore, and could keep going from one drugstore to the next all over the city, collecting countless phials for delivery to the Vietcong; this process will soon be controlled by a ration-card system, but some people will undoubtedly find ways to beat it. Furthermore, many other products are not so readily kept track of. The biggest problem in resources control is in Cholon, for the Vietnamese police have scant knowledge of what is going on among the Chinese population. "We haven't the slightest idea of what's what there, or who's who," one veteran American official admitted to me. Nighttime house checks are now being carried on in Cholon, as they are in Saigon, to pick up draft dodgers and illegal residents, but the great majority of the people arrested are released for lack of evidence. "I'm afraid a lot of them are with or for the Vietcong, but we can't prove it," the same American said.

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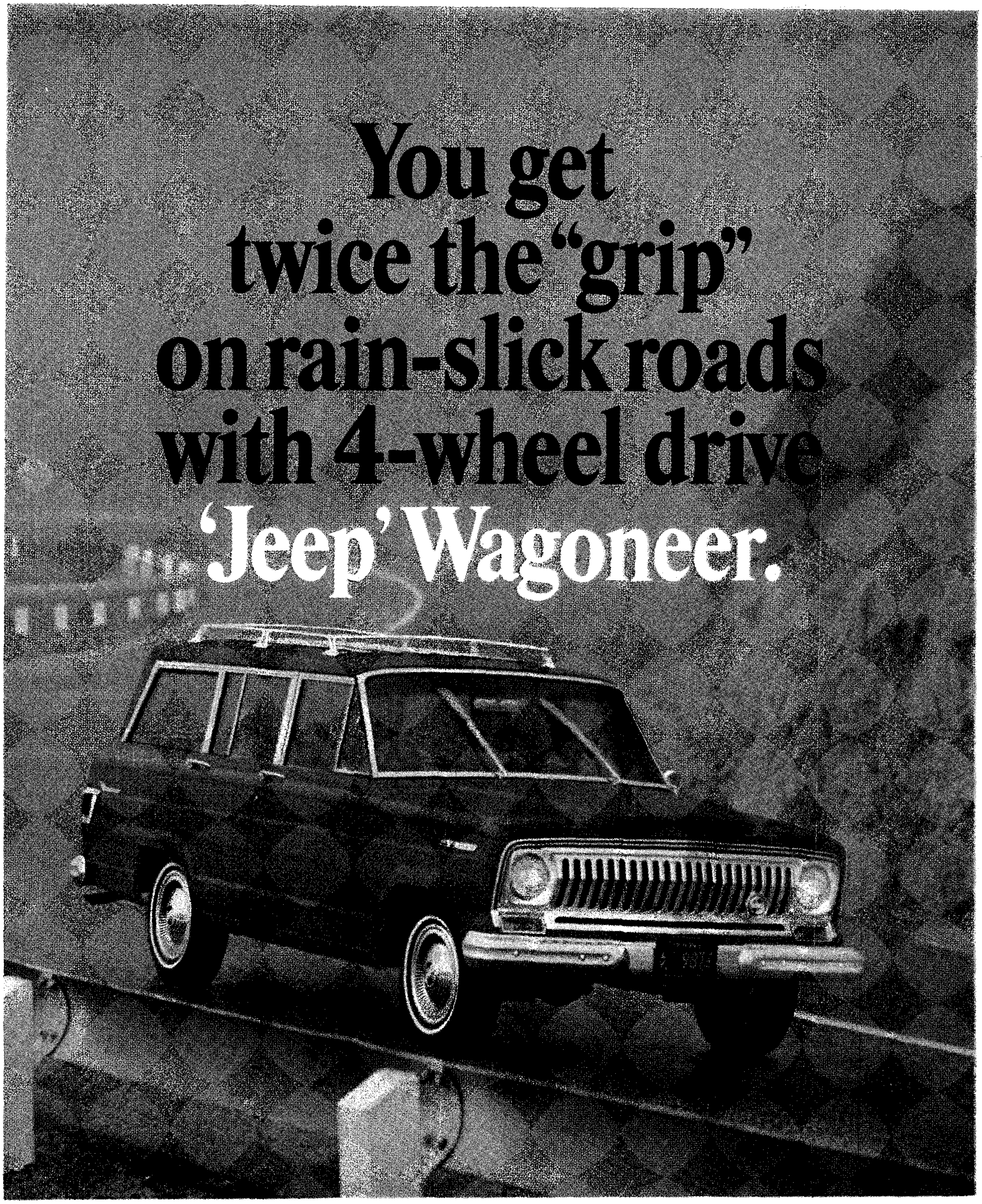
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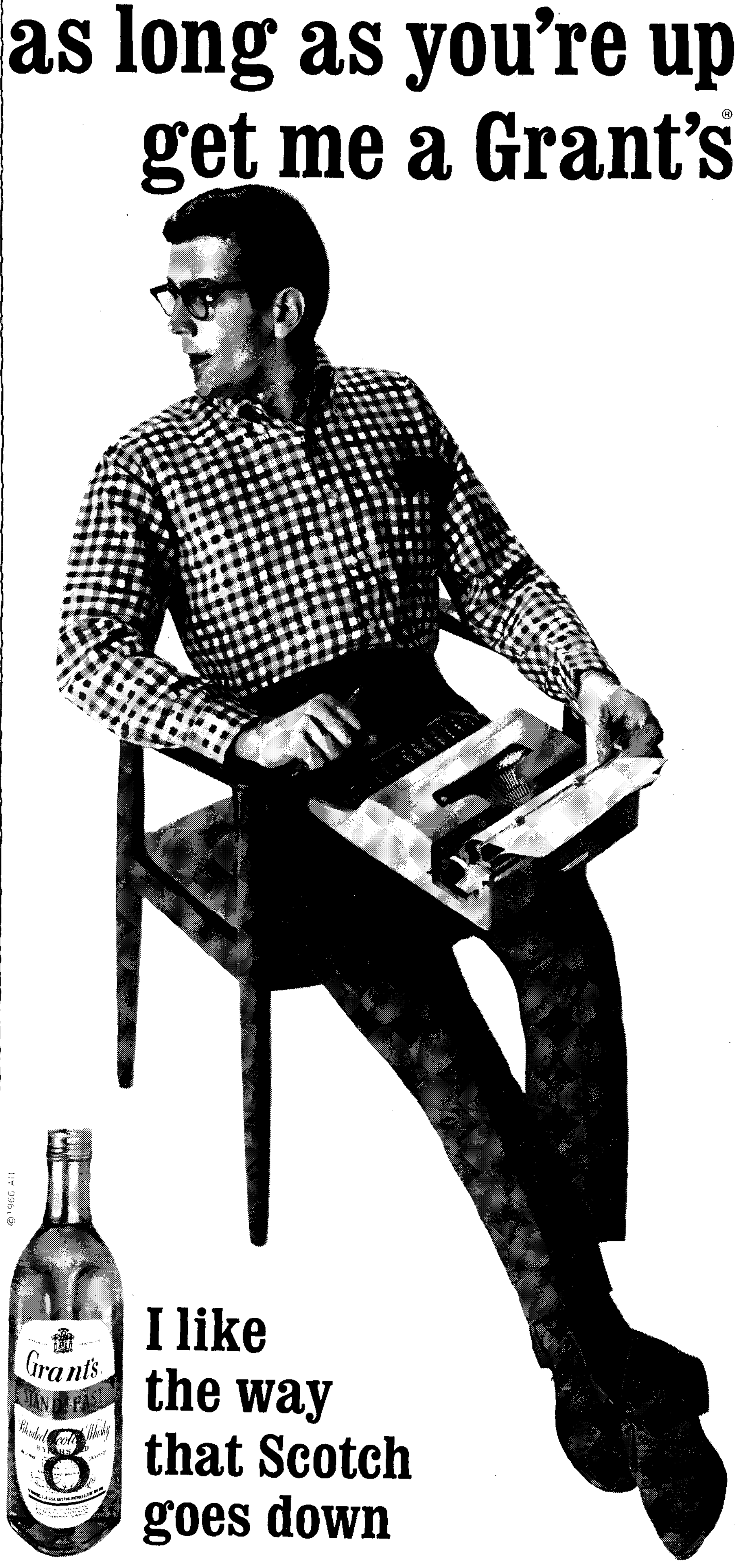
police methods, the Vietcong are still able to move freely through the metropolitan area, to control the waterways and many of the roads around the city, to reduce incoming supplies (and thereby increase inflation), and, in general, to keep their terror and propaganda activities going at a great rate. Within Saigon-Cholon, Communists are extremely active in at least three of the combined cities' eight wards. In fact, in these wards there have been cases of Vietcong agents' getting up at public meetings or in theatres and making speeches; the Communists also regularly attack police posts in these wards with bombs or grenades. The government, at Prime Minister Ky's instigation, has opened a big new low-cost housing project in one ward to try to bring some order into it, and is planning two more such developments. In addition, some progress has been made in community-development work, conducted by volunteer youth groups. Nevertheless, the situation remains critical throughout the Saigon-Cholon area, where the huge population provides plentiful cover for whatever the Vietcong want to do. No one underestimates the dangers of insurrection here. The question remains: Would the Vietcong risk such a step, which could lead to a bloodbath and repression by sheer force? Most observers doubt it. "They'll go on eating away at Saigon, destroying it from within, committing occasional acts of terror, and waiting for the time when it will either fall into their hands like rotten fruit or become one of their counters in the negotiations," an American told me. This is a dark estimate, but many realistic people share it, and even those who don't share it admit that the tide of the war will have to take a sharp turn for the better before the influence of the Vietcong in Saigon and Cholon can be significantly altered.

Today, out of nearly sixteen thousand hamlets in the whole of South Vietnam, some thirty-eight hundred are listed, in the earlier terminology, as "pacified," but it has been estimated that as many as half of these are still under some degree of Vietcong penetration or influence. The 1966 program prepared by Major General Nguyen Duc Thang, the dynamic Minister of Construction and Development, calls for two thousand additional hamlets to be either constructed or "consolidated." Half of these represent hamlets to be brought under construction and development programs for the first time; the other half are hamlets where programs are already under



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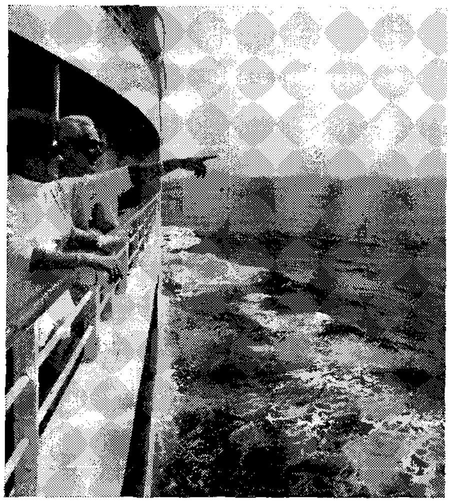

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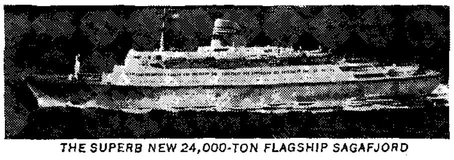

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way, and in these the programs will now be reappraised and developed further. The two thousand hamlets will contain only twenty-three per cent of the country's population, which indicates how low the government is setting its sights because of the Vietcong's current control of the countryside. There remains a dire shortage of cadres, among other things. Under the Vung Tau and Census/Grievance training programs, about twenty-five thousand cadre members have now been trained or retrained; it is hoped that by the end of the year forty thousand will be available. To extend a construction-and-development scheme throughout Vietnam would probably require another hundred thousand, and nobody at this point will even hazard a guess at where they could come from in this manpower-short country. Nevertheless, whether there is a cease-fire soon or the war is prolonged indefinitely, this is the challenge that the United States and South Vietnam will presumably have to face. An accepted estimate here is that it would take ten years. —ROBERT SHAPLEN

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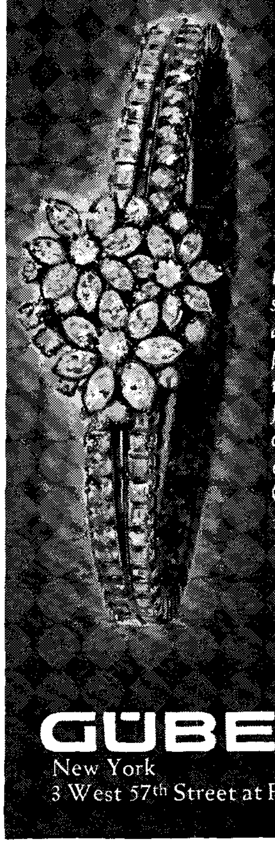

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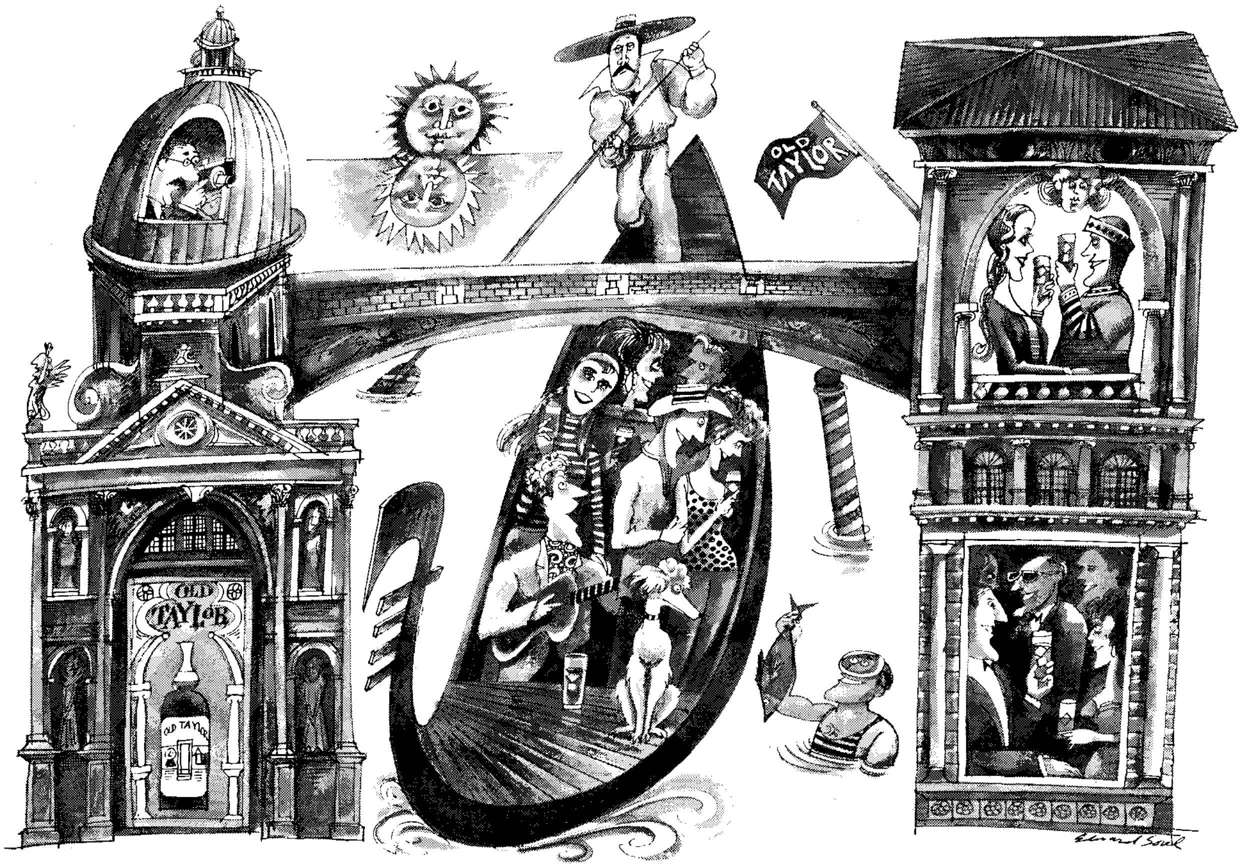

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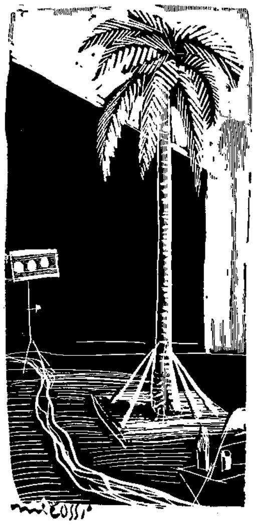
THE THEATRE

DEN PLAY

"THE LION IN WINTER," at the Ambassador, is a freewheeling pseudo-historical drama, by James Goldman, that makes a fanciful investigation of the private life of Henry II of England at a time when the monarch, having turned fifty, was brooding about choosing his successor from among his three sons. (In that day, the king had no law of primogeniture to guide him.) Mr. Goldman introduces the royal family at a Christmas get-together in 1183 at Henry's castle in Chinon, France. As Mr. Goldman presents them, these Plantagenets are a curious lot. Henry is loud, boisterous, and belligerent but claims that he is a man of peace, and although he falls into a plangent rage at the thought that his wife, Eleanor of Aquitaine, may have numbered his father among her lovers, he finds it amusing to dub himself, because of his extramarital activities, "the master of bastards." The Queen is also enigmatic, for she does not hesitate to face up to Henry in domestic squabbles, and even plot against him in the matter of the succession, and yet she has patiently endured a ten-year immurement in Salisbury Tower (her stay at Chinon is a kind of temporary Christmas reprieve) and shows no ill will toward a twenty-three-year-old French princess whom Henry has taken as a mistress. As for the boys, I'm afraid there isn't much to be said for them. The eldest, Richard—the eventual Lion-hearted—is, according to Mr. Goldman, the homosexual chum of King Philip of France. The middle son, Geoffrey, is shifty, and more anxious to be the power behind the throne than its occupant. And the youngest, John, is such a whining spratling that it's hard to suppose he has royal pretensions of any kind. In Mr. Goldman's hands, this noble quintet—along with the gentle mistress, Alais, and the sophisticated Philip, who round out the cast—intermittently generates a bit of excitement as it goes about settling the problem of who will be king when Henry dies, and occasionally the author's language achieves a felicitous combination of old-fashioned full-bodied declamation and terse modern idiom. Although "The Lion in Winter" may amuse us now and then, it seldom involves us emotionally, but passes before us without much more impact than a pageant might have. For all that, there are some fine displays of acting in the piece. As Henry, Robert Preston is orotund and impressive, and as his dubious sons James Rado, Dennis Cooney, and Bruce Scott are persuasive. So are Suzanne Grossmann, as the mistress, and Christopher Walken, as Philip of France. But it is Rosemary Harris, as Eleanor of Aquitaine, who is most successful in adding sparkle to "The Lion in Winter." She projects so brightly the many facets of the intricate character she plays that she leaves us astonished by her virtuosity. The drama was directed by Noel Willman, who has kept things moving at a fairly lively clip, and the scenery and costumes, which are admirable, were designed by Will Steven Armstrong. The play is threaded with pleasant incidental music by Thomas Wagner.



IN "Where's Daddy?," at the Billy Rose, William Inge acquaints us with Teena and Tom, a young couple living in squalor in an apartment in midtown Manhattan. Both are determined to be free spirits—particularly Tom, who acts in television commercials—and both dress like active members of a Washington Square singathon. Teena is about to give birth, and Tom feels that they should separate immediately, because neither of them is mature enough to be a parent. He suggests that after he's gone Teena should surrender the baby to an adoption agency. This Tom is a singularly unappetizing specimen of retarded adolescence, and Teena is not very appealing, either, and when they jabber together in a Freudian jargon they've picked up in the course of being psychoanalyzed, they are intolerable. But after inflicting them upon us Mr. Inge shows us a little mercy by introducing Teena's mother, a wonderfully vague matron from Andover, Massachusetts, who would like to understand the modern generation represented by Tom and Teena but just can't manage it; their neighbors, a colored couple who are living in sin and are very happy; and, finally, an epicene old party who became Tom's guardian after picking him up in a bar when he was fifteen. Pinky, as this last arrival is called, is the spokesman in the play for orthodox values (I'm sure the irony won't escape you), and—surprise!—orthodox values eventually prevail, our Tom having been persuaded to hold the baby when it is placed in his arms. Under the direction of Harold Clurman, Beau Bridges and Barbara Dana, as Tom and Teena, are often too shrill to be effective, but Robert Hooks and Barbara Ann Teer are amusing as the neighbors. Most satisfactory of all those on view are Betty Field, as the matron, and Hiram Sherman, as the whilom guardian. Mr. Sherman is constantly at the top of his comic game, and there are few who can surpass him when this happens.

—JOHN McCARTEN

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SILVER LINING DEPARTMENT

[*Press release from the New Mexico State University Farm, Ranch, & Home News*]

UNIVERSITY PARK, N.M.—The cow and hen are producers of food for peace or war—"Fallout Soldiers" in civilian clothes, Keith Austin, rural civil defense leader with the New Mexico State University Cooperative Extension Service, calls them.

During a nuclear explosion certain dangerous radioactive products are found in the fallout. For these products to get into milk and eggs, they must come through the feed or water. But the hen and cow, on the job producing milk and eggs, "strain" out most of these dangerous products.

The cow's system takes out over 90 percent of the radioactive products in the feed and water, and the human system takes out still more, Austin said. With the hen practically all of the dangerous radioactive products are absorbed or strained out by the hen's body before they get to the egg, and most of what does reach the egg is deposited in the egg shell which is not eaten. Thus, the hen can produce an edible product even in the presence of radioactive fallout.

Hens and cows are great producers of food for peace or war. After a nuclear disaster milk and eggs are safe foods, Austin concluded.

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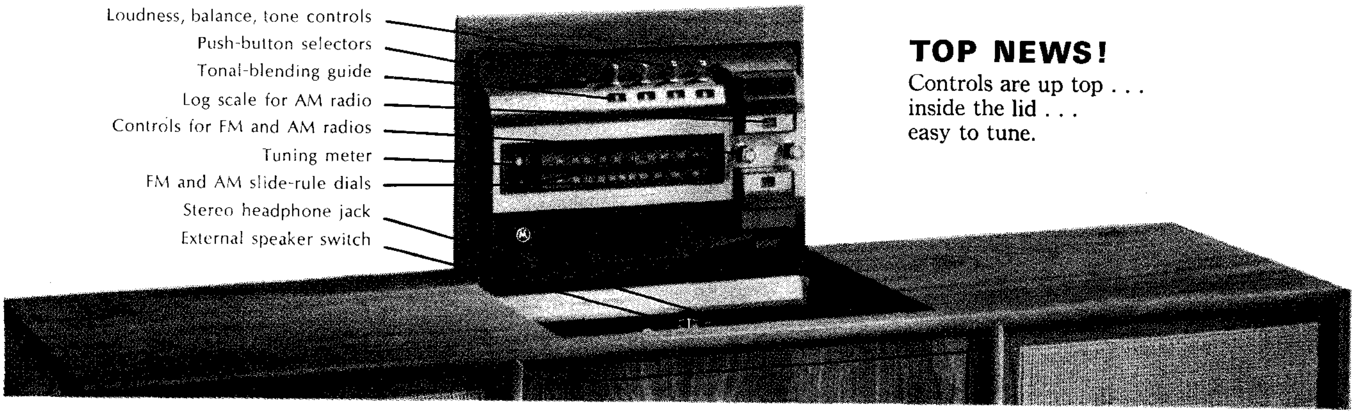
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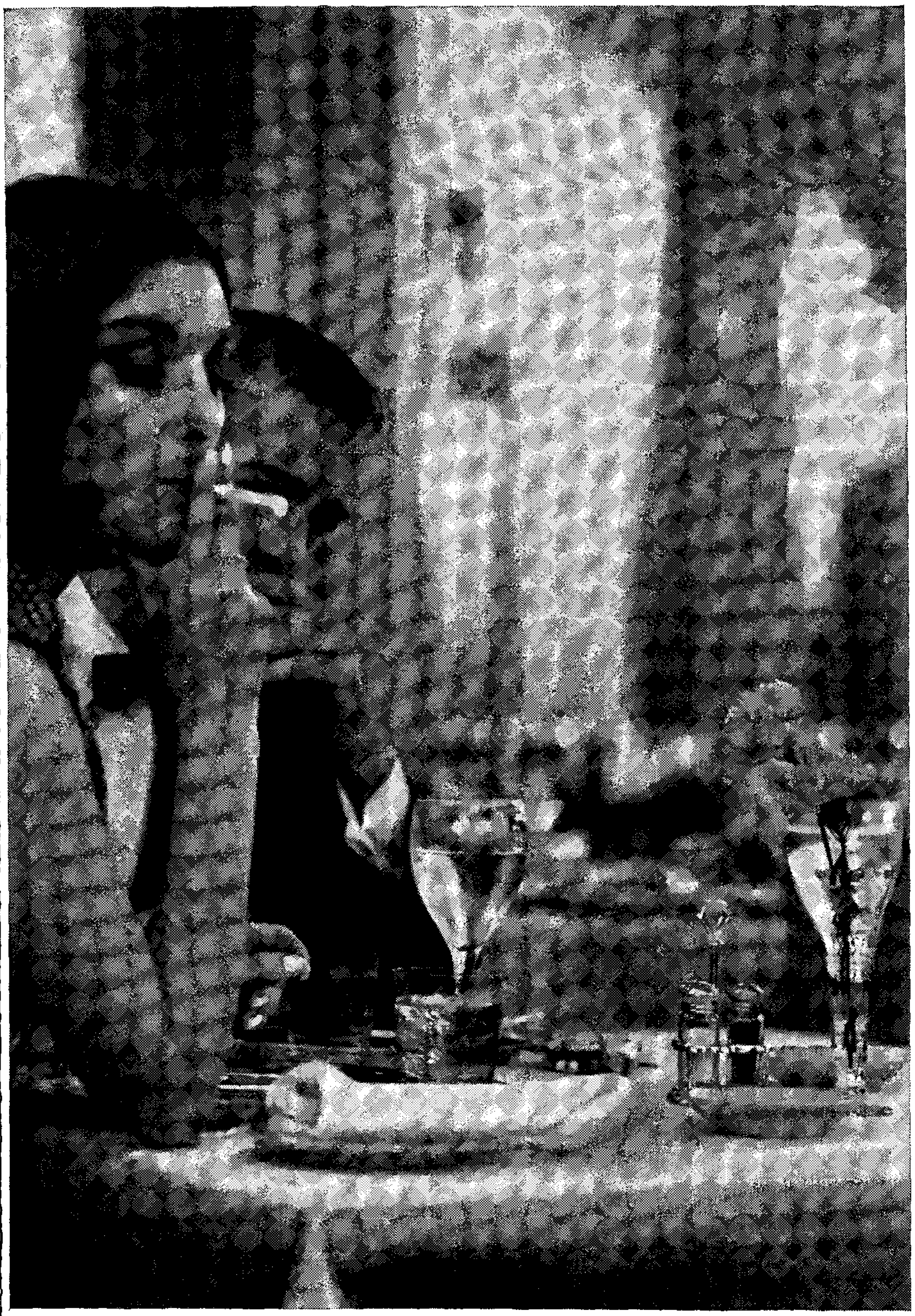
India

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Bafflements

MURDER mysteries are apt to end with a confession, and it may not be inappropriate for a review of a murder mystery to begin with one. In the very act of calling "The Sleeping Car Murder" a practically perfect specimen of its genre, I confess that the "practically" has been inserted as a craven means of letting me stop short of an absolute; it gives me the unsporting advantage of seeming to hint that, fine as the picture is, there are two or three arcane objections that could be made to it, were I of a smaller, pickier nature. The truth of the matter is that I haven't a single fault to find with "The Sleeping Car Murder;" from first camera shot to last, from first pistol shot to last (and the carnage is something awful), it is a continuously exciting and ever more bafflingly anfractuous thriller, well written, well directed, well acted, and well photographed. I may add that during much of the last third of the picture I had only the dimmest notion of what was going on and no notion at all of what would happen next, and I didn't succeed in identifying the villain correctly until his sneering, homicidal face was allowed to fill the whole screen. This codicil to my confession should be considered a tribute to the ingenuity of the screenplay, and not a measure of my imperspicacity when it comes to murder mysteries; I don't think *anyone* will guess the outcome much before I did, unless he cheats and, before going to the movie, reads the novel it is based on.

A train is roaring through the night from Marseille to Paris. There are six people sleeping in a certain compartment of the train. When the train arrives in Paris next morning, one of the six is dead. Murdered. How? Why? By whom? The police undertake to track down the murdered person's unknown fellow-passengers in the compartment. It turns out that the equally unknown murderer is also tracking them down; one by one, they meet sudden death under bizarre circumstances. If the police do not manage to apprehend the blackhearted villain, all five of the



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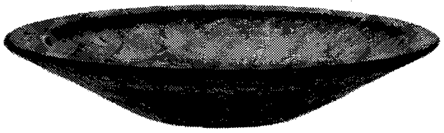

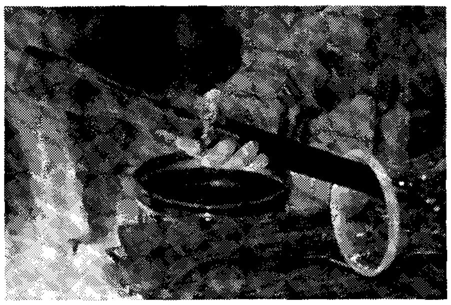

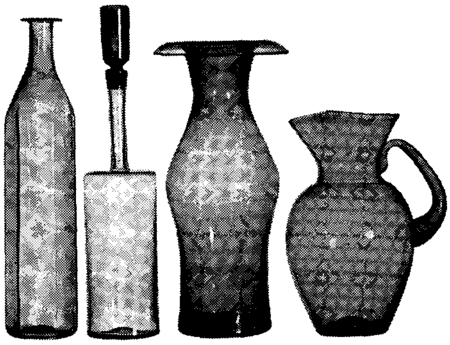

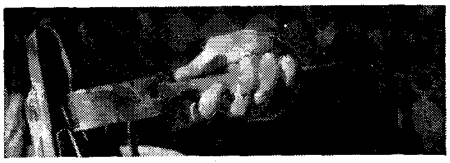

HANDCRAFTED

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fellow-passengers will die. *Depêchez-vous*, Inspector Grazzi! Forget that you are coming down with the flu. Forget that your recently hired assistant will be of precious little help to you. Not a moment is to be lost, for the lives that remain for you to save are those of a charming girl and boy, newly fallen in love.

In the role of Inspector Grazzi, Yves Montand is superbly tough and irritable, and Simone Signoret plays a conventional part—that of an aging small-time actress at the end of an unhappy liaison—with her usual easy incandescence. Miss Signoret's daughter in real life, Catherine Allegret, is the charming girl, and Jacques Perrin is the boy who falls in love with her. Holding their own in lesser roles are Michel Piccoli, Jean-Louis Trintignant, Pierre Mondy, and Claude Mann. Still, the real heroes of the occasion are Costa Gavras, who wrote the screenplay and has directed the picture at a pell-mell pace, and Jean Tournier, who has photographed it, mostly on the streets of Paris, as freshly as if the City of Light were sitting for its portrait for the very first time.

“DEAR JOHN” is an interesting, outspoken, and boldly photographed Swedish picture about love and making love. It tells of an affair, conducted over a weekend and, we are encouraged to observe, mostly in bed, between a ship's captain and a pretty waitress in a dockside café. Having once had a wife who crudely deceived him, the captain, played with relentless monosyllabic reserve by Jarl Kulle, is skeptical of women; the waitress, played by Christina Schollin, is an unmarried mother and skeptical of men. The affair they begin must therefore serve to heal wounds as well as give pleasure—a tall order for three days—but I found it so convincing that I was soon beside myself with fear that it would fail to have a happy ending. The picture, written and directed by Lars Magnus Lindgren and photographed by Rune Ericson, deserves a success based on more than its candor, which is as necessary as it is extreme.

—BRENDAN GILL

•

The Kenya Minister for Home Affairs, Mr. Daniel arap Moi, has asked Baringo People to confine drinking and drunkenness to Saturday afternoons and Sundays only. Other days should be devoted to nation building.—*Nairobi Sunday Nation.*

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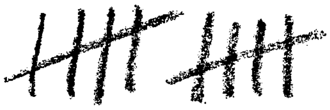

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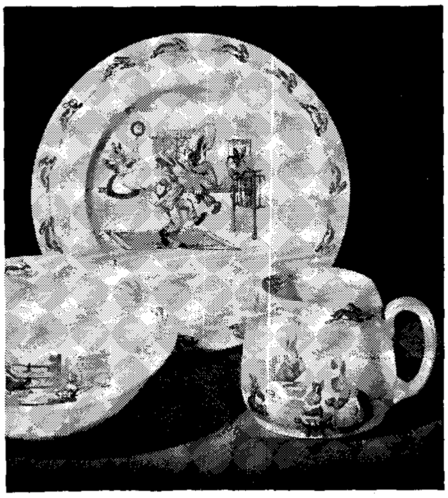

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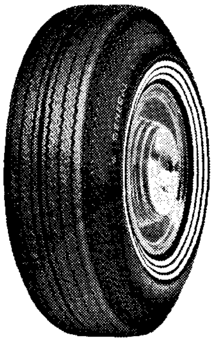
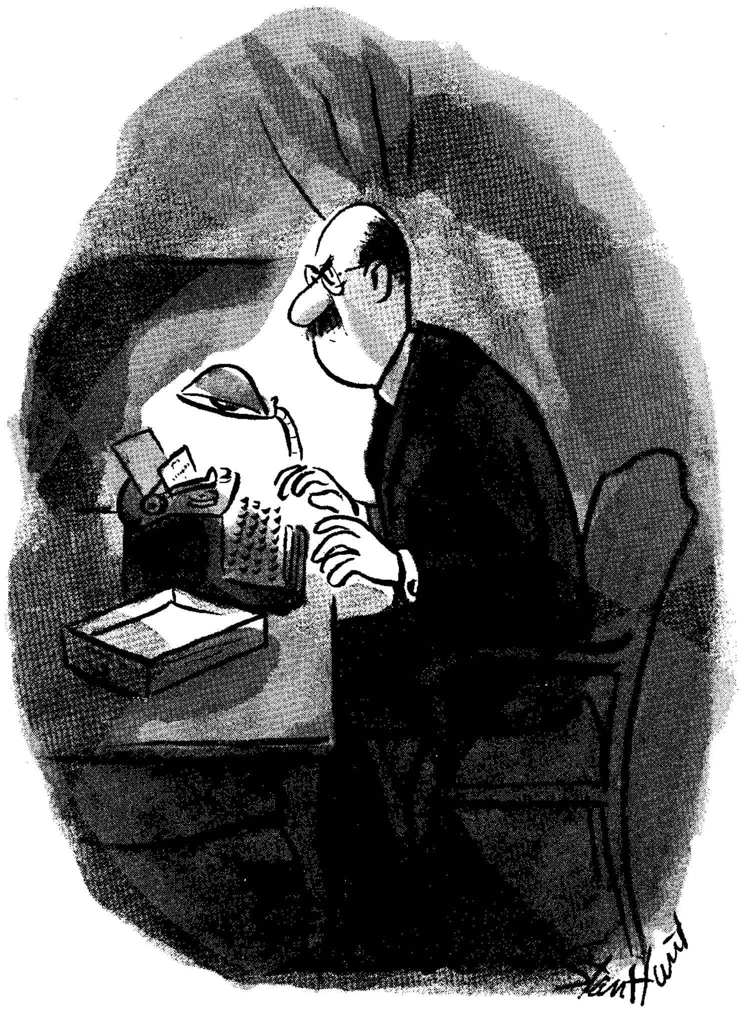


ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

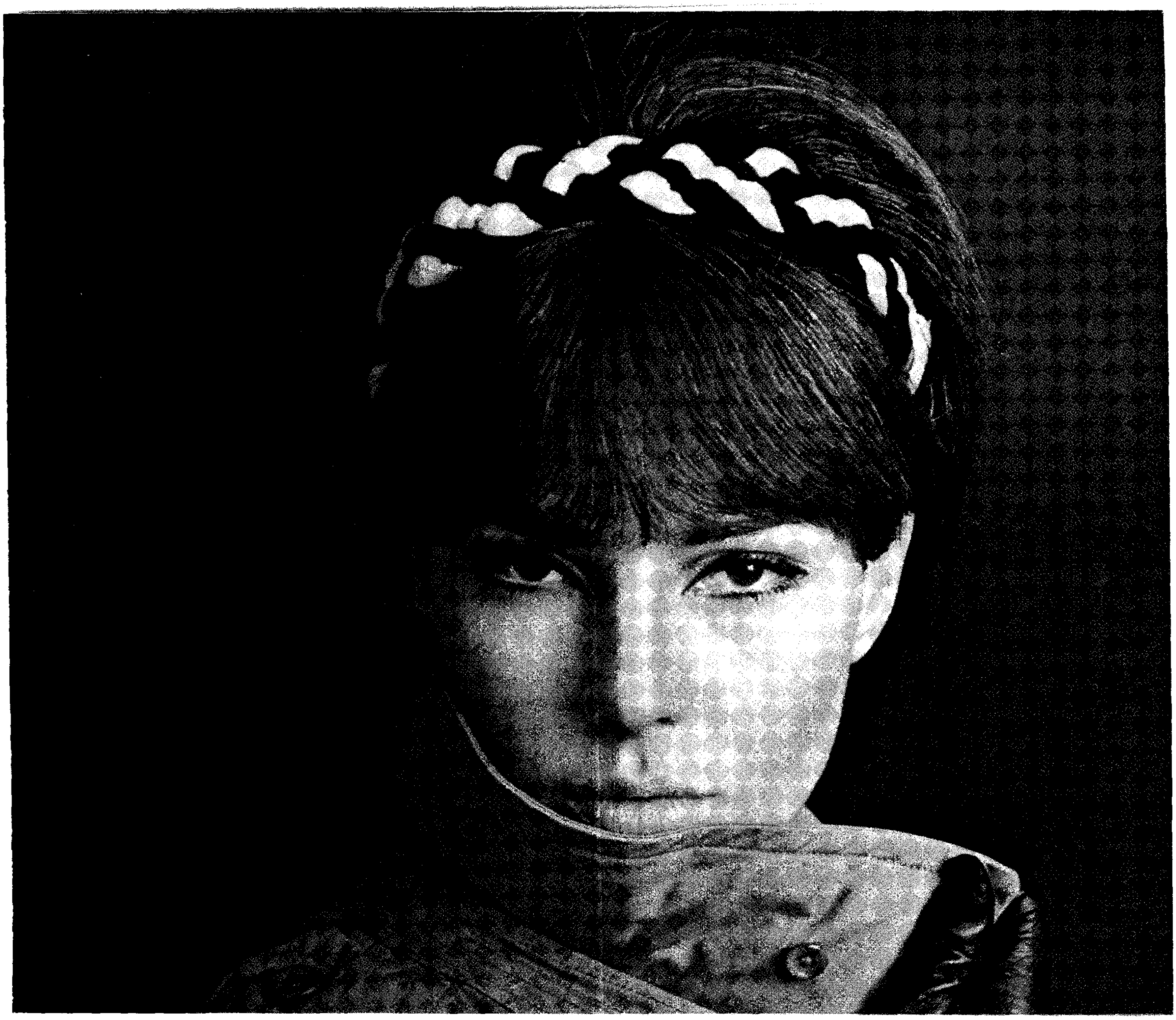
THE Society for the Abolition of Seasonal Weather has made enormous progress, even though it did botch up February (can't *some*body do something about February?). The progress is so enormous that getting a special outfit for Easter has become preposterous, since Easter, under the seeing aegis of the Society for the A. of S. W., can be anything from midwinter in Nome to midsummer on the Equator instead of—as in the old days—just plain spring. Pondering this situation as I went trekking on down the avenues of our ready-to-wear shops, I realized that I was being shown stuff for daytime in every sort of fabric and weight, from heavy tweeds to mongrel materials that are convincing facsimiles of gabardine or whatever to the thinnest of jerseys and wools (it was the prescient Trigère, it seems to me, who first made thin wools a year-around thing) and to linens and cottons—an overt admission, isn't it, that no one expects predictable weather anymore. An efficient girl, making the rounds I have just made, could put together right now a shifting-temperature daytime wardrobe that would be at home in any city in the world, but most especially in our own and most vagarious New York.

The traditional suits have long ago vanished—the ones with the tuck-in blouses that kept pulling out and looking like the devil when the jackets were removed, which meant that women defiantly began to wear the suits without the blouses and had to keep the jackets buttoned in the warmest rooms. In rebuttal, the manufacturers came up with "shell" overblouses that could make a smooth line down the hips and the stomach, and more and more these shells have been giving the ensemble the look of a two-piece dress that seems complete *without* any jacket. The logical next step, of which there is plentiful evidence this "season" (shall we call it?), leads to a certain confusion—two-piece suits with short sleeves and "dresses" that are likewise two-piece, involving long toppers and matching skirts. The confusion mounts in some of the big shops—Zuckerman suits in the suit department, and the suits of other architects in the dress department because they are considered to be dresses. The new Zuckerman Ford ($325) is of "whipped-cream" wool. The hip-length top fastens in front with a zipper that is surrounded and concealed by welt seaming; the collar starts out as a moderate middy job and then is really shortened—no more than four inches deep—in back. Bergdorf, Lord & Taylor, Saks Fifth Avenue, et al. own it. As for the overblouse so constructed that a jacket with it is not needed, Mr. Z. does it splendidly in a heavy cotton with fine raised stripes of red and white and a short, buttoned tab shirtfront. At Evelyn Byrnes, this is assigned to a Zuckerman suit of navy twill that nevertheless *has* a jacket—one whose pockets are down almost at the hem and whose lining is the same striped cotton. An outward pleat gives the wool skirt a sidewise flip toward the base. The top, but without pockets or sleeves, is part of his two-piece dress, entirely of the cotton, at De Pinna, and cotton in pink and gray stripes is combined with gray flannel in the making of his three-piece deal at Lord & Taylor.



I first saw the light of day on April sixteenth, nineteen hundred and four.

Back right after the First World War, when we had flappers, the uniform they wore was the wool-jersey Bramley (Franklin Simon was the outfitter), with a pullover hip-length top, a low-slung belt, and a pleated skirt. People thought the thing a scandal, since it ended only two or three inches below the knees. Hmm! The enterprising Norell has conspicuously upgraded this college-girl fashion in a variety of ways, often with a nautical touch. One way (at Bergdorf, among others) concerns a very finely pleated skirt of white wool, a pullover of the same wool, and a jacket of marine-blue wool with four double-breasted brass buttons. Another (Bergdorf again) begins with a skirt that is entirely of white shantung and eight million miniature pleats, then goes on to a buckled belt of red-and-navy wool jersey and a cardigan jacket of navy wool. Red, white, and blue are combined in *un*nautical fashion, too, as is the case for a Trigère costume—a coat of lightweight but heavy-looking nubbly wool with a marine-blue ground and big red and white crossbars dotted on it. Surah in precisely that pattern makes its lining and its scarf-necked dress. De Pinna and Bergdorf have given the item houseroom. The complete outfit verges on hysteria, I feel; I'd prefer the coat plus one red, one white,



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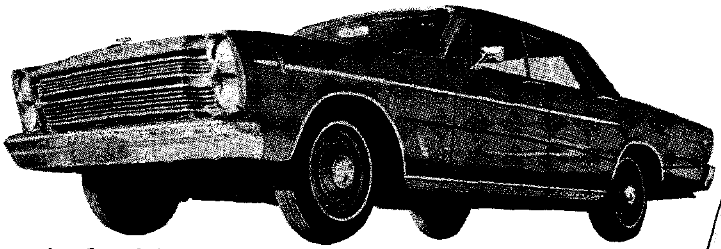

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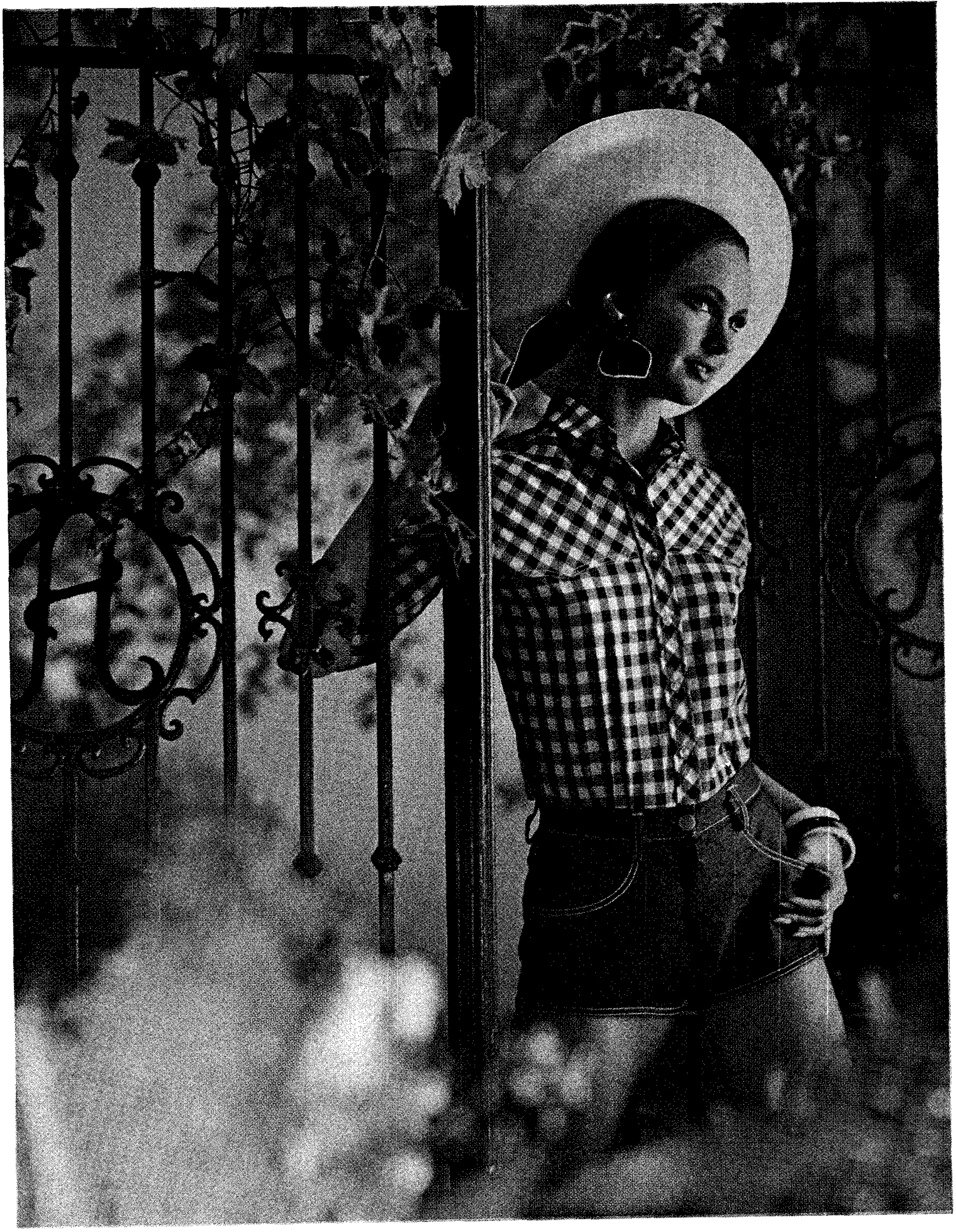

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and one blue shift for happiness anywhere, and for weeks and weeks of wearing.

Altman's Designer Shop is full of two-piece dresses, many with extra-long tops, like the one by Donald Brooks that appears in jersey with pink-and-chocolate horizontal striping. The front panel (this device is ubiquitous now) on the skirt is created by a deep fold at each side; such fullness is a great idea, skirts being as short as they are, in case you ever sit down. Another long topper at Altman comes from Townley—of brown linen, with double-breasted black buttons, four to a side, and an extremely low flapper string belt of black leather. More adult, if anything is these days, are the two-piece dresses ("charm" is, alas, the sole suitable word) with fairly straight tops that reach only the hips. Geoffrey Beene, a pride and joy to everyone, has come forth with a beauty in a pebbly black wool flecked with white. The top is bound with the black satin of an arrogant small bow on the outer side of each below-elbow sleeve. Rosette Pennington fell for this one, and it's $210. Even this has a hard time trying to beat Dior-New York's quiet little number in gray flannel, with a tiny roll collar of white piqué and more of the piqué emerging at the ends of the short sleeves. The skirt is cluster-pleated, and there is a shirt tab high in front on the top, to say nothing of four minute buttons.

Low, rather circular flares are around the best of the shops, too. Tiffeau has done, in this vein, a shirt-sleeved dress of gray flannel with a waist seam down on the hips, below which outward-stitched godets take over. When you see it at Lord & Taylor and Lee Hano, you will notice that a jacket of fleece in inside-of-a-banana hue goes with it. John Moore also fancies this lowdown line; as proof, there is his dress of thin pistachio wool with full, down-in-the-depths godets coming forward at the sides; the back is plain. Bendel has this, and an example of Kleibacker's way of dealing with white wool—a dress with a draped cowl neck, wide-shouldered cap sleeves, a sharp jog inward under the armholes, and a waistline that is low in front, higher at the sides, and very low in back. A circular ripple toward the bottom is included. But circular doings can start very high, too. Take Beene's dress of black Alaskine, with four little buttons (under the pointed collar) and an extremely high back belt; the ten-gore skirt commences at an Empire waist. No baby-dirl about *this* one; it's odd

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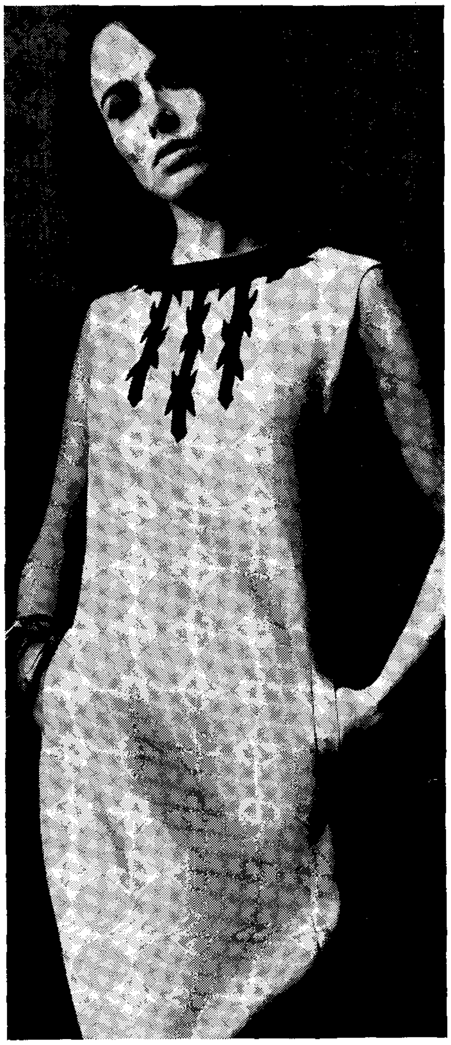

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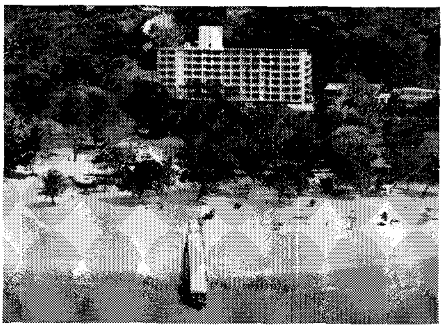
As for fabrics, the overcheck, the Tattersall, and the plaid, often in black on white, are epidemic, and at a number of prices. Bill Blass has made an engrossing suit (at Mimi Tuthill) with a sleeveless top in a black pane check and a skirt of the same stuff. A long-sleeved black sweater goes under the top when anyone wants a jumper effect. Rosette Pennington has invested heavily in such materials, and Lord & Taylor has acquired a good many Townley suits with red crossbars and stripes on a white wool challis from England, at $100 to $125 an item. More majestic are the prices in Lord & Taylor's majestic coat department, which likes black-and-white Tattersalls and so on; witness Raelson's coat in a big black overcheck, with a square of buttons on the diaphragm and, in back, a deep inverted pleat to give it a slight trapeze flare. This coat, like many, many others at L. & T. and elsewhere, embodies what the trade calls "double facing"—instead of turning the outer fabric of the coat in for two or more inches inside the closing to meet the lining, the designer lets the fabric end at the edge and makes the lining join it there, thus achieving a fine finished look when the coat is flung open. I am told that it is hard to do, but it is mighty pretty. The stunt is used for a lot of suits, too, for that matter.

None of all this means that the classic suit in brilliant tweeds does not exist anymore. It does, and Dior-New York is an effective champion of it. The jacket is usually hip-length, and big white buttons descend from below the lapels to the deeply box-pleated skirt. De Pinna is one of the possessors of it (just-below-waist-length, in this instance) in Kelly tweed with a broken white overcheck. Bendel and Saks Fifth Avenue have it in bright-red tweed, with a navy overblouse that includes a peplum, three inches deep, of the tweed (diagonally striped in navy and red) that makes the insides of the box pleats on the skirt. In a wild crisscross pattern in either orange or royal blue on white (it looks like heaps of disorganized kindling wood), versions of the suit appear at Bonwit (in orange) and Lee Hano (in royal), and Lord & Taylor has a masterly coat of the royal-and-white tweed.

Anyone who is not in favor of looking trim and saucy can join the mob that roams the shops for smock dresses, which are in stock for every age, size, and cost. The basic idea is a very high yoke that often comes within two

JAMAICA



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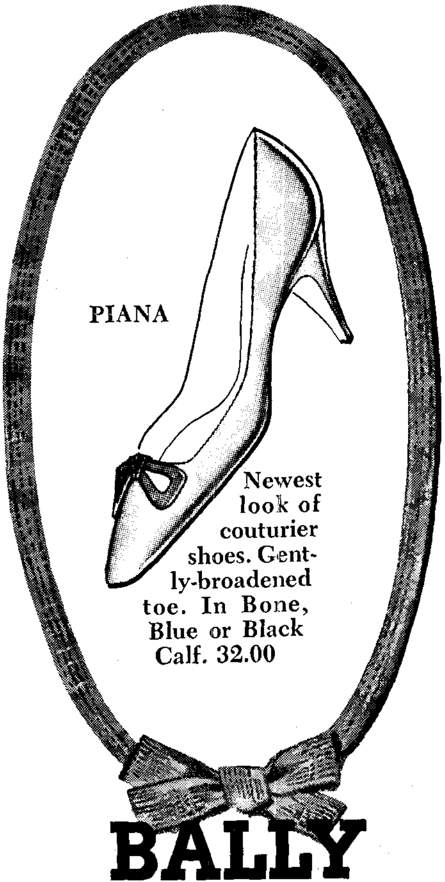

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inches of the plain round neckline, and there are gathers below to make the thing fall loosely and easily to the hem, which can be long or short. I like these dresses best with long cuffed sleeves. They are on every floor at Bendel, and Lord & Taylor is rife with them, too. My especial pets at L. & T. are the ones done by Bill Smith for Janine Kahan—square, round-necked yokes, and cuffs at the wrists that contrast with the dress; $70. The yoke of one is of brown silk, and below it white silk drifts loosely, but the combination of colors also includes turquoise with brown and pink with olive.

To sum up, be it noted that despite all the clamor about deliveries of goods that haven't happened because of That Strike, the shops are replete with downright temptations—so replete that I shall have to proceed through them, one at a time, more or less at random.

At Bendel, I could not escape a beautiful thing of aqua linen by Trigère, all bias-cut as far as its shoulder-strap dress is concerned. It is surmounted by a buttoned-down-the-back jacket, with wide-on-the-shoulder cap sleeves and a V jog inward below them. Bill Blass, of Rentner, is present, too, with a dress of doubleweight jersey in coral or navy with wide, short sleeves, pockets slanting outward on the ribs, and three brass buttons below the turnover collar. Ingrid Cado, who is Bendel's and nobody else's, makes her pitch for year-round white and year-round cotton with a waffle-piqué job. The cap sleeves of the jacket are adorned by a ruffle, and it is closed by a bow at the waist. A square-necked straight sheath goes under it.

One of the best sheaths of gray jersey to be found in town is at Bergdorf, and Larry Aldrich *fecit;* $110. This ascends to a floppy turtleneck with a band of white jersey around the base of it—a band that goes out to the shoulder tips above the short sleeves. Teal Traina's jersey shift, in any number of colors, uses outward-curving seams through the body to make it a body-beautiful number. It's both sleeveless and $90. Cape costumes abound here, anywhere from infinitesimal to regal. In the first category comes Trigère's skimp of black wool covered, but only over the shoulders, by a capelet lined with black surah on which green and white polka dots prance. Because Trigère is a swirl girl, she likes capes of much greater size as well. A full-length one of navy wool with white crossbars is vastly circular, and a big white

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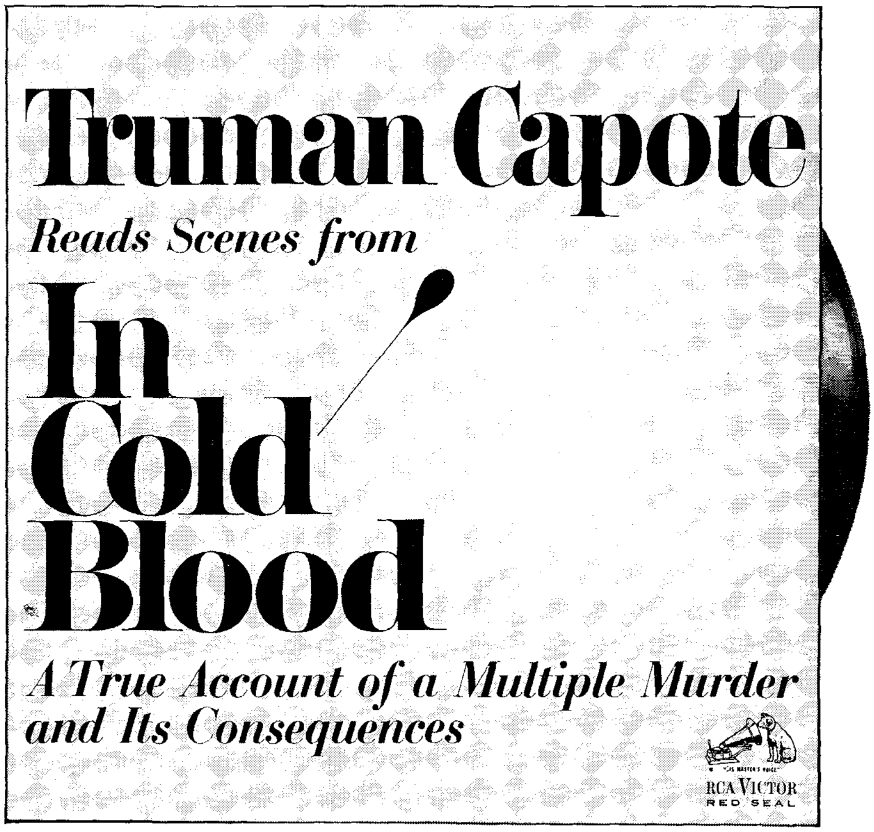
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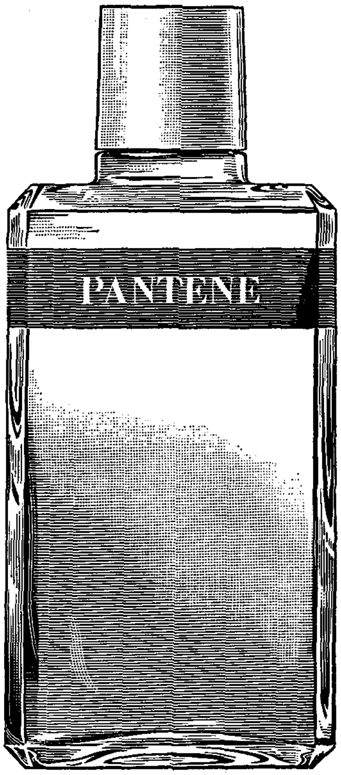

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cape collar sits on top of it. The dress beneath is of white wool with a one-inch band down each side in front. In honor of the nineteen-twenties, Bergdorf stocks Norell's jumpers. One of black wool is sleeveless and cut in a V to the waist in front; its long-sleeved shirt blouse wears a prim tie—black if it happens that the blouse is pale blue, Roman-striped if the blouse is white and the jumper is red (this one, though, is in the possession of Evelyn Byrnes). Another Norell prank is a pseudo-jumper of red jersey (with sleeves, this time); its pointed-collar shirtfront is attached to a slip to keep it taut within the V. Pretty sneaky—all this going on below the innocent surface. Trigère's V-necked jumper of white wool, with a big-sleeved blouse of navy silk on which there are white crossbars, has the advantage that it can be worn by itself in the evening—which the waist-length V of the Norell just about forbids.

BILL BLASS is well represented on Bonwit's sixth floor these days. To begin with, a startling day outfit. The coat, of white twill, has bands, an inch and a half wide, of pistachio and turquoise arching under the high bosom line; the dress is of pistachio wool. His two-piece navy gabardine is in a meek mood. The short-sleeved top, bound in navy silk, hangs straight to the hipbones, and the skirt is gathered. On the fourth floor, Tiffeau presents a very young and very cheeky dress of a white basketweave wool with plenty of royal-blue, green, and other yarn drawn through it. The lapelled jacket has a short, straight front, but in back, beneath a low yoke, there are smocking gathers. It is one of the most pleasurable tricks I have seen this time out. Among the lively Davidow suits is one whose basis is cotton-and-jute in a pale beige, on which is imposed a wavy overcheck in white, moss green, and deep coral. Its distinguishing attributes are short sleeves and a small split-band collar, as well as an ascot of the coral. Next, up comes Originala, which is in magnificent evidence all around town, with an unlined coat of double-faced chamois wool whose raglan sleeves come right up to the pointed collar. Moreover, there are big, slanting pockets, four buttons down the front, and a most circular back.

LEE HANO is diminutive, and so is her shop, at 698 Madison Avenue (62nd Street). No expense has been spared in the acquisition of the merchandise. For one thing, she has col-

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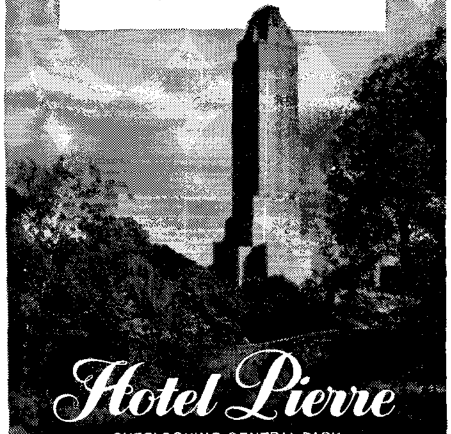

Hotel Pierre

OVERLOOKING CENTRAL PARK
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lected Dior-New York's coat (or coat dress) of white tapestry wool on which there are navy scrawls. For another, there's a costume by Bill Blass—a jacket of black petit-point linen on which there are bold red reëmbroidered polka dots, plus a sleeveless black wool dress. The jacket, by the way, is short and wears a mandarin collar. For one more, there is a Tiffeau suit in a hound's-tooth tweed—navy, turquoise, and white. The side folds of the skirt make a front panel (I *think* this is a Tiffeau invention), and the band across the base of the short jacket overlaps to give it a sort of field-jacket band.

AMONG the huge supply of temptations I noticed at Lord & Taylor is Monte Sano's coat of Linton tweed—a construction of many oblong pieces of fabric that manage to look interwoven (I am merely reporting, not explaining), all in this and that tone of yellow. The Interest therein is the deep seam that curves inward on its way from the shoulders almost to the waist; from this seam emerge dolman sleeves, achieving the look of a wide top and a skinny base. Originala, never more youthful in its outlook, shows a coat in pale-blue Melton cloth with the typical Originala sleeves—raglan in back and set-in forward; seams that curve in on their descent of the sides make for a supple air. This *numero* appears, too, in inside-of-the-banana. L. & T.'s suit department houses Frechtel's revamping of a fisherman's smock, of navy wool that bears a broken white pinstripe up and down; on the shirtwaist-tab front the stripe is diagonal, though, as it is on the pockets, which are down toward the bottom, where the back belt commences. The sleeves are short. In the dress-and-costume department we come upon a perfect gray flannel Tiffeau dress, whose deep oval yoke builds up to a loose turtleneck; seven smoked-pearl buttons are arrayed below this. From Geoffrey Beene issues a suit of wool in a tiny black-and-white check arrangement that is piped in black, and—for a wonder—a white daisy replaces the camellia and the gardenia we have all got so used to sitting beside the lapel. The jacket is fairly long; the skirt has trouser pleats. What is this suit doing in this department? Well, it isn't a suit as soon as you notice the underblouse, which makes it a costume. So who's to argue?

DE PINNA shelters one of the youngest navy-blue suits around, in petit point, with minute round gold

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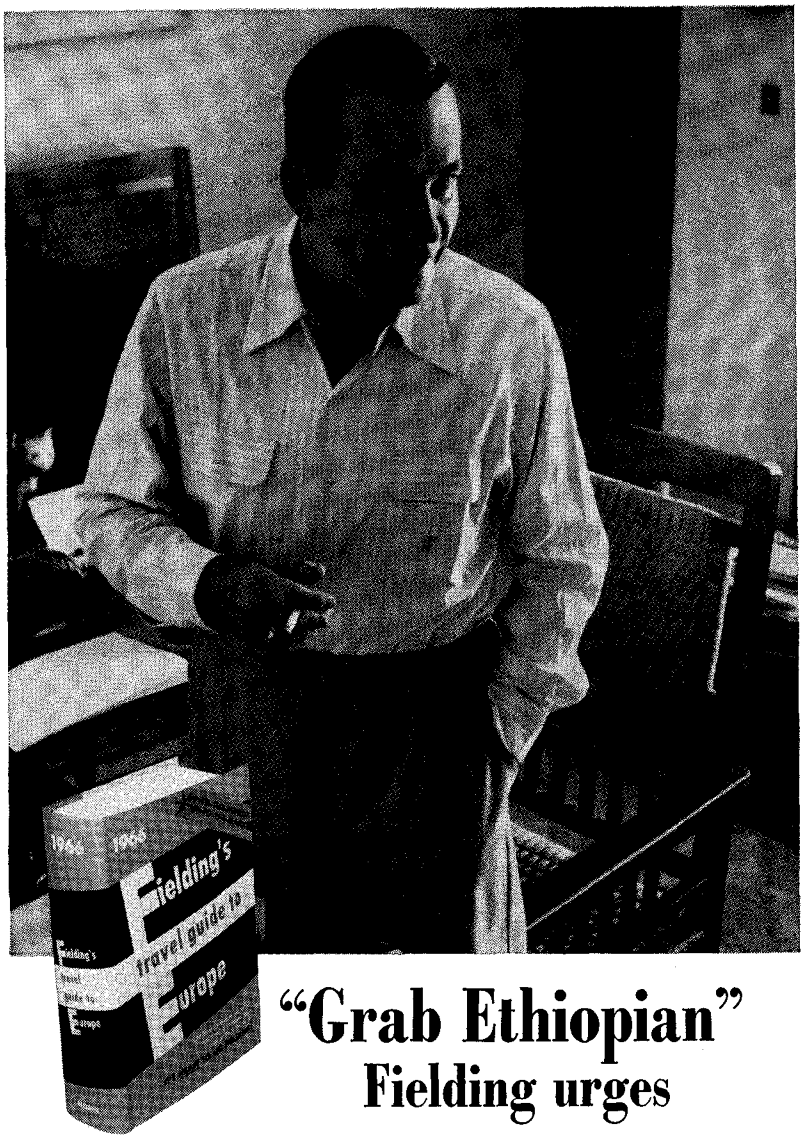

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Fielding urges

Temple Fielding, eminent writer and world traveler, has this to say about Ethiopian Airlines:

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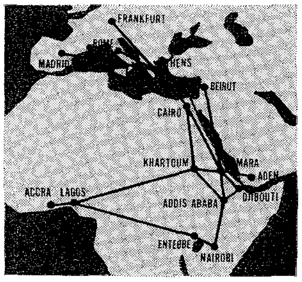

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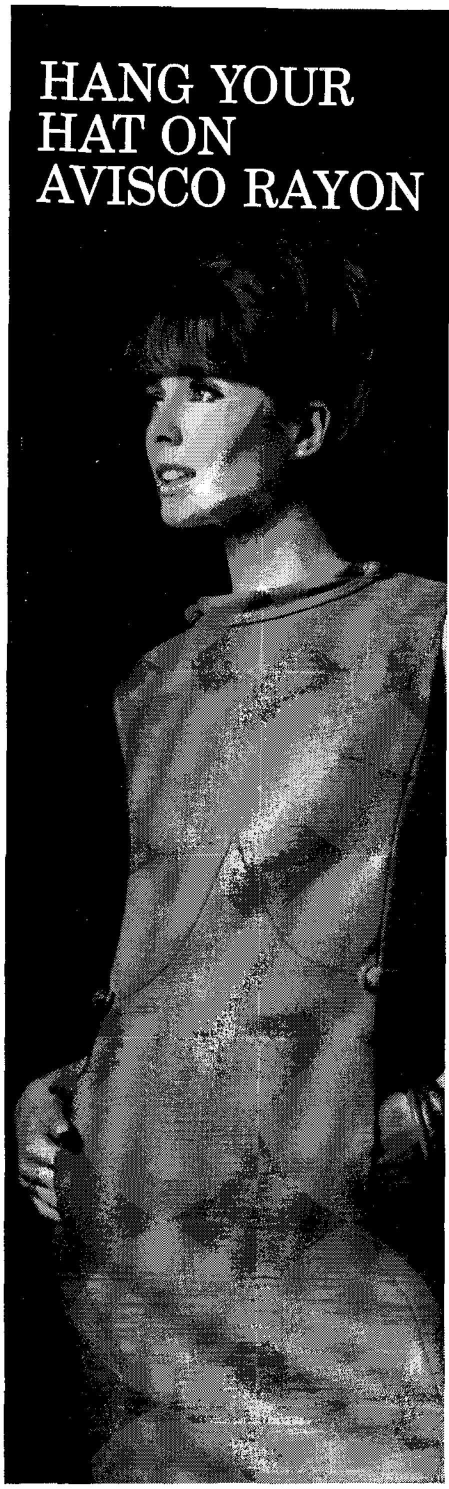

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buttons below the split band collar; a welt seam gives it a high waist, and a small black belt gives it zest. Under it goes a shell of white wool on which emphatic navy crossbars have made their mark. Oscar de la Renta is the author. Far in advance of the Fourth of July, Adele Simpson is waving a dress of red-white-and-blue surah with a sleeveless jacket of navy wool hanging over it. The surah is all in triangles that look like yacht signals. The long, long tunic has for years been considered matronly by a lot of us, but Ben Zuckerman, who is absolutely without daunt, has produced one of heavy navy twill—short sleeves, five gilt buttons down each side to the hem, and a slit at one side in that same hem. Remove the dress and the slip beneath it, and what we get is a dress that ends some inches above the knees—which lifts it out of the committee-meeting category.

ROSETTE PENNINGTON (the new home is at 538 Madison Avenue, near 54th Street) begins her coats at $50, for a princesse affair in primrose yellow, and her suits at $70, though a little jewel of a suit by Briarbrook, in wool with a small Tattersall check (a side-pleated skirt and a navy shell are part of this deal), is $90. From there, we ascend to such pleasures as Beene's crisp day suit with a cutaway jacket that has link buttons at the throat. Navy wool with a white pinstripe is the means to this end. The turtleneck of the white cotton overblouse shows above this throat; slight blousing near the base above a band of navy satin with a bow of the same stuff—these are the details. Pure refreshment is the phrase for an Originala wool coat (Rosette Pennington is only one of the holders of this) of that banana hue—a color that, like the coat, has really got around town. White faille pipes the collar and the closing, and it also covers the four buttons below. Then there is Trigère's dress of yellow wool, very high-waisted, with a band below the bosom and an attached skirt, circular as can be but managing nevertheless to fall slim. Either short or long sleeves are in order. Burke-Amey's fondness for color is pointed up by a dress of wool jersey in brilliant citron. Its V front, cut right down to the waist, is protected by a fake vestee inside it, of the pale-blue satin that covers the buttons on it. If the quest for color is still not satisfied, consider Vera Maxwell's sheath of linen in a bright yellow, with rows of rickrack in royal and vivid green and red and purple making bands

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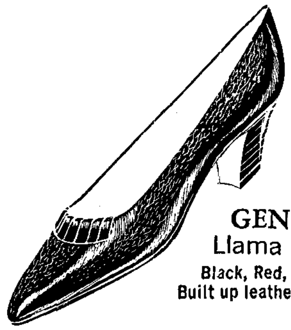

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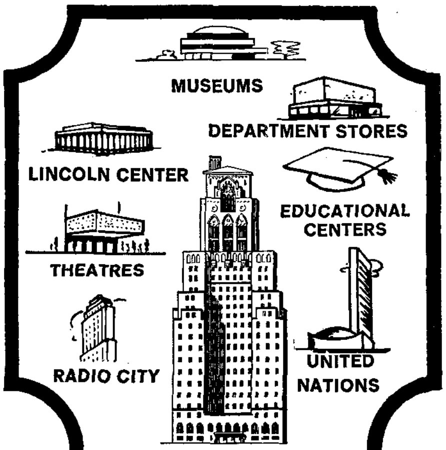

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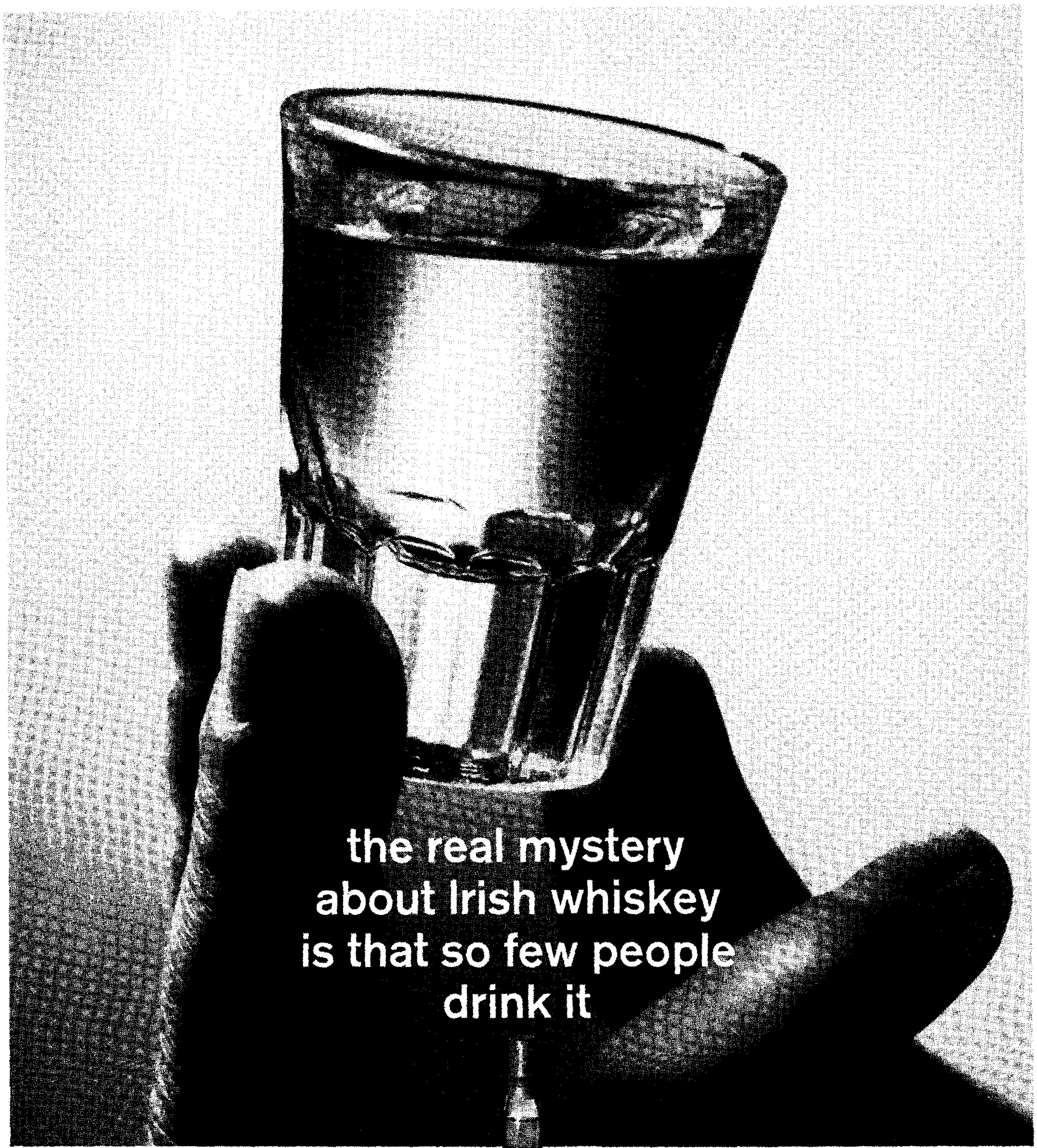

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Psychologists say it's better not to repress strong emotions. And we have a strong emotion. It's about Irish whiskey. And Scotch.

Scotch is a fine beverage and deserves its popularity. But enough is enough already. The truth is, Scotch has obscured a drink that richly deserves its own place in the sun.

We're talking about Irish whiskey, specifically Jameson's Irish Whiskey. Many people have the notion that Irish whiskey has a taste as overpowering as Irish opinion or Irish politics and belongs only in Irish coffee. Not so. Its flavor *is* different. You could call it crisp. Or clean. Perhaps subtle is the word. Irish whiskey is a different drink and deserves a different set of adjectives.

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around the hem and the oval neckline; $60 for this one.

UP on the fifth floor of Saks Fifth Avenue, high style is present in both dresses and costumes. One instance is Trigère's costume in cream waffle wool. Inch-wide panels go down the sides in front, and a low-riding sash of navy silk can be slung through them; the jacket, of navy silk, is ornamented with white crossbars. High as the style is the waist of a Trigère jumper in a pepper-and-salt tweed. Lofty, too, is the shawl collar, and huge are the sleeves of the blouse, which is of black surah on which tobacco and white polka dots appear. (I prefer, though, the variation on this theme that I saw at Bergdorf—a variation I proclaimed earlier on in this piece.) Wool with a tan-and-black zebra print produces a noticeable coat with a facing of white petit point, and the facing comes right out to the edge. And there's one more Bill Blass—a suit, this time, with a cape that is elbow length, in a bright-yellow tweed to which is added a bright-blue hound's-tooth pattern. The accompanying shell is of yellow linen.

EVEN with all this, you haven't heard anything yet. For when the sun starts sinking slowly in the west, there is need for pajama suits, little-girl dresses, suave and adult white crêpes, laces, chiffons, and lots of glitter. So better not go out after dark until there is more from this message center.

—LOIS LONG

THIS AND THAT

Wholly Wedlock

IN the spring of the year, if we are to believe one of Mabel Mercer's favorite lyrics (and why not?), the girls who have been noticing boys decide to do something about it. And that is why hotels have bridal suites and why department stores have bridal departments. Bergdorf Goodman has one of these—of the latter, that is—and that is why it has had Belinda Bellville, a Londoner, over for tea, along with a not very large collection of wedding dresses she has done for B.G. and nobody else. Royalty, it has been said, sometimes gets itself done up in Bellville clothes, but that does not mean that they are clichés—far and away from it. What could possibly be wrong with an off-white organza, bare of arm and straight across the neck, and its slender coat (bracelet-length sleeves), which is slightly embroidered? Organza belts tied in tiny knots (and aren't we

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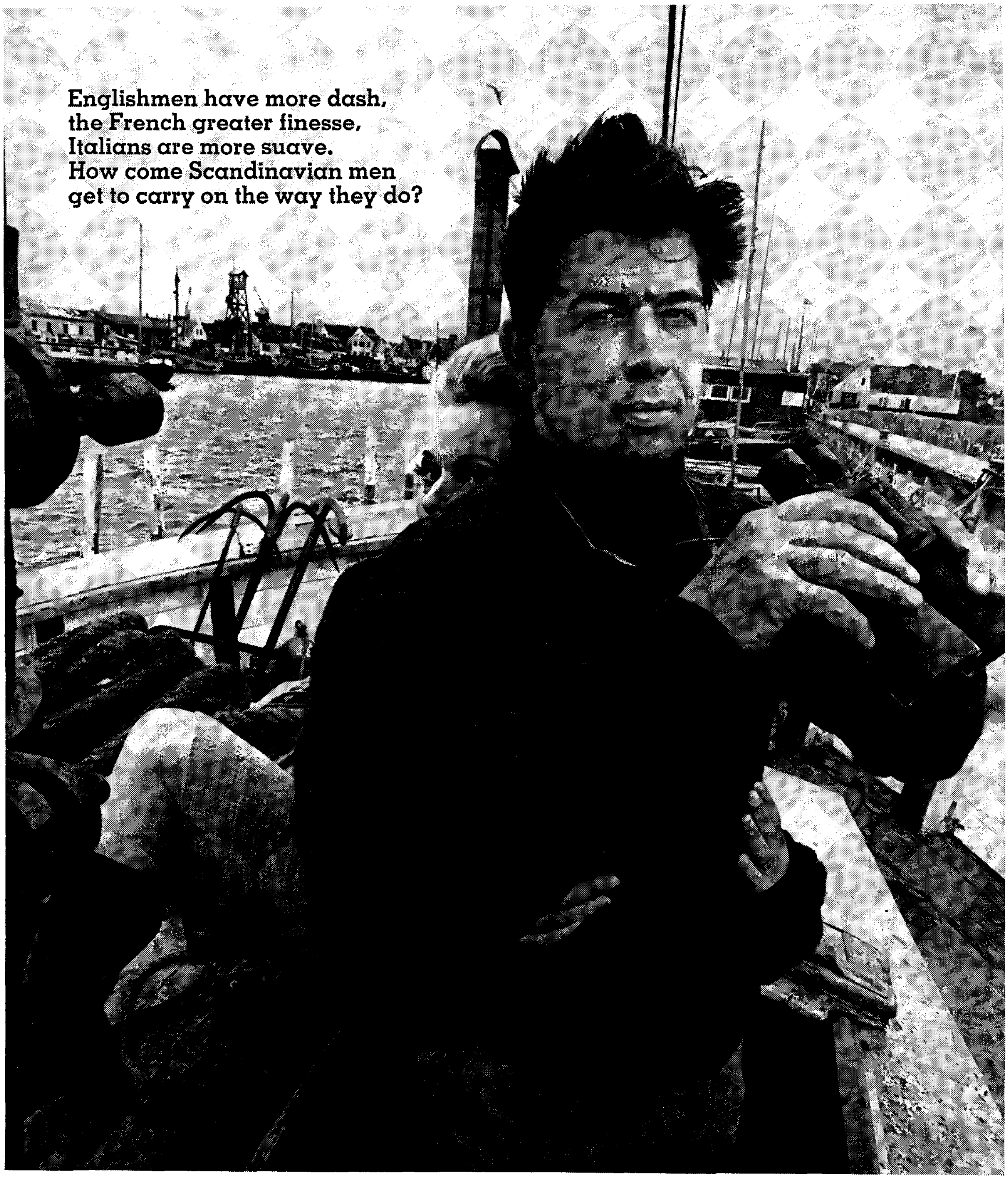

Englishmen have more dash,
the French greater finesse,
Italians are more suave.
How come Scandinavian men
get to carry on the way they do?

Hume Nansen is a rather gruff fellow. He will take women out on his boat only if they can swab a deck and make themselves handy around the galley. Hume wears a men's cologne called Teak and recently allowed the lovely, blonde Astrid to come out on his boat. Here they are just after Astrid finished swabbing up the deck, after finishing up in the galley.

Just think of what would happen if a man like you started wearing a scent like Teak. Now in America in a Cologne, 4.50, an After Shave and a Soap.

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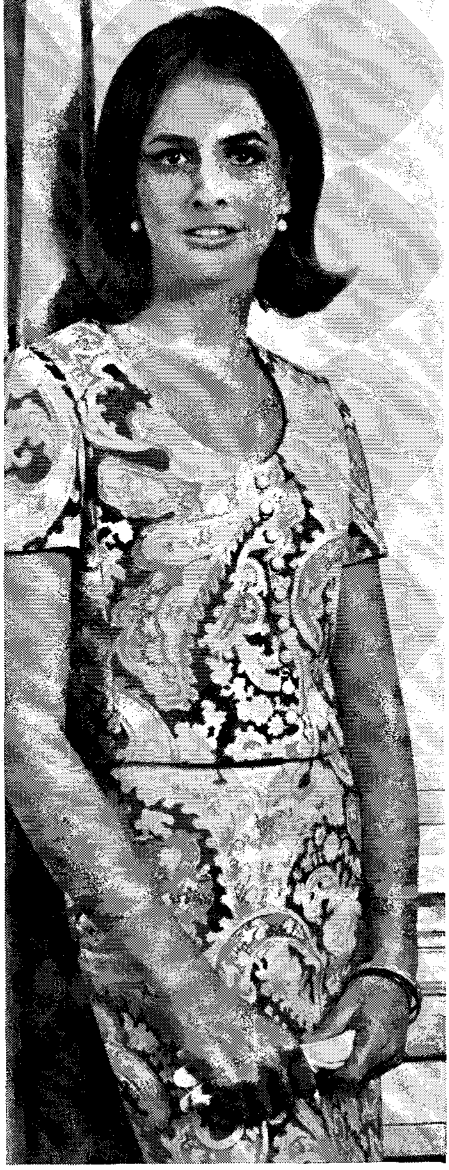

Here's a suit—ours alone—that definitely sings Spring from every aspect: short jacket, short sleeves, scooped neck...even the fabric (linen) and the warm wonderful colors (purple/olive, gold/beige). 5 to 13, 35.00

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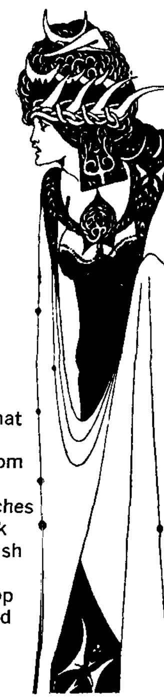
all?) nip both dress and coat in at the waist. One can be Victorian in dresses of white Chantilly-type lace, with ruches of the lace edging the elbow-length sleeves and, in back, tiers of net ruffles lining the enormous trains; one can be princesse in frocks of nubbly wild white silk, whose slit pockets (concealed beneath seaming at the sides of the skirts) may be used to hold something old, something new; one can be Old New England in the bedspread pattern on the gowns of white cotton ottoman brocade, with inserts at the waist and, to the rear, long bows and streamers as wide as panels swooping to the floor; one can be stately contemporary in dresses of candlelight satin with bushy diamond-shaped pleating on the three-quarter sleeves and the cathedral trains. Six weeks, and anywhere from $325 to $525, for the Bellvilles. Headpieces and veils, by the same hands, use up six weeks, too, and run between $35 and $175.

Bergdorf's home-grown dresses for bridesmaids (another six-week wait) are usually long and high-waisted. The fairest of them all are the frocks of pale-pink organza, with box jackets on which rows of white cotton lace repose. The runners-up are of turquoise rayon linen, with short capes, or of ersatz linen, citron in hue, with sleeveless, scoop-necked bodices in the strawberry pink that binds the hems. These last are $35 (the top price in this sector is $55). Oh, I almost forgot the medieval dresses of pale-blue rayon chiffon with seafoam-green linings of rayon crêpe.

BLOOMINGDALE'S bridal bower should be called Botany Bay, for it's apple-blossom time, just as in the old Shubert musicals, and buttercup time and even African-violet time. The apple blossoms, of pink organdie, are for the waists of pleated but slim gowns of white chiffon; the buttercups, of embroidery, are for the high necks and the three-panel trains of gowns in white rayon peau de soie; the violets, of organza, are for the modestly belled skirts of dresses in white organza that have fitted bodices. For that matter, it is not hard to notice the garlands of lilies of the valley on other skirts around here. The dresses of ivory cut organdie are, though, satisfied with small openwork rose leaves, and the only vegetation on the double-decker stunts (overdresses of white cotton embroidery, slit down the front of the skirt, that cover décolleté dresses of shell-pink rayon peau de soie) is the berry designs implicit in the embroidery. Just for the

AFTER THE PLAY



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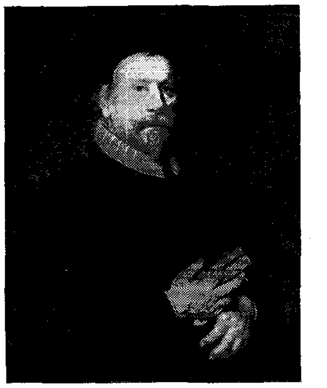

THOMAS DE KEYSER 1596-1667

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record, there are also crystal and pearl-bead medallions at the waists. A month is the waiting time for this roster, and anywhere from $130 to $325 is the cost.

Some of the bridesmaids' dresses here are more adult than the general run in town; the sheaths of pale-green rayon chiffon over polished cotton of a bright green with mauve and orange anemones printed on it, and the floaty gowns of orange-and-yellow rayon chiffon with cabbage roses of the same colors here and there and sashes of moss-green velvet to gird them up, are proof of this. The least costly ($30) of the array have skirts of white organza, decorated by buds of pink satin and embroidery leaves, and bodices (short-sleeved, scoop-necked) of grass-green rayon linen. The top price hereabouts is, by the way, $55.

THE Empress Josephine is represented in Saks Fifth Avenue's bridal compound by dresses of white chiffon woven with a horizontal ribbing—a fabric the likes of which is entirely new to me. Their slender, wrap-around skirts are iced at the sides and along the hems by white satin. Ivory organza is here, too, for gowns that are sleek through the body but widen toward the floor, and there are satin tulips on the short sleeves; white organza is for weddings in the wildwood—tubes of it, embroidered at the round necks and above the slit hems with white mimosa; pale-blue organza is for inserts along the eighteen-inch hems of dresses in white waffle piqué, and the organza is embroidered with white fern. These piqué numbers are $165, but a munificent $600 is possible here. Dupioni silk-and-wool (well, here's another new idea) is the goods, in off-white, for frocks (these, too, are Empire) on which flowers of pearl bead are tossed, to say nothing of pearl-bead rosebuds at the knees. Five to six weeks is requisite for any of this. So let's have no more of that talk about marrying in haste.

Bridesmaids can be equipped in a mere four to five weeks, in such equipment as frocks of a *soi-disant* challis in the palest pink-and-white shadow plaid. There is no mistaking, though, the pink of the clover embroidery at the high waists and on the ruffled three-quarter cuffed sleeves. The Empire waists and the short puffed sleeves of the pleated little-girl frocks in lilac rayon chiffon are girt with matching velvet baby ribbon. Last of all: Sleeveless dresses of mottled-blue rayon chiffon (there are blue-green and purple-and-white

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anemones abroad) with two pleated panels down the back. The asking prices are $35 to $55 in this quadrant.

TWO weeks is all Sally Victor needs for her custom bridal headgear, and $45 to $150 is what she wants in return, veiling *compris*—bandeaux of bouvardia for brides young enough to be under the supervision of the game warden; Juliet caps of the stuff, with bows that look like little birds; squashy but flattering half bonnets of white silk azaleas tied at the nape with satin streamers. Brides who do not wish to take a veil are escorted to crownless turbans composed of dahlias in white silk and velvet; miniature rosebuds, buttercups, or whatever may be added.

THE Nosegay at the Carlyle, which, naturally, has to be at Madison Avenue and 76th Street, is preparing for the rites of spring with rites of sprigs—old-fashioned bridal bouquets that are snow-white with narcissus, lilies of the valley, allium, Holland lilacs, and such; snowy cascades of gardenias, roses, carnations, hyacinths, clover, and such; little wicker baskets filled with narcissus, stars of Bethlehem, crocuses, snowdrops, and ferns; dogwood blossoms surrounded by cascades of ivy, hothouse myrtle, ferns, and camellia leaves. If the bridesmaids are in flower prints, let them carry bouquets of ferns—maidenhair, norwoodi (easily mistaken for parsley), and Fluffy Ruffles (easily mistaken for parsley with smaller leaves). Though the bouquets may look like tossed salads, it takes two hours to make one. If the bridesmaids are not in flower prints, let them have flowers of a single color—yellow narcissus, crocuses, tulips, for example.

AND what about the aftermath, when two are trying to live as cheaply as one? Well, there is a newcomer on the East Side—Ashley & Abel, Ltd., at 860 Lexington Avenue (65th), which does spirited clothes for spirited women in the size-6-to-14 area. Among the most noticeable are the tailored jackets of oyster Irish linen with two real patch pockets and two fake flap pockets, plus six-gored skirts or straight trousers; $195 a pair or $230 for all three items. This linen also serves for one-piece hostess pajamas with brass ball buttons, bell-bottom trousers, and the look of a midshipmite. Quite splendid trapeze dresses, right up to the throat, are of linen in oyster, pale pink, or oatmeal, and there is a touch

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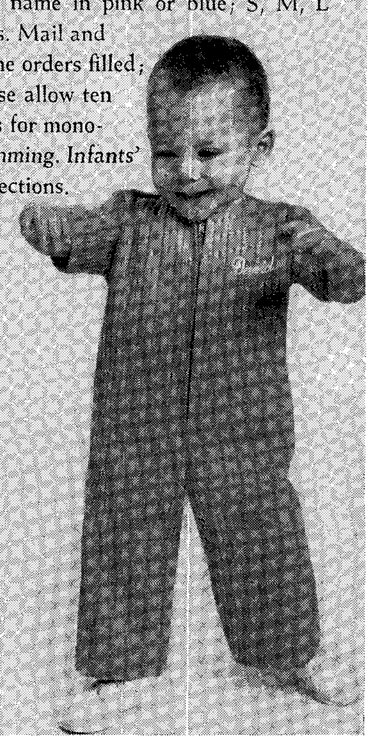

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of guipure lace in a contrasting or a matching color at the ends of the three-quarter bell sleeves; natural linen with crewel embroidery does décolleté A-line shifts ($90) and two-piece culottes, and there are sleeveless A-line dresses, high-necked, of silk plaid in savage orange and hot pink, looking spiral-striped because it is cut on the bias.

ALTMAN'S Young Colony Shop, in preparation for that same aftermath, has moved to the sixth floor, taking with it some lively things from London, none of them droopy Mod—princesse coats of a sunny yellow-and-white basketweave tweed, with narrow collars and modest necks; straight coats of orange-ice bouclé, with white grosgrain down the front, and double rows of acorn buttons; vigorous coats in ribbed Tattersall wool, with flyaway fronts and fence collars; three-piece "British naval officers' suits" (that's the story) of navy rayon worsted with white braid on the sleeves of the jackets and at the hems of the pleated skirts, plus turtleneck blouses of white shantung to fill in the V necks; rugby shirt shifts of cotton knit with three-inch horizontal stripes of red and yellow; long, fly-front jackets of white wide-wale cotton, with big cutouts on the hips, plus straight trousers; and, inevitably, above-the-knees culottes of black-and-white rayon with Pop Art décor and double-breasted blouses, in white, of the same goods.

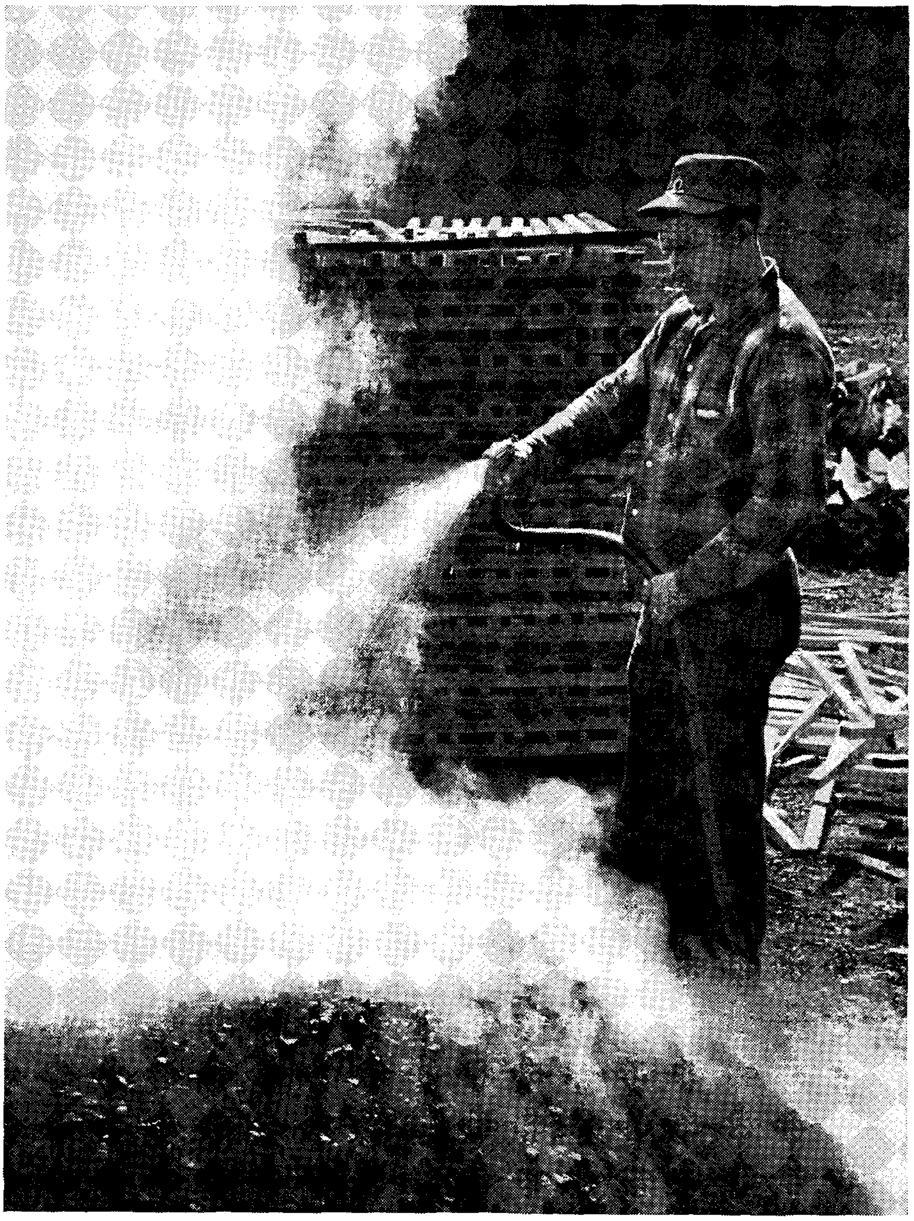
HELENE ARPELS FOR ALIATA (this is *not* a campaign slogan) is at 665 Madison Avenue (60th), dealing in handmade Italian shoes, among them square-toed moccasins of black cotton with a print of alternating chevrons and squares in a single color or lots. (With them can go big matching scarves.) These are for lounging. For more august events, there are low-heeled, round-toed slippers with shirred elastic bands over the foot; suède in black, turquoise, pink, or white outlined with embroidery is the goods, and beautiful and delicate is the effect.

—M. M.

•

Airplane makers are constantly looking for new ways to make planes safer. Live chickens were fired from a nitrogen-powered cannon to simulate in-flight collisions with birds in research carried out for Rockwell's Aero Commander division. The result was a windshield on the company's new business jet that the company claims would have to hit a 16,000-pound bird at 500 miles an hour before it shattered.—*The Wall Street Journal.*

And now to develop such a bird!



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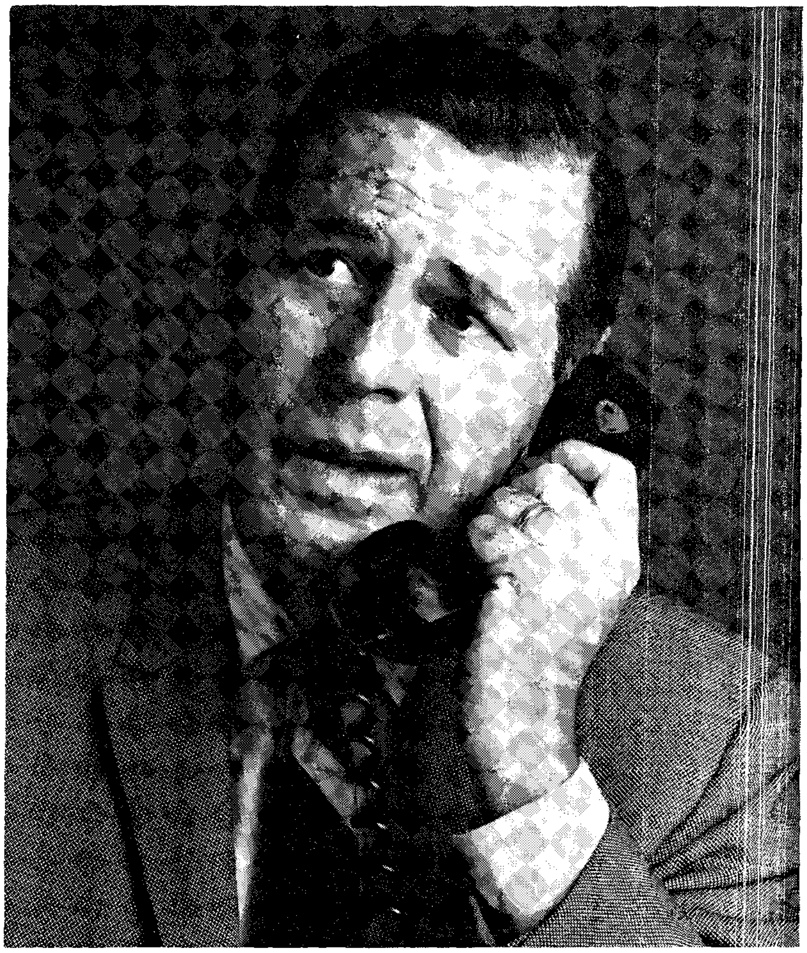


"I have to go to San Francisco"

"I'd love to go to San Francisco"

"But, Mildred, it's business. You don't want to go on a business trip."

"Oh, John, I've never seen the view from the Top of the Mark."

"Mildred, it'll be dry, stuffy old men sitting around talking about plumbing-supply biz."

"But United Air Lines offers you ⅓ off the fare for your wife, John."

"On the other hand, we didn't go any place on our last vacation, did we, Mildred?"

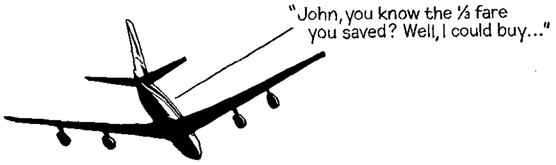
"United gives ⅓ off, John."

"Intimate restaurants...cable cars."

"United... ⅓ off, John."

"Mildred, start packing. We can just catch United's next jet."

"You're all heart, John."

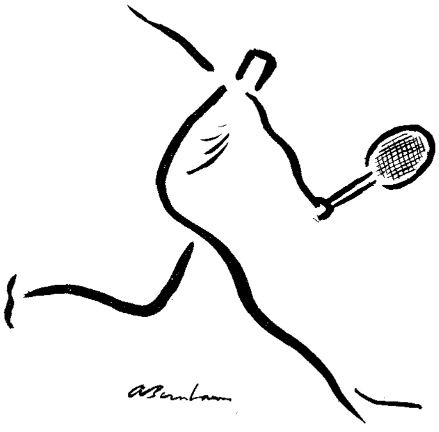

"John, you know the ⅓ fare you saved? Well, I could buy..."

fly the friendly skies of United.

THE SPORTING SCENE

SUCCESS STORY

DOWN through the years, the Seventh Regiment Armory, the red brick Victorian fortress that guards the middle reaches of Park Avenue, has connoted, for sports followers, the United States Indoor Tennis Championships. In 1898, their first year, they were played at Bray's Hall, in West Newton, Massachusetts, but when they were resumed, in 1900, they were awarded to the Seventh Regiment Tennis Club of New York, and the Armory became their permanent residence. Only once in the next sixty-three years were the championships held elsewhere—in 1941, in Oklahoma City, the home town of Don McNeill, the National Indoor champion in 1938 and one of the tournament's regular contenders. A rather large number of people, I gather, are under the impression that the "Indoors," as the championships are called, are still held at the Armory, but the fact is that their venue is now Salisbury, Maryland, and has been since 1964. That winter, because the Armory was undergoing a thorough renovation, the tournament was shifted to Salisbury for a year, on a stopgap basis, but the Salisbury people did such an altogether remarkable job, infusing new life into what had become a rather arid event, that the Lawn Tennis Association simply could not take it away.



The new winter capital of American tennis is an old, semi-Southern town of eighteen thousand inhabitants on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, on the Delmarva Peninsula. Until its recent celebrity, Salisbury was known chiefly as the headquarters of the peninsula's thriving poultry industry. (The local breed, naturally, is called the DelMarValous chicken.) Wilmington, Delaware, the nearest large city, is a hundred miles north, and Baltimore is a hundred and ten miles northwest. Allegheny Airlines, however, operates a puddle-jumper service to Salisbury en route to Washington, and last month, when I went down the morning before the 1966 championships began, I took the flight that leaves at seven forty-five and reaches Salisbury just before nine. Only one other passenger got off there—a tall, good-looking young fellow with a slight European accent. Since there was but one taxi and we were both heading for the Wicomico County Youth and Civic Center, where the tournament is held, we quickly got to meet each other. He turned out to be Dmitri Sturdza, the No. 1 ranked player in Switzerland, who had flown to New York from Paris the evening before. For an international tennis player, he was outfitted in the height of modesty; he carried no rackets and only two were tucked in his luggage. In the lobby of the Civic Center, a big, new, curved-roofed structure, we stopped to study the board on which the draw for the singles had been painted. I knew that an extremely strong field was entered, but not until then did I appreciate just how strong it was. The draw went as follows (the parenthetical interpolations are mine):

Arthur Ashe, Jr. (U.S.A.)
Jaidip Mukerjea (India)

Stan Smith (U.S.A.)
Ian Crookenden (New Zealand)

Tom Edlefsen (U.S.A.)
Juan Gisbert (Spain)

David Power (U.S.A.)
Cliff Drysdale (South Africa)

Ronald Holmberg (U.S.A.)
Dmitri Sturdza (Switzerland)

John Pickens (U.S.A.)
Ronald Barnes (Brazil)

Eugene Scott (U.S.A.)
François Jauffret (France)

Richard Dell (U.S.A.)
Manolo Santana (Spain)

Dennis Ralston (U.S.A.)
Boro Jovanovic (Yugoslavia)

Mike Green (U.S.A.)
Tomaz Koch (Brazil)

Frank Froehling III (U.S.A.)
Luis Arilla (Spain)

Bitsy Harrison (U.S.A.)
Rafael Osuna (Mexico)

Charles Pasarell (U.S.A.)
Joaquin Loyo-Mayo (Mexico)

Winner of Roger Taylor (G. B.)
  vs. Lenny Schloss (U.S.A.)
Torben Ulrich (Denmark)

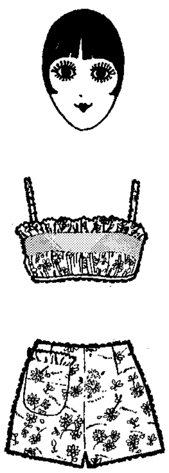
Robert Lutz (U.S.A.)
Nikola Pilic (Yugoslavia)

William Tym (U.S.A.)
Jan-Erik Lundquist (Sweden)

I was a third of the way down the list when I began to realize that each match in the opening round was bringing together an American player and a foreign player. (Taylor, though, defeated Schloss in their elimination match, and so two foreign players met in the first round in that bracket.) I couldn't remember anything like this before in an American competition, and I was musing that it constituted one of the greatest draws I had ever seen when Sturdza said that very thing. "At Wimbledon," he added, "you will find players from all over the world, of course. But to have players representing thirteen different countries in a tournament with only thirty-two places, and an indoor tournament at that—this is really amazing. Everyone is here except the Australians, and look where we are! In a little country town most of us had never heard of."

As it happened, two foreign players, Koch and Drysdale, and two Americans, Pasarell and Holmberg, reached the semifinals. (Sturdza, incidentally, gave Holmberg a very good match in the first round before going down 6–3, 6–4.) In the semis, Pasarell defeated Koch in four sets and Holmberg defeated Drysdale in five, and so we had an all-American final, which Pasarell won in three extended sets. There was a lot of excellent tennis during the championship, but, looking back, I would say that the star of the show was Salisbury. To begin with, as a place to play and watch tennis the Wicomico Civic Center is far superior to the Armory, on whose dark wood floor the matches had a sort of phantom quality, for it was almost impossible for a spectator to follow the ball as he peered down from the balcony through the dim lighting and the fog of cigarette smoke, and not much easier for the contestants. The Civic Center provides not only a much better surface—an emerald-green canvas, like the one the touring pros use, is stretched over the wooden floor—but infinitely better visibility as well, partly because of the canvas and partly because of the up-to-date illumination and the enforcement of the prohibition against smoking. Furthermore, on this, my first visit to Salisbury, it struck me that the tournament had much more of a championship flavor there than it ever had in its metropolitan days. For tennis, the Civic Center accommodates thirty-five hundred people, and on the last three days, when the buffs came in from Richmond, Norfolk, Washington, and Baltimore, there wasn't an empty

PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST



demure

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seat. They were wonderful galleries, too, full of knowledge and appreciation. Finally, I cannot remember attending a more capably organized tennis championship in some time. Until the Indoors, the biggest sports event on the Delmarva Peninsula was the annual Soft Crab Derby at Crisfield, and it is clear from the tender, loving care Delmarvans have lavished on the championships that they prize them properly. Myself, I would not want the Indoors to be played any other place.

A CLOSEUP study of Salisbury's development into what might be called the Green Bay of tennis brings to mind those patly formula success stories in the business sections of the news magazines. "For years James Crawley, a partner in a small South Bend printing company, was convinced that the most antiquated instrument in the modern automobile was the windshield wiper," such an account will begin. "In 1964, after all the major automobile manufacturers had expressed complete disinterest in his electronically operated, faster-than-the-eye device, Crawley set up a four-man plant in his garage to produce his Hyper Wyper." And so on *ad astra*. These accounts annoy me because, for one thing, they make me feel like a sluggard, and, for another, everything the hero does works out with an ease and dispatch that little resemble reality as I know it. The trouble is that every now and then things *do* happen this way, and Salisbury's rise in tennis is such a case. The hero of the story is William F. Riordan, a crisp, gregarious Main Street merchant in his mid-forties. Ideally, Riordan should be a native Salisburian, but the fact is that he is a transplant who grew up in Forest Hills and New Rochelle, the son of a retail merchandising man who was president of Stern's. After the last war, Riordan, a graduate of Georgetown, went into retail merchandising himself in New York. "I was moving along well," he told me in one of his infrequent breathing spells during the Indoors, "but the pace was killing me. My wife and I had a lovely home in Essex Fells—where I never got to. I was stuck in town just about every night entertaining this account or that account." In 1952, Riordan made the break and went to Denver; then, in the summer of 1954, after searching nine months for a small store in a small town, he bought the Fashion Shop, a three-story women's-apparel store, in Salisbury.

The one thing about the town that

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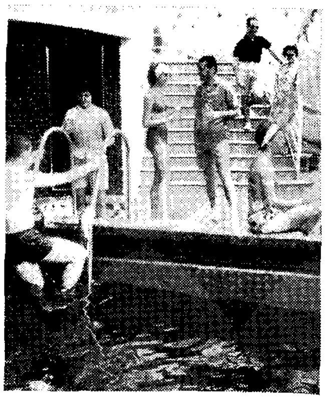

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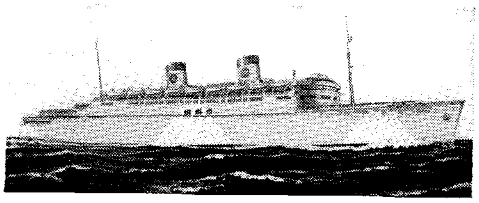

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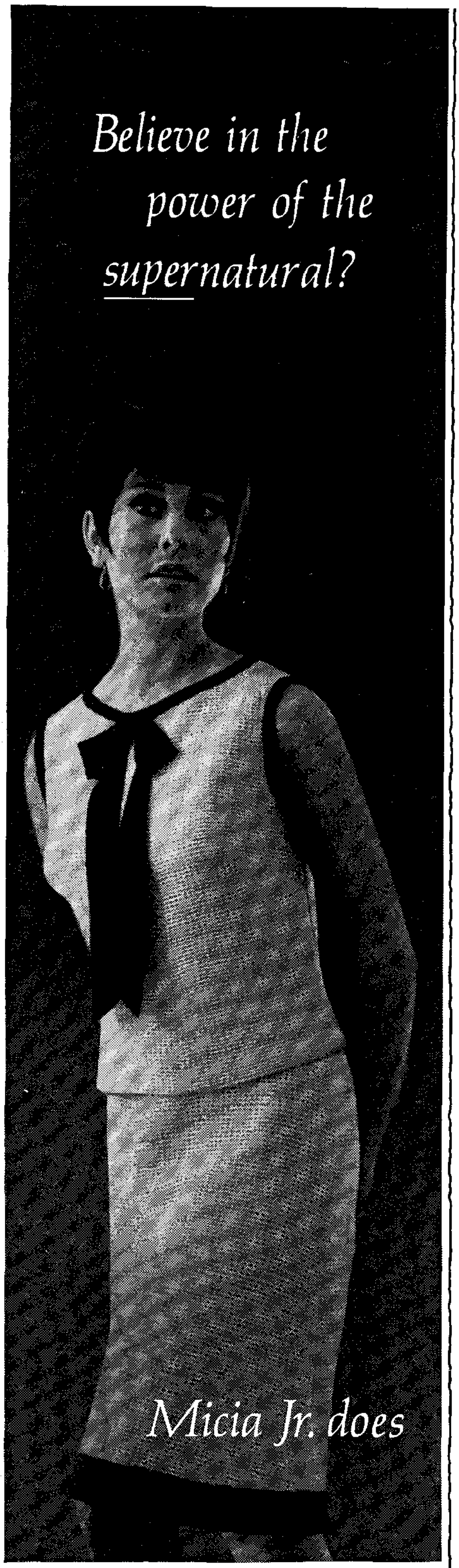
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disappointed him was the almost complete absence of tennis. There were four asphalt courts in the main park, but they were badly cracked. A few grownups used them, but no boys or girls ever did—an intolerable situation for Riordan, who had bumped into tennis in Forest Hills at an early age, had played on his college team, and had continued to make the game a large part of his life. After three under-tennised years in Salisbury, he decided to start a program to develop junior players. Five boys answered the call. He took the class the first day, and when the two men who had volunteered to split the teaching with him did not appear for their classes, he ended up by running the entire program himself. Later that summer, he inaugurated the Wicomico County Junior Championships, but it was all he could do to round up sixteen boys and sixteen girls. A year later, however, the boys' championship required a draw for thirty-two places and the girls' championship a draw for sixty-four. Next spring, the park courts were resurfaced and lights were installed, and two more asphalt courts were built to help take care of all the youngsters who now wanted to play. "That summer—the summer of '59," Riordan recalls, "the Pony League, the baseball league for boys of thirteen and fourteen, put a clause in each kid's agreement to the effect that if he played baseball he couldn't play tennis. Right on top of that, our program gained a more positive recognition. Plans were then in progress for building the Civic Center, and the county commissioners asked me to serve as a director. I told them I would only if provision were made for indoor tennis courts, and they all answered, 'Of course,' 'Naturally,' 'What else?' Then I knew I was home. Schopenhauer, you know, said that all great ideas have to go through three stages. First, ridicule; then, violent opposition; and, third, acceptance—as if the idea had been a self-evident truth in the first place. That fitted our experience perfectly."

Riordan inevitably became involved in the Maryland Tennis Association and the Middle Atlantic Lawn Tennis Association. When he became chairman of the Middle Atlantic's Junior Development Committee, in 1960, there was no money in the treasury, and he concluded that the best way to raise some was to put on a compact indoor tournament, limited to a field of eight, at the Civic Center. He scheduled his tournament—the Middle Atlantic Indoor Championship—for the week be-

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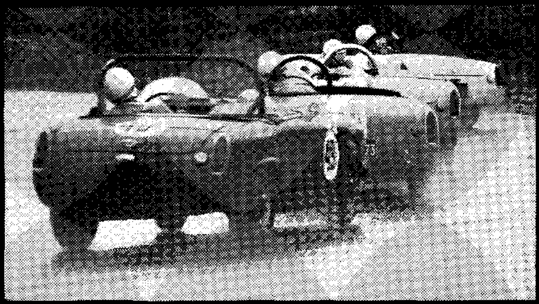

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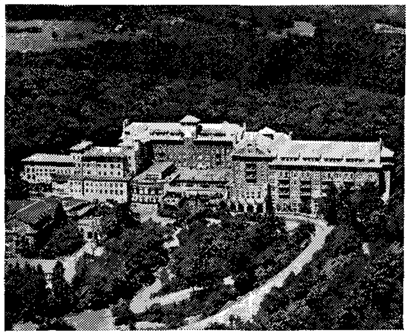
fore the 1961 National Indoor Championships, at the Seventh Regiment Armory. Looking around for a name player to lend his event a touch of prestige, Riordan remembered that Dick Savitt, the former Wimbledon champion, had two legs on the Indoors trophy and would be trying hard to gain permanent possession of it by winning the tournament a third time. The idea of tuning up for his quest in an uncomplicated but formal competition was put to Savitt, and he came to Salisbury, won the tournament, and then returned to New York and retired the championship trophy by defeating Whitney Reed in the final. The Middle Atlantic's Junior Development Committee cleared fifty-five dollars from that first promotion. Next winter, when Jon Douglas was the winner, the tournament made twenty-six hundred dollars, and in 1963, when Chuck McKinley beat Gene Scott in the final, thirty-one hundred dollars. That year Riordan persuaded John Sharpe, an Australian residing in New York, to compete, and promptly renamed the event the Salisbury International. By issuing three free tickets to all junior and senior high-school students in Salisbury—one ticket for each student and two for his parents—Riordan assured the tournament of large audiences on the Saturday, two thousand students turning out for the afternoon matches and three thousand adults in the evening. Indoor tennis, even in major cities, seldom draws crowds of that size, paid or free, and the town's obvious enthusiasm was the principal reason the chairman of the National Indoor Championships approached Riordan at the grass-court championships at Forest Hills that summer and asked him if Salisbury would be interested in putting on the Indoors the coming winter, while the Armory was under repair. Riordan's first reaction was bearish. To stage the tournament would require around twenty thousand dollars, he calculated, and he was not certain that Wicomico County was geared for that kind of operation, but in the end the challenge of merchandising a big-time tournament overrode this consideration. Riordan entered a bid for the 1964 Indoors, and Salisbury won out, it is reported, over St. Louis, Chicago, and Jackson, Mississippi.

After the town's first excitement at landing an authentic national championship had worn off, Riordan found that raising the necessary funds was every bit as difficult as he had anticipated. "When we tried to sell boxes for



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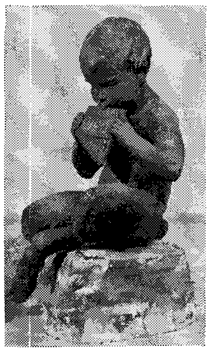

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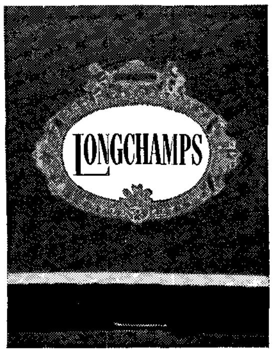
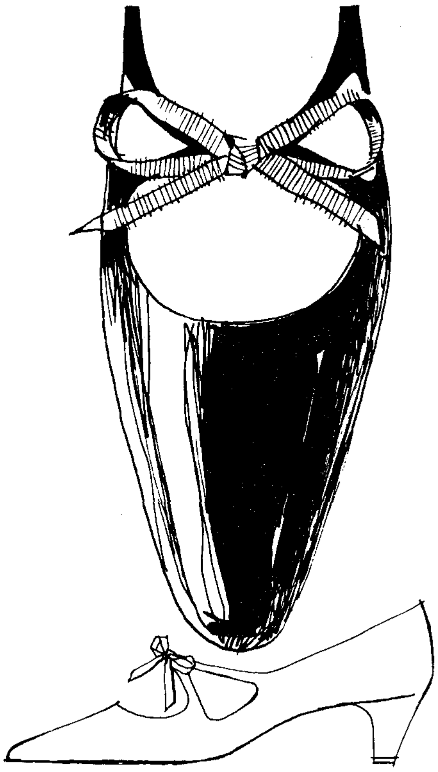


a minimum of a hundred dollars," he remembers, "everybody kind of yawned. The doctors were an exception. They're the country's best sports fans, and they were with us all the way." Riordan at length got support from the business community. The Salisbury *Times*, the Wayne Pump Company, and the Eastern Shore Public Service Company each bought a five-hundred-dollar box, and on the eve of the championship, when he was still two thousand dollars short, he sold the advertising space on the scoreboard for that amount to Delmarva Poultry Industry, Inc. That first year, however, Riordan scored a really tremendous coup. For the first time ever, the Indoors (to be explicit, the singles final) was nationally televised. Sports Network paid only five hundred dollars for the rights, but the important thing, to tennis people, was that a hundred and sixty-five stations carried the match. (McKinley defeated Ralston in five sets.) In this moment of triumph, the late James Dickey, then the president of the U.S.L.T.A., declared that the 1964 Indoors were the greatest boost tennis had received in a decade, and he forthwith again awarded the tournament to Salisbury. In 1965, Sports Network paid five thousand dollars to televise the final, a brilliant match in which Lundquist defeated Ralston in four sets. Their duel ran an hour and twenty-five minutes over its scheduled airtime, but Sports Network carried it all, and the last hour of the match was watched by around fourteen million people, the largest audience in history to view a tennis match in this country. Unfortunately, this proved to be a sort of Pyrrhic victory. The extra airtime, which was unsponsored, cost Sports Network approximately a hundred thousand dollars, and it was not inclined to take on the telecast in 1966. Riordan approached the other networks, but the C.B.S. sports division was involved in arranging a new contract with the National Football League, and A.B.C. and N.B.C. were interested in televising the Indoors only under their own conditions. (A.B.C. wanted the final to be pushed up to Saturday, and N.B.C. indicated that it might not show a taped version until a month later.) These Riordan was not prepared to accept. As a result, the 1966 Indoors were televised only on the Eastern Shore, though edited tapes were subsequently shown in a few large cities. In a day when most of the overlords of sport will do anything to please the overlords of broadcasting, Riordan is to be admired for refusing to



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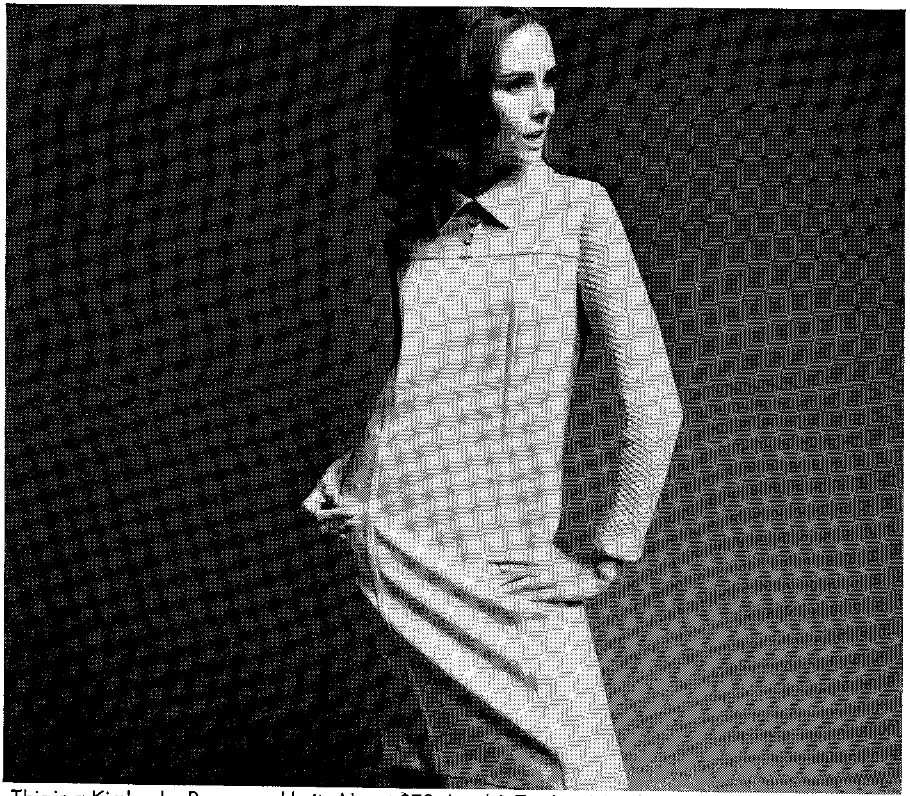

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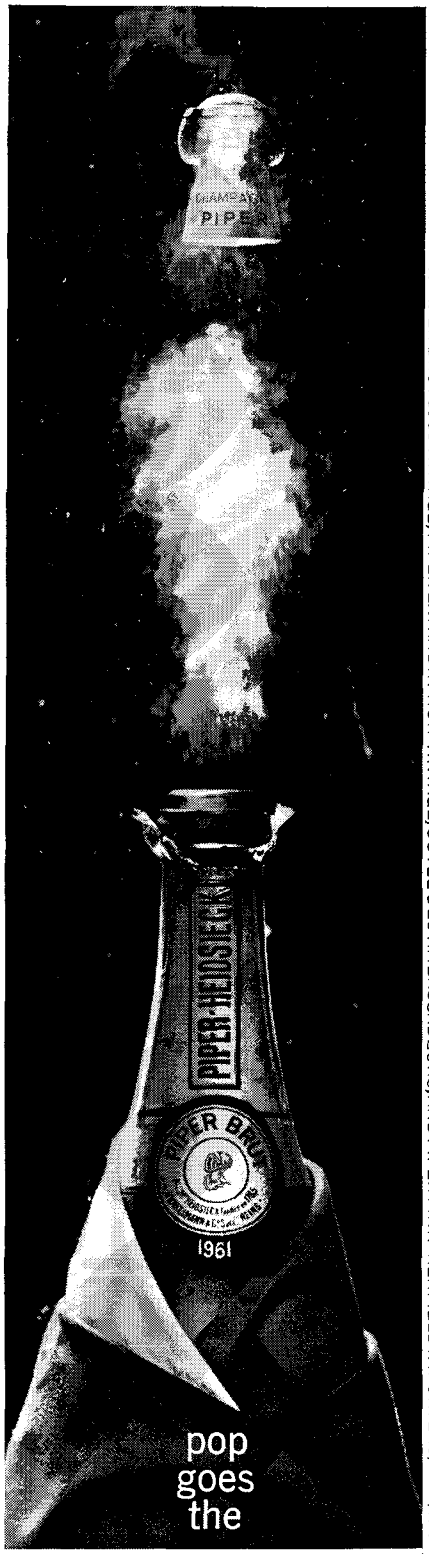

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distort a distinguished event simply to accommodate television.

THE most surprising feature of the championship was the early elimination of four of the players most heavily favored—Santana of Spain, the victor at Forest Hills last September and, at Salisbury, the top-seeded foreign entrant; Lundquist of Sweden, who was the defending champion; Ashe, our most promising young player, who had returned in late January from Australia, where he had been the sensation of the tournament season; and Ralston, our first-ranked player and the top-seeded American at Salisbury. Santana went out in the second round, losing in straight sets, 6–4, 6–3, to Scott, who played an almost perfect match. This upset had hardly been digested when first Lundquist and then Ralston were also beaten in the second round—Ralston in three hard-fought sets by Koch, and Lundquist in straight sets by Lutz, a substantial eighteen-year-old freshman from the University of Southern California, who is our current National Junior champion. (Until the semifinals, all matches were best of three sets.) Ashe lasted only a round longer before being put out by Drysdale, 6–3, 8–6. In a way, Ashe's showing was not entirely unexpected, for, after six months of practically uninterrupted competition, he is patently over-tennised. Moreover, Ashe, who is nearsighted, was wearing glasses—an experiment he had started only a week before, at an indoor tournament in Philadelphia; it was evident from the way he was hitting the ball all over the racket face that it will take him a while yet to get used to glasses. (He does not intend to wear them for outdoor play.) While upsets are far more common in indoor than in outdoor tennis—service counts so very much on the fast indoor surface that a man riding a hot serving streak can often beat a superior opponent—it is difficult to remember an indoor championship in recent years in which so many players of international rank were dispatched so swiftly.

After the elimination of the big guns, the role of favorite shifted to Pasarell, a sturdy six-footer from Santurce, in Puerto Rico, who—to use a golf phrase—plays out of the University of California at Los Angeles. In winning that Philadelphia tourney just before the championship, Pasarell had defeated both Ashe and Lundquist, and in breezing through his first three matches at Salisbury without even being carried to a deuced set he looked solid indeed. He was serving marvellously well,

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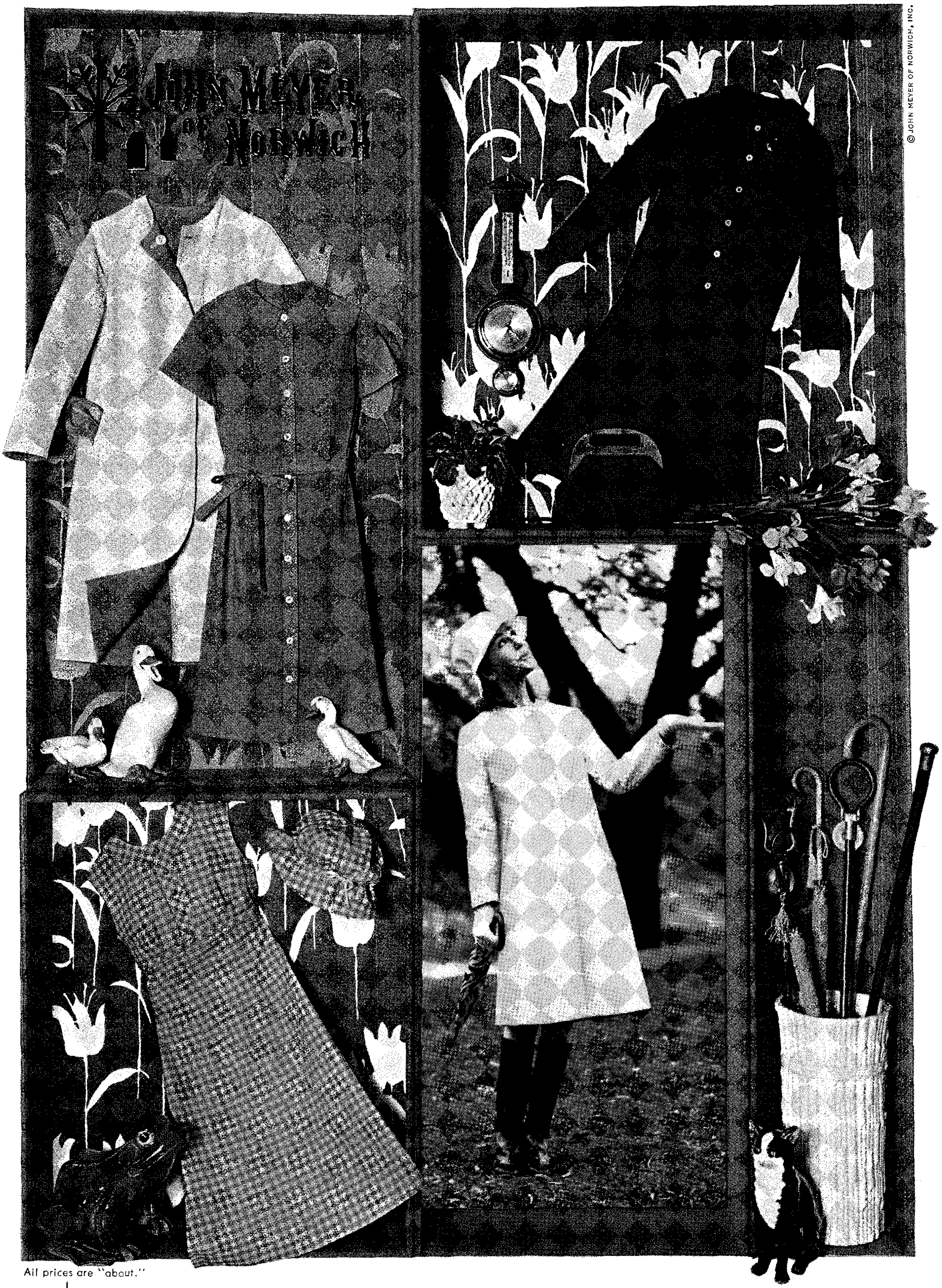

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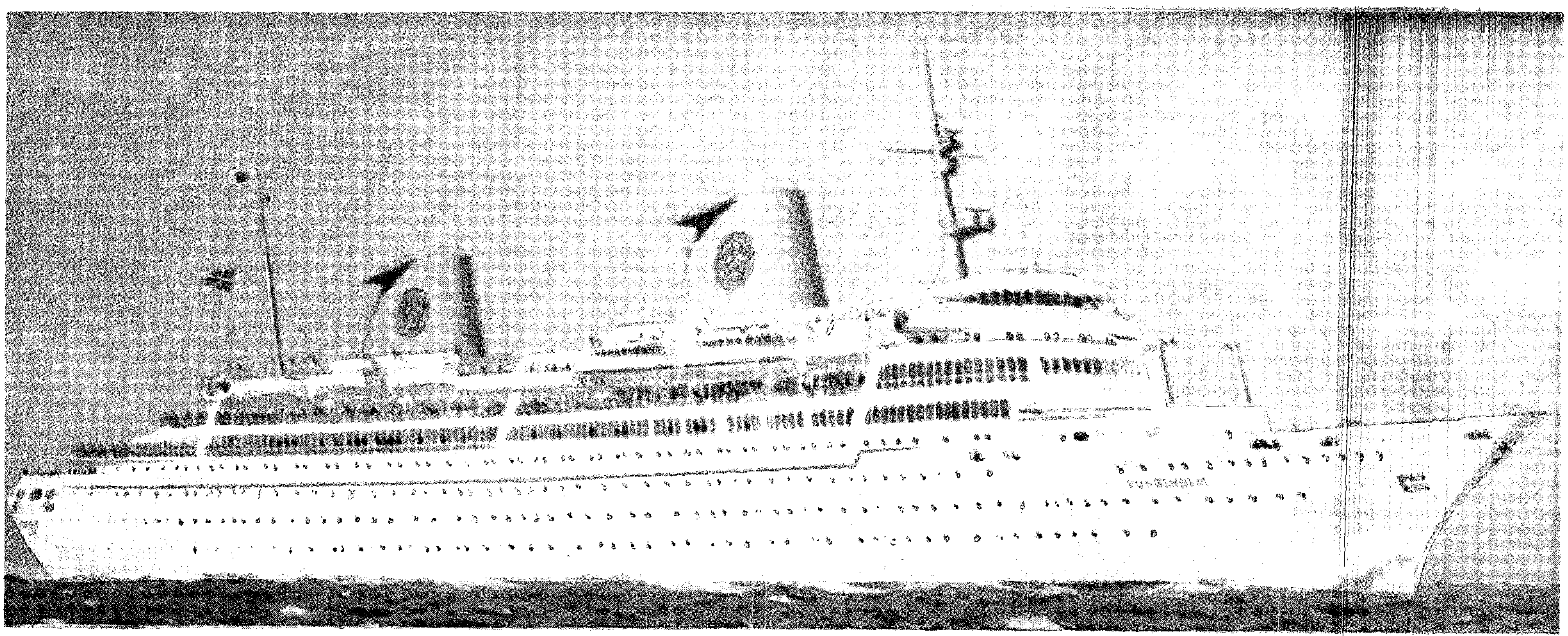

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but since he generally does—only Ashe among our amateur players has a more powerful serve—this attracted less attention than the high quality of the rest of his game, his return of service in particular. He was pounding it back as aggressively as he did last summer in defeating both Emerson and Stolle at Merion, and Stolle once again at Forest Hills. Pasarell's main shortcoming has been his inconsistency. His game climbs peaks and stumbles into valleys from week to week, sometimes from day to day, and when he gets into a tight corner against an opponent he is not certain he can beat, his confidence frequently deserts him. In the semifinal in the bottom half of the draw, he came up against Koch, the twenty-year-old Brazilian left-hander from Rio Grande do Sul, the state adjacent to Uruguay, where most of the German immigrants to Brazil settled. In describing Koch, a tall, pleasant young man who looks like a concert pianist, the word tennis people customarily use is "gentle." In the past two years he has several times been on the verge of breaking through in a big tournament, and old tennis hands, when they discuss why he hasn't managed it, blame his gentleness. As one Hemingwayesque commentator expressed it, "There comes a time in every match when you've got to slam the ball at your opponent's head to win a big point, and this Koch kid just won't do it." While he is not a power hitter, like Ashe and Pasarell, Koch is severe enough, and in making his way to the semifinals by defeating Ralston and Osuna in two of the most interesting matches of the tournament, he played exceedingly sound stuff, volleying low returns especially well and winning the pivotal points by passing up the theatrical shot in favor of the intelligent one. The big question in his match with Pasarell was whether he would be able to handle the Puerto Rican's service—a considerable assignment indoors since, apart from its speed, it carries a heavy spin, which, accentuated on a canvas surface, causes the ball to break with extreme sharpness. At the start, Koch could not cope with it at all. In dropping the first set, 6–3, he did not even succeed in putting the ball in play until Pasarell's fourth service game. In the second set he began to adjust to the big, jumping serve. Indeed, in the twelfth game he got to game point—and set point—against it. Pasarell, however, pulled out of the jam with two huge aces, and went on to take the set, 8–6. In the third set, Pasarell was leading, 4–3, in games, with his own service

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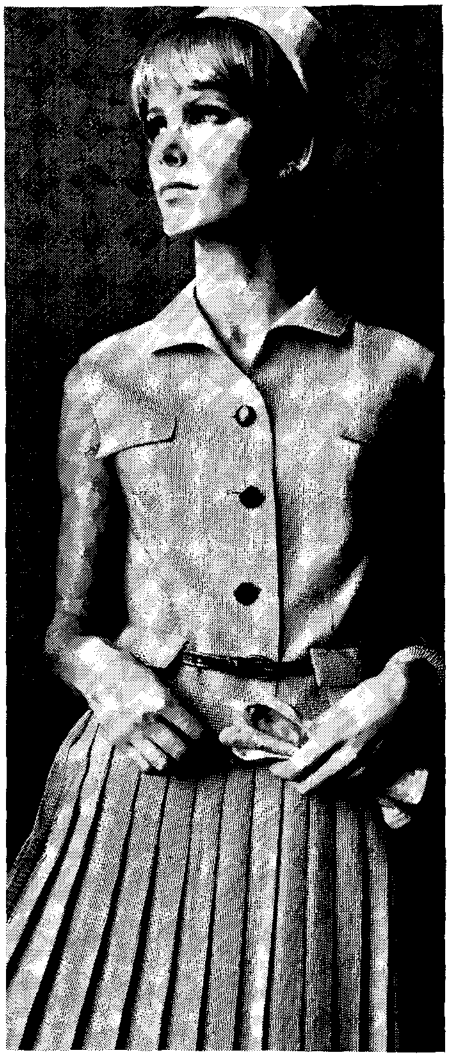

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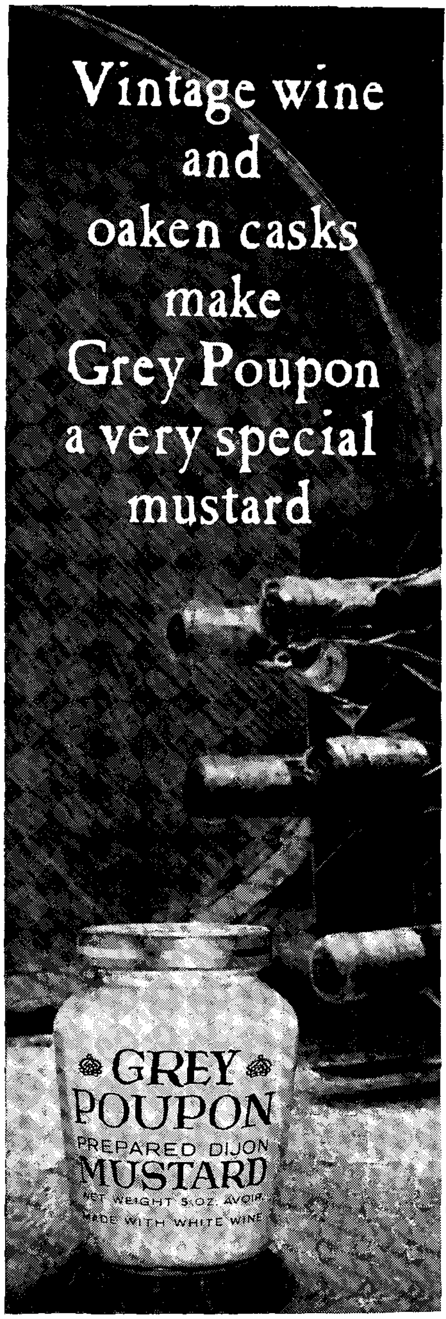

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coming up, when suddenly the prospect of victory appeared to unnerve him. His service started to wobble, and, playing a succession of weak, hurried ground strokes, he lost the game at love. Koch, heartened by this turn of events, broke through Pasarell again in the twelfth game and took the set, 7–5. The fourth set was a serving duel all the way, each man holding without much trouble until Pasarell broke Koch in the seventeenth game. During this protracted set, Pasarell's return of service had been much too passive, but in this game he at long last went on the attack, and at 30–30 hit two superb returns—a raking forehand that Koch barely got his racket on and volleyed into the net, and an acutely angled cross-court backhand that went for a clean placement. Pasarell now led, 9–8, and had only to hold service for the match. Here he was all resolution, and went out in a most convincing style.

Holmberg, Pasarell's opponent in the final, has long been one of the ranking enigmas of tennis. No contemporary amateur possesses more natural ability than this portly young man out of Brooklyn, who gained a place among our top ten players nine years ago, when he was only nineteen. Great things were expected of him, and at one time or another he *has* beaten all the champions, but on the important occasion—and to a much greater degree than Pasarell—he generally has a woeful time holding his confidence and his concentration. Holmberg is frequently the Wodehouse golfer who is thrown off his game by the roaring of the butterflies in a nearby meadow. In the third set of his match with Drysdale, for instance, he was bothered by the movement of the ball boys, concerned about the height of the net (he twice had the net-cord judge check it), and completely nonplussed when a woman in the stands could not find her seat. It was typical of him that, in an excellent position to wrap up the fourth set and the match, he suffered a lapse very much like Pasarell's against Koch, dropped his serve by netting three volleys in a row, and then lost the set. However, it should be noted that in winning the fifth set, 6–4, he displayed a coolness and a basic assurance I had never before seen him exhibit against an opponent of world class after losing his grip on a match. As a result, Holmberg reached the final of a major championship for the first time in his fairly extensive career. As I watched him warm up with Pasarell, the thought went through my mind—as it must have

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gone through the mind of many other spectators—that if sheer talent were the only requisite in competitive tennis, Holmberg would by now be as familiar a finalist as Roy Emerson, his almost exact contemporary. No one has a better eye for the ball, a surer sense of the racket head, or more facile reflexes. Blast the ball at him as he comes in to net, and, with an effortlessness that borders on indolence, he simply flips his racket to the angle he wants and dispatches the perfect-plus volley. His ground strokes are pretty and his service, though less graceful, is fast and effective. Maybe all he has ever needed is someone like Harry Hopman to drive him hard, make him run, polish his thinking, and shore up his determination. And maybe not.

Since Pasarell is also an attractive strokes player, there was a chance we would be treated to an exceptionally good final, but we were not that lucky. The meaningfulness of the occasion for both men seemed to have the effect of constricting their moves and their shot-making. Neither played nearly as well as he had earlier in the week, and there ensued a very dull match in which service bulked much too large, even though both Pasarell and Holmberg were serving much less explosively than they usually do. Pasarell won out, 12–10, 10–8, 8–6, mainly because he returned service a shade less tentatively than Holmberg in the critical passages. There was a sameness about all three sets. Early in the first one, service breaks were exchanged, and then games followed service until Pasarell broke Holmberg in the twenty-first game. He then served out shakily for the set. In the second set, both men held service—quite easily, most of the time—until the seventeenth game, which Holmberg dropped at love; on all four points he failed to get his first ball in, and Pasarell jumped on his second serve. Again, Pasarell, even after holding triple set point, had trouble going out on his serve, but eventually he did. The third set offered a slight change in format, both men moving in from the base line and returning service more assertively. Pasarell twice lost his service immediately after winning Holmberg's, but after breaking through once again, in the thirteenth game, to lead, 7–6, he fought back from 0–40 and, ripping off five fine points in a row, was finally home. One of my reasons for recounting the progress of this match in such a lapidary manner is to underline the difficulty Pasarell so often encounters in controlling his serve when

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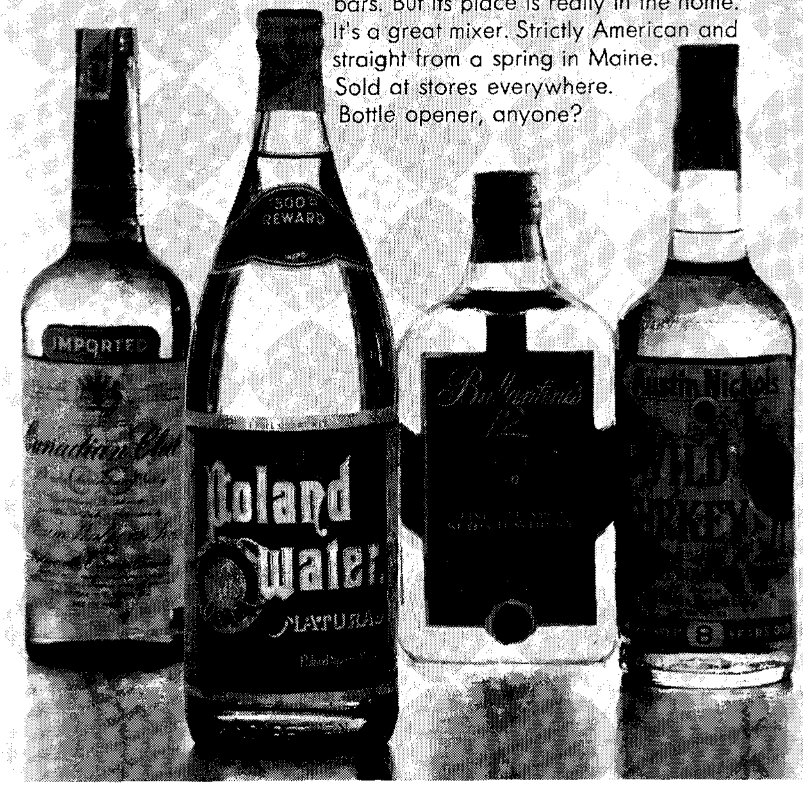

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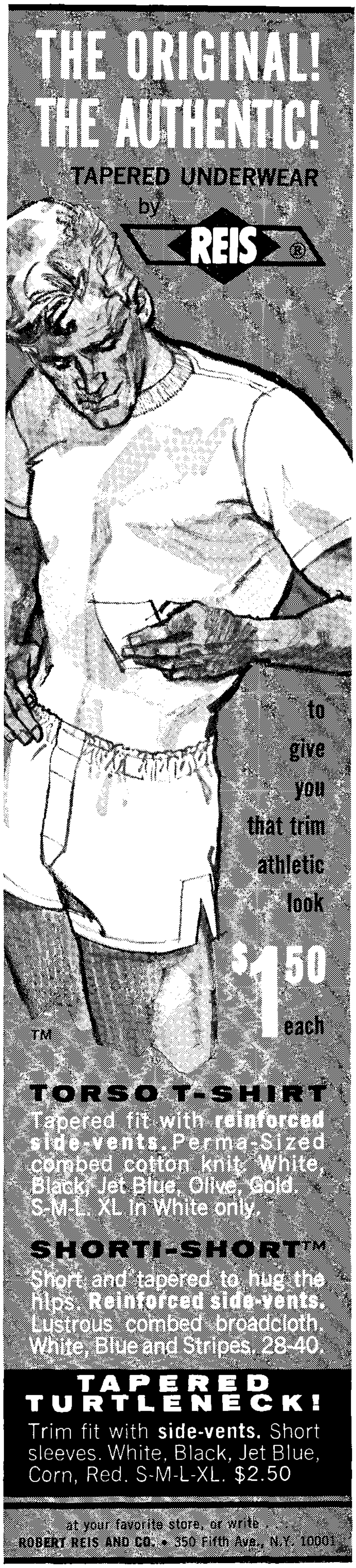
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a set is his for the taking. He produces the stroke so correctly and so easily that he should be all aplomb in such situations, and perhaps now that he has at length won a major championship he will gain the confidence he needs. It is really *all* he needs to be a truly first-class player and one who, in this important Davis Cup year, could be a tremendous asset to the American team.

As I have remarked, the most impressive aspect of the championships was the beautiful way Salisbury put them on. There were always large crowds at the daytime sessions, for this year, as in the past two years, junior high and senior high-school classes from all over Wicomico County, instead of attending their usual gym class, were bussed to the Civic Center to watch the matches. Each group saw about an hour's tennis before making way for another group. With this exposure to summit tennis, the Salisbury area has become a real hotbed of the game. This past summer, eight years after Riordan's first call for volunteers drew a mere five boys to his original program, seven hundred and eleven boys and girls registered for the instruction classes. The biggest problem today is finding qualified instructors, and Riordan must depend mostly on former students. This still gives him quite a competent staff, for nine of the top twenty players in the current Maryland state rankings are from Salisbury. Incidentally, two state boys' champions are local products—Jack Stevenson, the sixteen-and-under champion, and Riordan's son Billy, the twelve-and-under champion. Salisburians play not only good tennis but mannerly tennis. If you throw your racket, you are suspended for a day, and when a youngster does this, he simply walks off the court without being told to.

At the moment, there are nineteen outdoor courts in Salisbury. There will soon be twenty, for Riordan has just moved into a new house and will be building a court. The house fronts on the Wicomico River, and when I called on him there, I deduced that the lovely view of the river had dictated his choice. I should have known better. "A tennis court should properly run north and south, you know," he told me as he walked me out into his expansive back yard. "I can, you see, put a court in here very nicely, but, boy, it took lots of looking to find this place! You'd be surprised how few houses in Salisbury are built on lots that run north and south."

—HERBERT WARREN WIND

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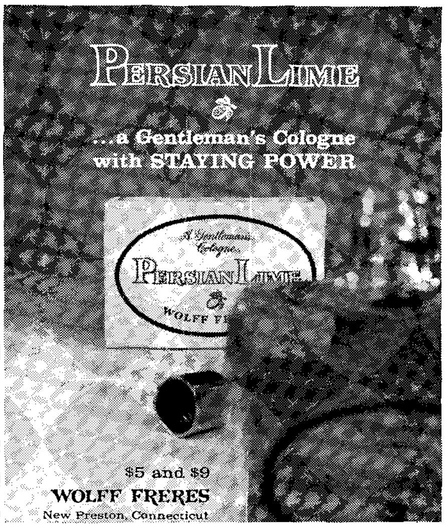
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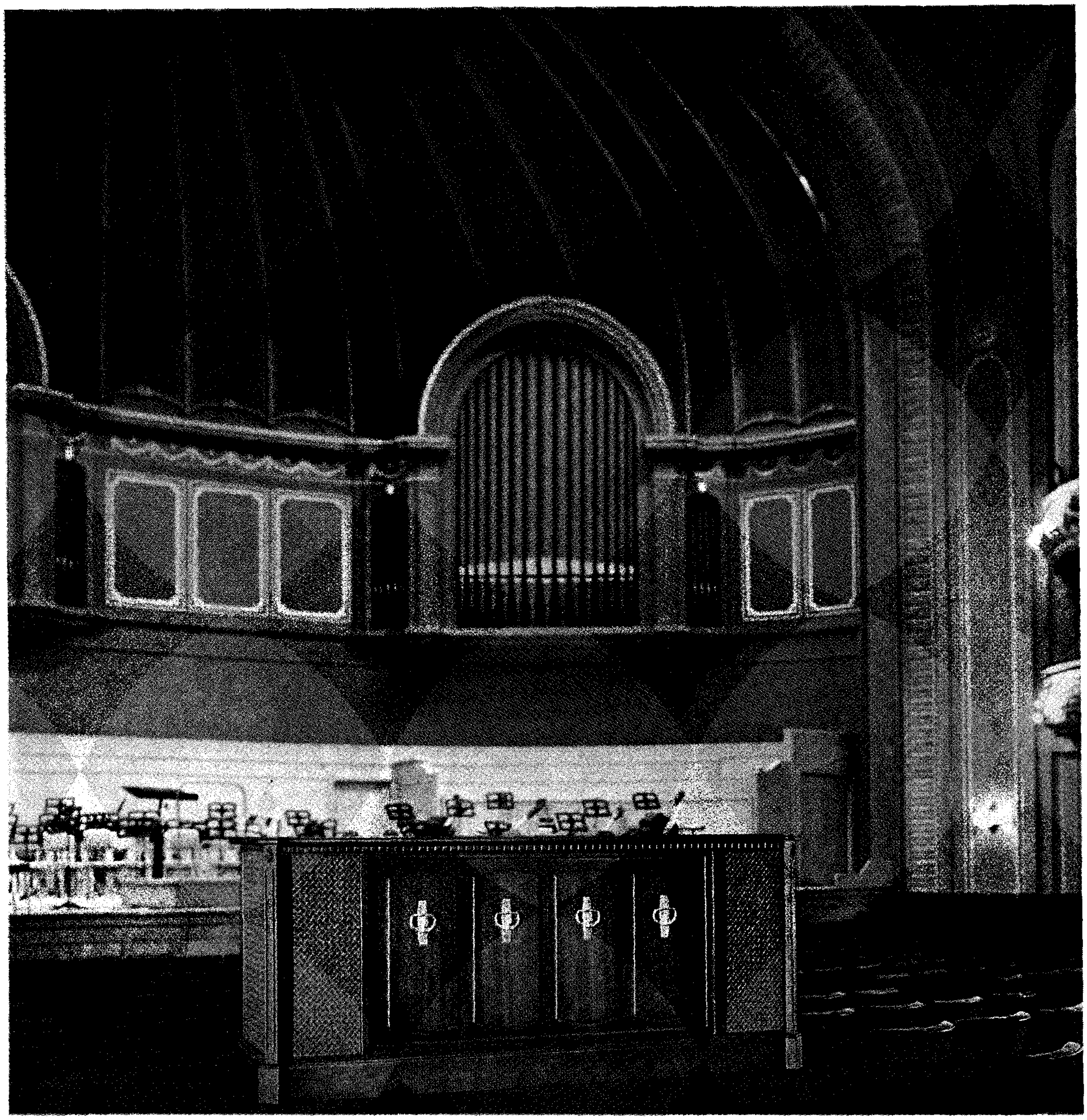

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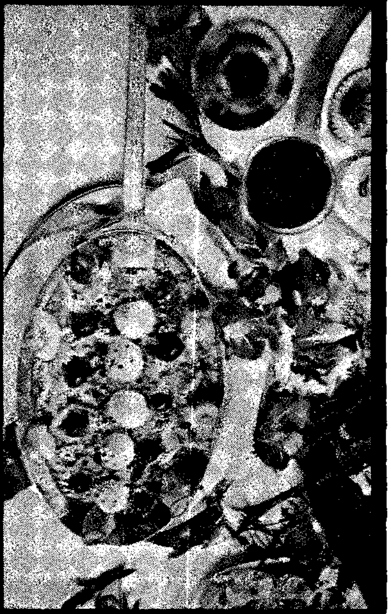

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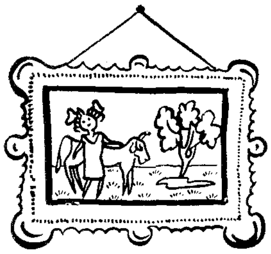

NICOLAS DE STAËL, the Russian-French painter (he was born in Russia and lived most of his life in France), who is currently the subject of a memorial exhibition at the Guggenheim Museum, had a career that brings a touch of classic romanticism to the sometimes workaday, sometimes even bleak annals of modernist art. The son of a general in the Czarist Army, he was born into aristocratic surroundings, and though the family fled to Poland in 1919 and his father died a year later, he seems never to have known want (unlike many of his artistic fellows), and he was actually encouraged to paint by an adoring mother—again in contradistinction to a number of his compeers, who had to struggle against stern paternal injunctions to study law, medicine, or what not before they could indulge in their chosen occupation. Success came to him early. He was barely into his twenties, and studying at the Beaux-Arts Academy at Brussels, when he was commissioned to do a mural for the children's room in the Belgian royal palace, and—though this first job may have been partly the result of his family connections—he had already won some academic prizes and, on a visit to Paris, had been grounded in the principles of abstract art through the works of Cézanne, Picasso, and especially Braque, who was in a sense his mentor later on. And he travelled, and painted, and travelled, and painted, and—again fairly early—exhibited. The commission in Brussels may have been adventitious, but solider achievements came soon after. He had his first one-man show, in Paris, in 1944, at age thirty, which is fairly young for an artist, especially in France; the works were well received, and by the time four or five more years had passed he was beginning to acquire a small, circumscribed, but tenacious and widespread group of admirers, with the result that his paintings were being shown with fair regularity not only in France but in the rest of Europe and in South America, as well as in this country. He died, a suicide, scarcely a decade later, in 1955, and the reasons are not entirely clear.

The new showing, as one progresses through it, may offer a few tenuous clues. It is, to begin with, a big one. In fact, it is quite possibly as comprehensive an affair as can ever be got together of this artist's works, for no fewer than five major museums, here and abroad, collaborated on the enterprise, and the list of lenders runs to over thirty names; the show includes just under a hundred and twenty oils, drawings, and other works. All in all, it leads one to wonder, in the first place, if de Staël is of a stature to justify the enormous vogue that has grown up around him—but that question still awaits final judgment, for his position in this and in other respects remains ambiguous. At any rate, the exhibition reveals a man of unquestioned if slightly idiosyncratic talent who was always, one might judge, a little at odds with his environment. While most men of his generation started in a more or less naturalistic vein, de Staël went the opposite way; except for a few early exercises, his first work was almost determinedly abstract. (See, for instance, his "Abstraction," of 1943, which suggests marine motivations, as well as the truly handsome "Composition in Blue," of 1945, and the overly complicated "Timberyard," with its rather jangled forms, of a few years later, all in the current collection.) It was not until much later that, again running contrariwise to the current, de Staël reversed his field and began turning more and more toward the representational, or—as might more accurately be said—began a whittling down of naturalistic forms to fit into a species of simplistic, pseudo-abstract framework. To my mind, it is rarely that this method succeeds completely, for it represents an uneasy marriage at best—between the real and the unreal, the hard-and-fast and the improvised—and it may have been a feeling of uncertainty about the success of the technique that brought de Staël to the mood of discouragement that apparently gripped him at the end.

De Staël, at any rate, was a great experimenter, a persistent venturer not only into new fields—moving restlessly from landscape to still-life to figure painting and back again, as if determined to make himself the complete artist—but into such matters as formal and coloristic effects; and the result of all this is to give his work an atmos-

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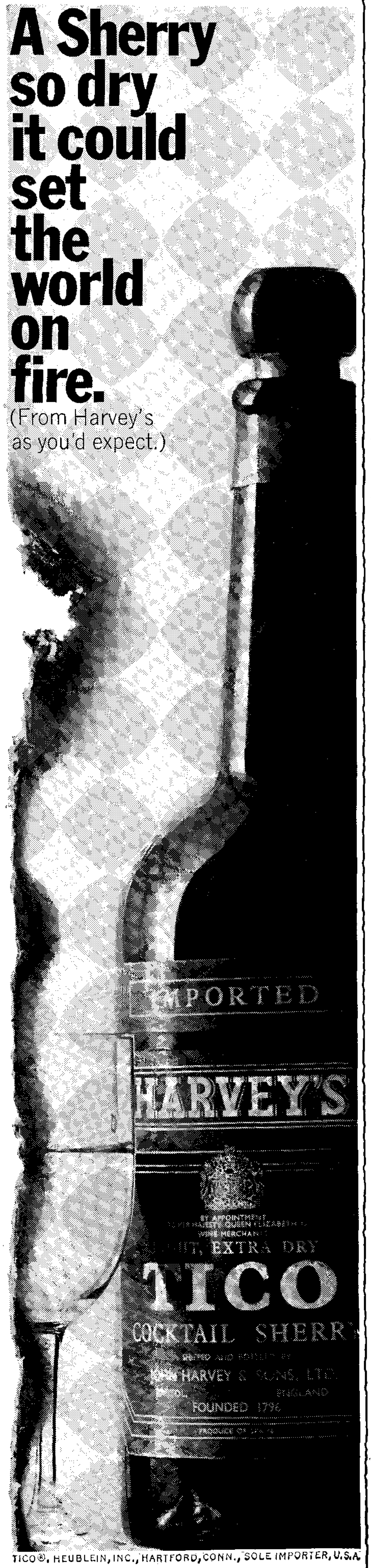

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phere almost of improvisation that adds greatly to its richness and variety. Thus, one finds him busying himself with a series of flower paintings and drawings, a half dozen of which are in the present collection, and which, at first fairly simple in design, grow more and more complicated, to culminate in such striking patterns as the one numbered 34 in the catalogue, with its red-and-black background, and the more intricately patterned example numbered 31. Or perhaps these are, in one sense at least, not a true culmination, for one finds de Staël switching almost simultaneously, and bewilderingly, to a group of abstract panoramic cityscape studies, done in what might be called an oversize pointillist or tessellated style ("The White City," "Composition—Roofs," and so on), which in color and organization are nearly indistinguishable from the flower paintings. Slightly later still, one finds him producing, on the one hand, a series of small, extremely animated, and only partly abstract studies of football players scrimmaging, and, on the other hand, such calmer, more purely abstract landscapes as the charming small "Mantes-la-Jolie" and the larger, truly august "Sky at Honfleur," in the palest of grays and blues. But then the whole exhibition, particularly in the later sections, is studded with excellent paintings—not masterpieces, perhaps (somehow they fall short of that noble stature), but close to it, nonetheless. I will cite "Le Lavandou" and "Parc des Princes" (both landscapes), the serene, greenish-gray "The Moon" and the spiky "Vase of Flowers," as well as the dark, almost transparently fleshed "Standing Nude," and, for contrast, two Sicilian studies, hot with reds, yellows, and whites, called "Agrigento" and "Sicilian Landscape." The drawings included are most of them notable for their authority and swiftness of line. But then, to confound all judgment on de Staël's final stature, we have the fact of his early death, leaving only to speculation what he might have done with his talents five, ten, or twenty years later. In Shakespeare's time, it was axiomatic that the only true tragedies had to do with the death of kings. Now that kings are no longer considered divine, it might be said, and with better reason, that tragedy in our day is to be found in the death of artists.

ABRAHAM RATTNER, showing a group of oils at the Downtown, is another of the experimenters, and he tends also to linger in that uncertain but beguiling field that lies at the border-

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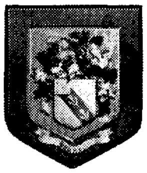
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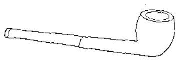
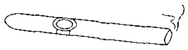
He starts right in with “buenos días” and, through a process as natural as an infant learning to speak, you’ll soon know the difference between una pipa  and un habano . In fact, within five minutes you’ll be saying a sentence as complicated as “Prefiero la pipa al habano.”

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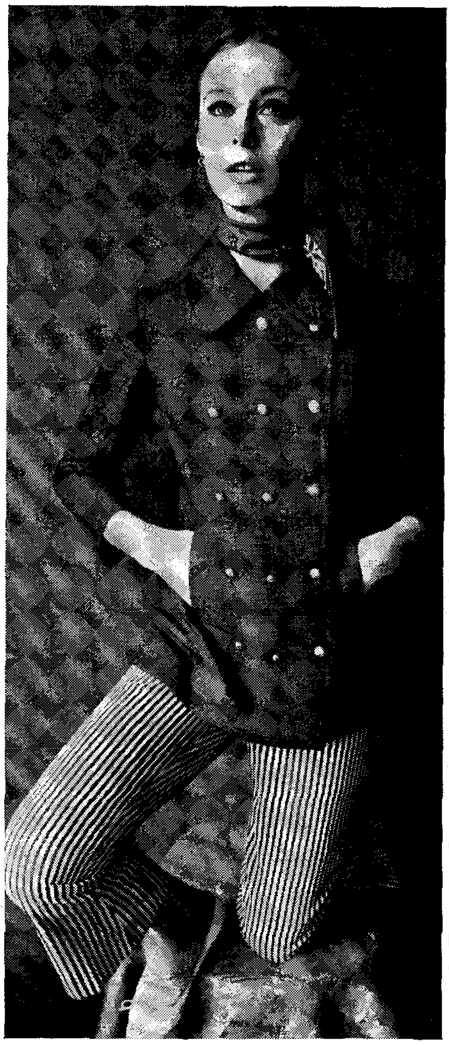

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line between the abstract and the representational. He has never, to my knowledge, gone as far in the direction of the purely non-objective as de Staël did, though he has come near it. His work has, on the whole, a greater consistency of approach, and he has devised ways of using the blurred techniques of the—so to speak—aesthetic double exposure as a means of conveying a sly sort of half-hidden social commentary that adds spice to many of his pictures. One has to look twice to see the compositional relationship that makes "The Clown" and "The Painter," in a wry sense, brothers—both blue in tonality, both seen from the side and similarly garbed, with one facing up to some bit of circus apparatus and the other to his easel. "Four of the Jury," with its figures ranged in a row, seen full face, but with the eyes overlapping (a recurrent device of Rattner's), subtly emphasizes the artist's view of the crowd as characterless and anonymous. He is now using more and thicker impasto (see "Meat Cutter" and the companion "Butcher"), which may or may not be an unfailing virtue. (It is a virtue, to my mind, in the two pieces just mentioned; in others, rather less of one.) And his color is everywhere deeper, stronger, and more assured in its resortings to Expressionistic emphasis. I liked especially, in addition to the ones I have named, "Three Figures," which is a Crucifixion scene, and "The Red Carpet," which features a collage of newspapers draped over what appears to be a murdered man, not to mention the large, yellowish "We, the People," a sort of processional. Included, too (surprise! surprise!), are a large and handsome headless bronze torso and a few figurines, also expertly handled—surprising because this represents Rattner's début in the field of sculpture.

—ROBERT M. COATES

•

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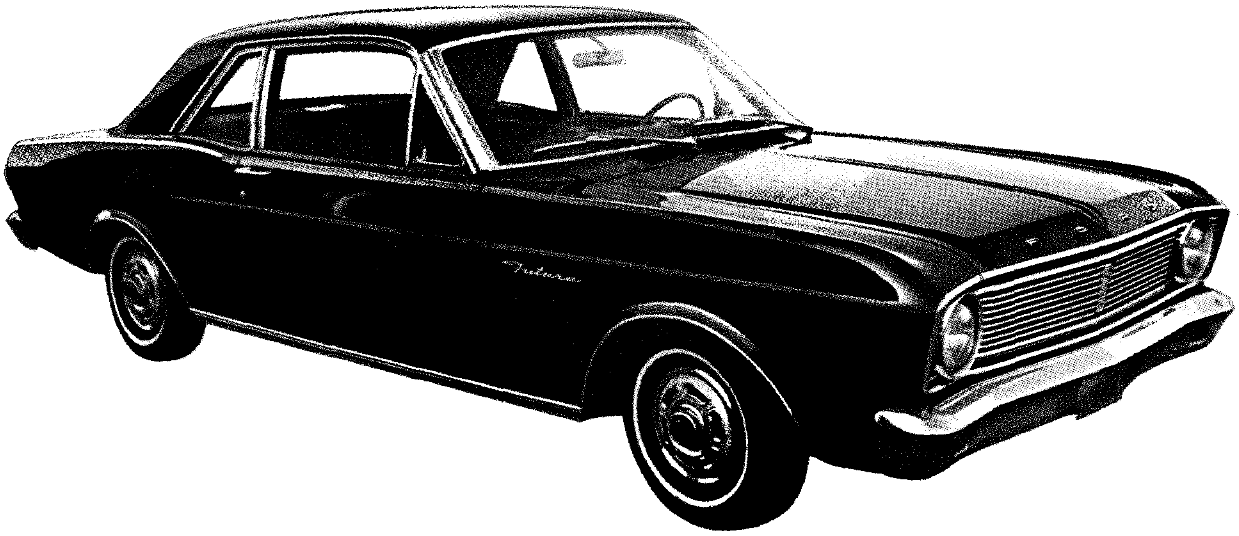

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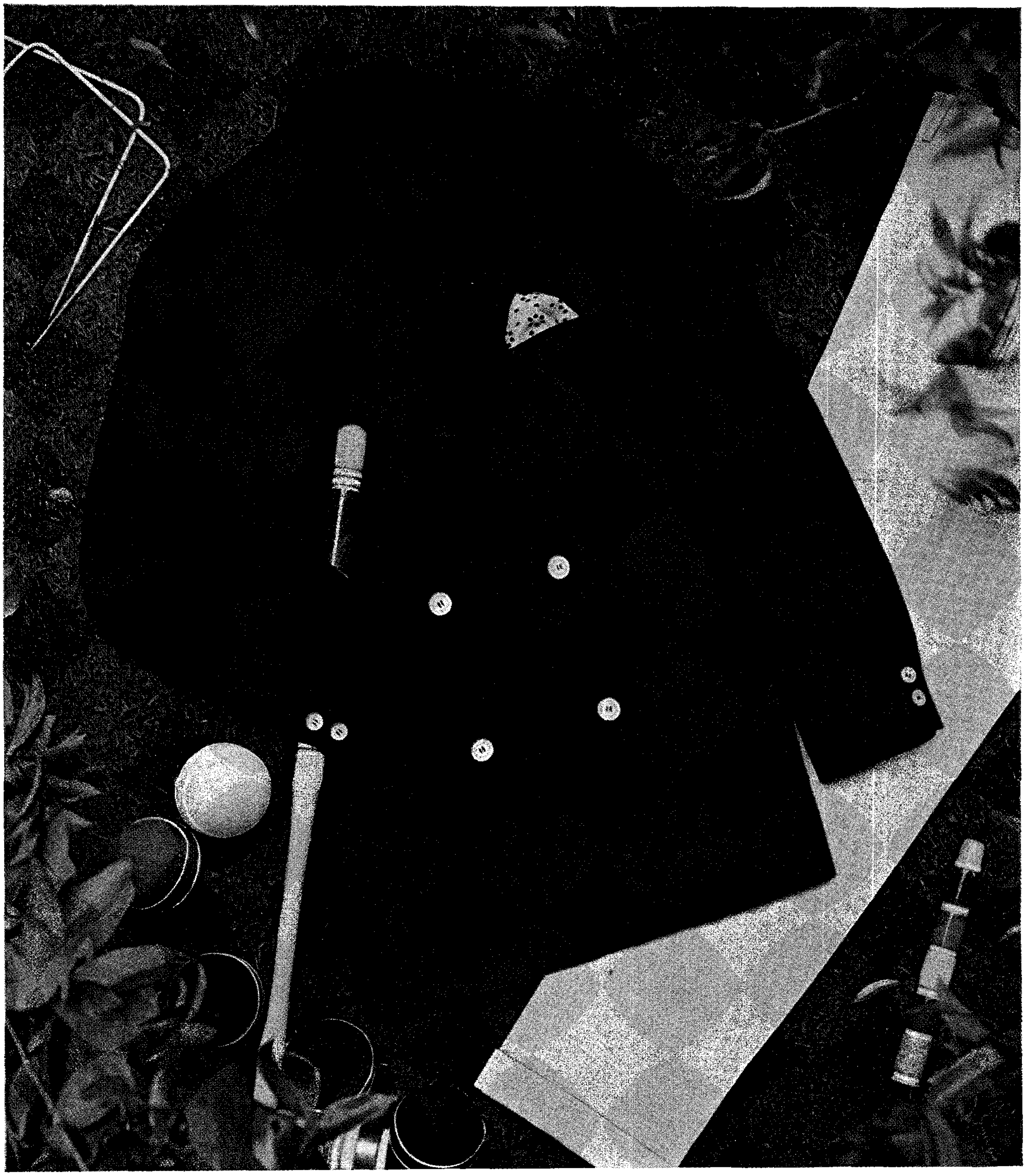

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2 The builder hath swallowed up all the habitations of this city, and hath not pitied; he hath thrown down in his greed the strong holds of beauty; he hath brought them to the ground.

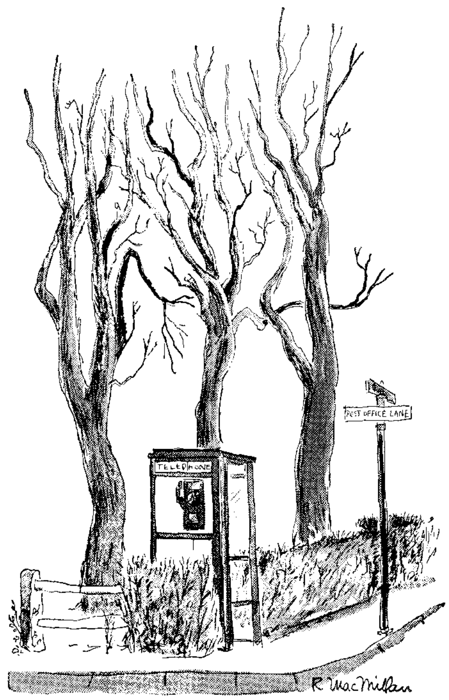
3 He hath swung his wrecking ball like an enemy; he stood with his writ of eviction as an adversary, and dismantled all that was pleasant to the eye in the tabernacle of the daughter of my people; he replaced it with stamped aluminum.

4 He hath inclosed our ways with hewn stone; he hath planted developments across the side streets, that no man may pass through: he doeth it for universities and for them that build concert halls, yea, for any committee that asketh.

5 All her people sigh, they seek suburbs; they have given their pleasant things for a patch of Scarsdale; they are become vile.

6 Zion hath grievously sinned; therefore she is removed: all that honored her despise her, because they have seen her new buildings; yea, they gaze at Penn Station and laugh.

7 All that pass by clap their hands at thee; they hiss and wag their heads



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at the daughter of my people, saying, Is this the city that men call The perfection of beauty, The joy of the whole earth?

8 The elders and the princes sit upon the ground and keep silence; all summer the fountains were dry; but though the reservoirs should fail utterly, yet would none of them install meters.

9 Thy prophets and city planners have seen vain and foolish things for thee; Staten Island they saved not, but broke the ramparts thereof; they have seen for thee false burdens and causes of ugliness.

10 The subways did not run, and the omnibuses that carried people stood idle; the lights failed; the papers did not print; all Zion's friends have dealt treacherously with her; they are become her enemies.

11 For these things I weep: mine eye, mine eye runneth down with water; my liver is poured upon the earth; O let the people ask, Who shall save Zion from herself?

—NOEL PERRIN

•

THE SUICIDE

I jump from a building
As if I were falling asleep,

The wind like a pillow
Slowing me down,

Slowing me down
As if I were dreaming.

Surrounded by air,
I come to a stop,

And stand like a tourist
Watching the pigeons.

People in offices,
Wanting to save me,

Open their mouths.
"Throw me a stone," I yell,

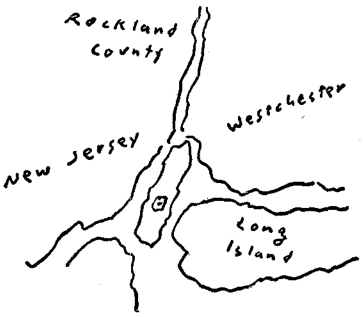
Wanting to fall.
But nobody listens.

They throw me a rope.
And now I am walking,

Talking to you,
Talking to you

As if I were dreaming
I were alive.

—MARK STRAND



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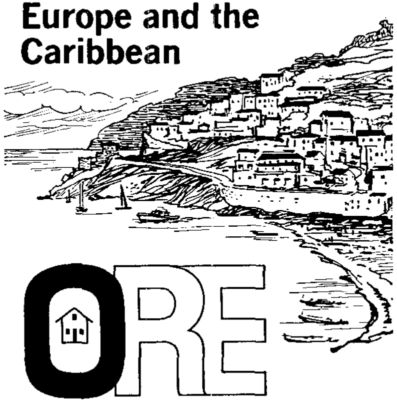

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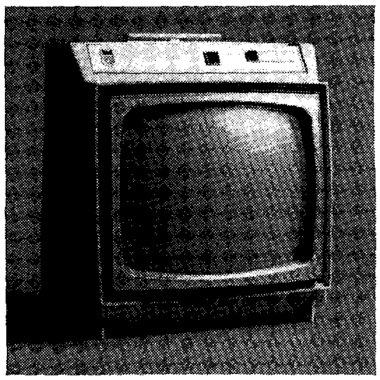

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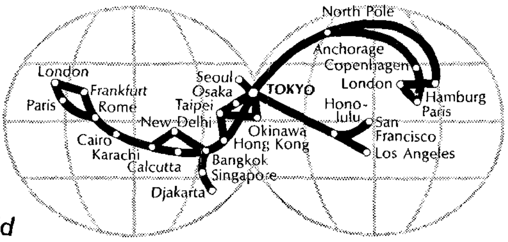
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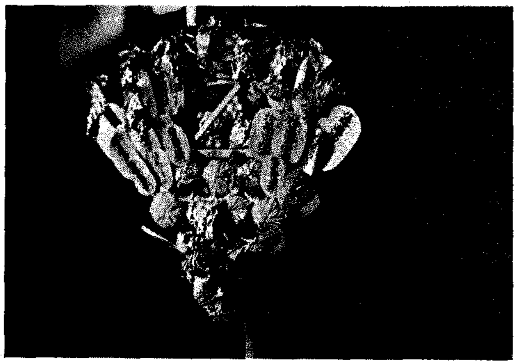

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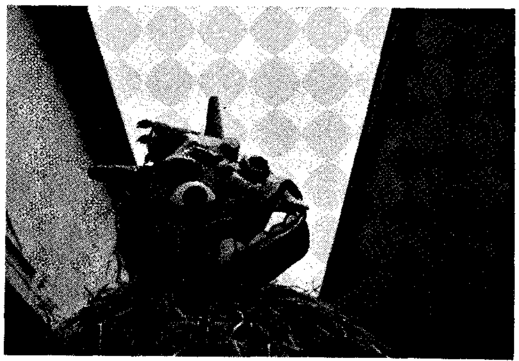

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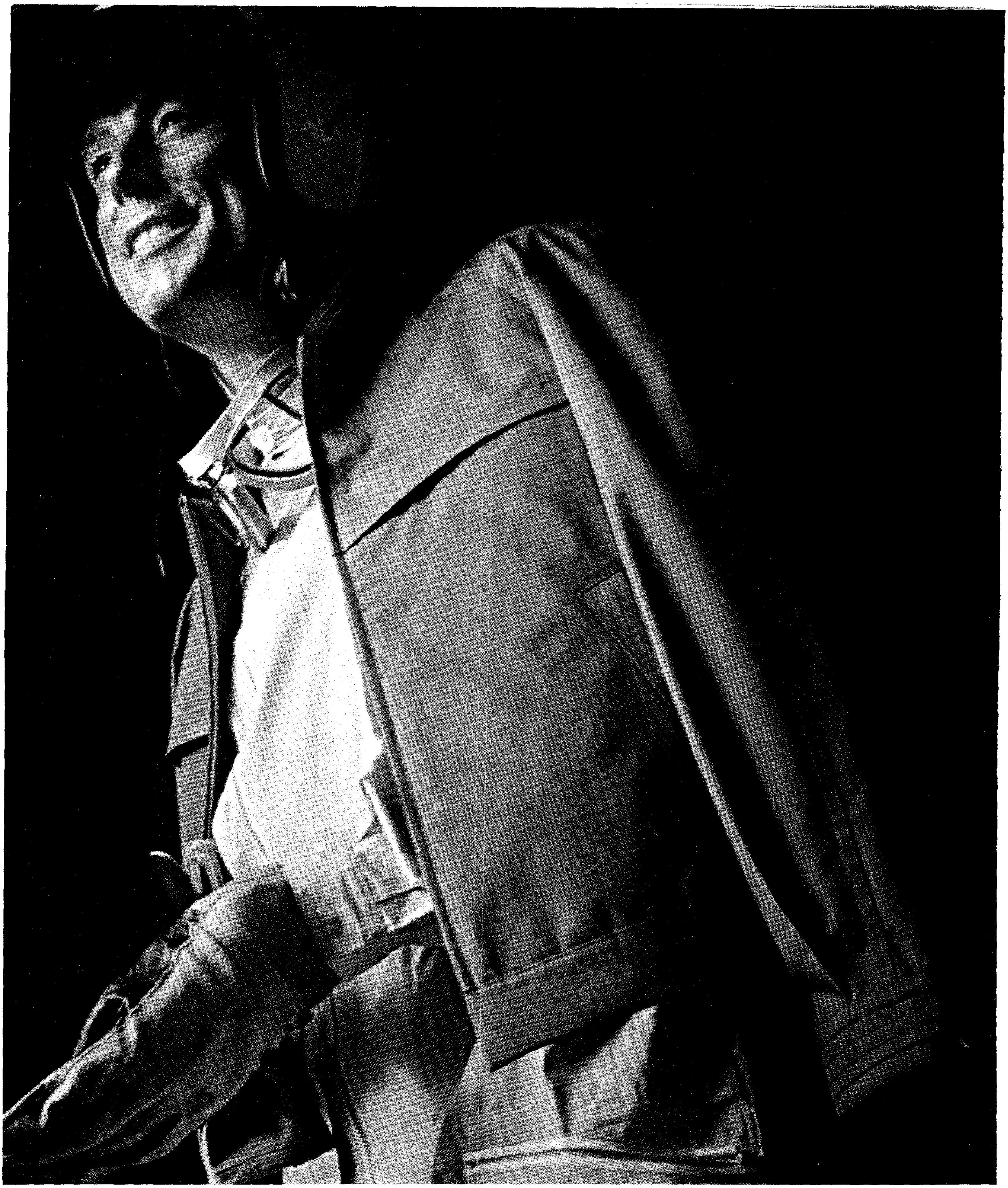

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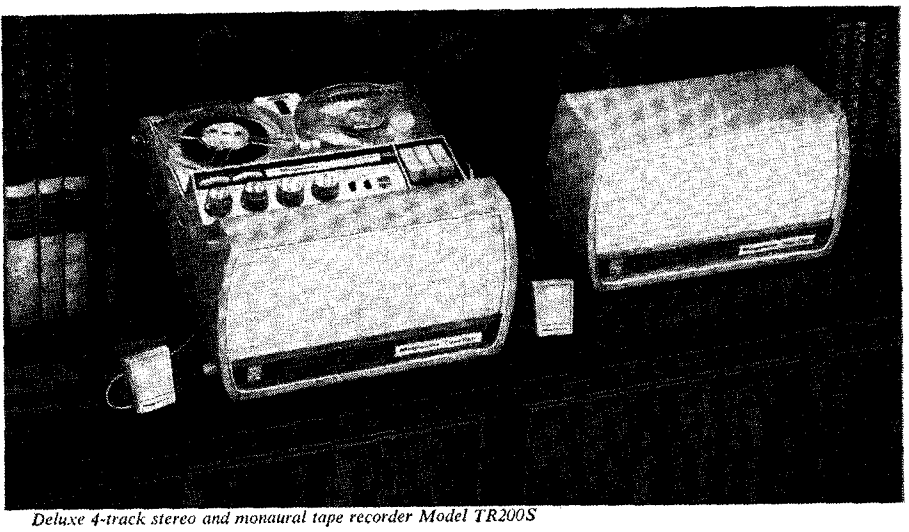
MUSICAL EVENTS

The Main Line

FEW operatic masterpieces have been written in the past fifty years, but one opera that unquestionably deserves this description is "Dialogues of the Carmelites," by Francis Poulenc. It lies squarely in the golden groove of the grand tradition. There is not a note of fussy experimentalism or fashionable trickery in its whole score. It proves again, if this needs proving, that the language of great music, if it changes at all, changes very slowly—not in response to imagined *Zeitgeiste* or to invented systems of musical structure but in response to the expressive needs of sincere composers. Like all music of its type, that of the "Dialogues" has ancestors, and it is easy to spot them. Its tradition is basically that of Massenet and Puccini, though large infusions of the two most influential composers of the nineteenth century, Wagner and Moussorgsky, are also present.

The surprising thing about Poulenc—a highly original artist in the best sense of the word—is that he survived contact with the revolutionary group of Parisian composers known as Les Six, passed through a Stravinskian period, which he soon outgrew, and wound up as a creator of the very type of music that Les Six and Stravinsky had set out to ridicule. He was a traitor within their ranks, and he has since come to tower over most of them because his treason was that of a supremely gifted artist who could not go along with their program. Just how deep this treason went can be judged from his previous opera, "Les Mamelles de Tirésias," and what he and others said about it at the time of its première. "Les Mamelles" was a satirical spoof of romanticism, and its first performance was attended by manifestos of scorn for composers like Wagner. But examine the score of "Les Mamelles" and you will find it curiously Wagnerian, curiously lush, curiously expressive. Is this music satirical? It is quite possible that Poulenc started out to satirize Wagner by writing a parody of the Wagnerian style, but somewhere along the line the very beauty of his parody must have taken hold of him and encouraged him to



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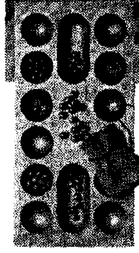

Or, as the Danes call it, "Tarnspil." Fascinating. Drop as many balls as you wish in the top, take your chances on what comes through the bottom by turning sections in the tower. 25 points wins. Another game that's fast, fun and a challenge to anyone is "Kalaha" at left. It started 7,000 years ago with Kalahari natives scooping little holes in the sand. Bonniers Kalaha is tooled by Danes in oak. The Tower Game, $22.50. Kalaha, $17.50. (Mail and phone orders add 75¢.)

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write sincerely. At any rate, "Les Mamelles" is an odd affair—overtly farce, covertly magnificent music. In the "Dialogues," Poulenc dropped all pretense of cynicism and wrote a serious opera seriously. I need not add that there is not an atonal measure in the score. It is simple, direct, worth singing, expert in its craftsmanship, and wholly beautiful.

Last Thursday night, at the New York State Theatre, the New York City Opera put on the first fully staged performance of the "Dialogues" that New York has seen. (There had been a television production by the N.B.C. Opera, and a concert version by the American Opera Society.) Most people by now know the story of the opera, which deals with a neurotically frightened heroine, Blanche de la Force, who enters a convent, makes friends there, shies away as her sisters are led to the guillotine, and, at the last moment, conquers the fear that has always beset her and joins them in death. It is a dramatic narrative that can involve its audience. I wish that the production the other night had been better. Unfortunately, several things inhibited the "Dialogues" from making its maximum effect. It is a subtle work, and it is one of those rare operas in which every word of the text should be heard. Something—the acoustics of the State Theatre, the English translation, the enunciation of the singers, or a combination of all three—made following the words impossible. One caught a word here and there, but that was all. Probably the performance would have been more effective—certainly it would have been smoother—in the original French. The scenery, by John Conklin, and the costumes, by Ruth Morley, were drab and badly lit. In the cast there were numerous singers whom I know from experience to be first-rate ones, among them Donna Jeffrey, who appeared as Blanche; Claramae Turner, as the Old Prioress; Marguerite Willauer, as Mother Marie; and Anne Elgar, as Sister Constance. But nearly all of them forced from time to time, probably in an attempt to outshout the orchestra, which in the State Theatre pit is disproportionately loud—and forcing is one thing that the "Dialogues" cannot stand. Moreover, Nikos Psacharopoulos's stage direction seemed to me not only lacking in style but often incredible. A group of bystanders watching the successive decapitations of a dozen nuns, for example, presumably gives evidence of some emotion or other; it doesn't just stand there as if

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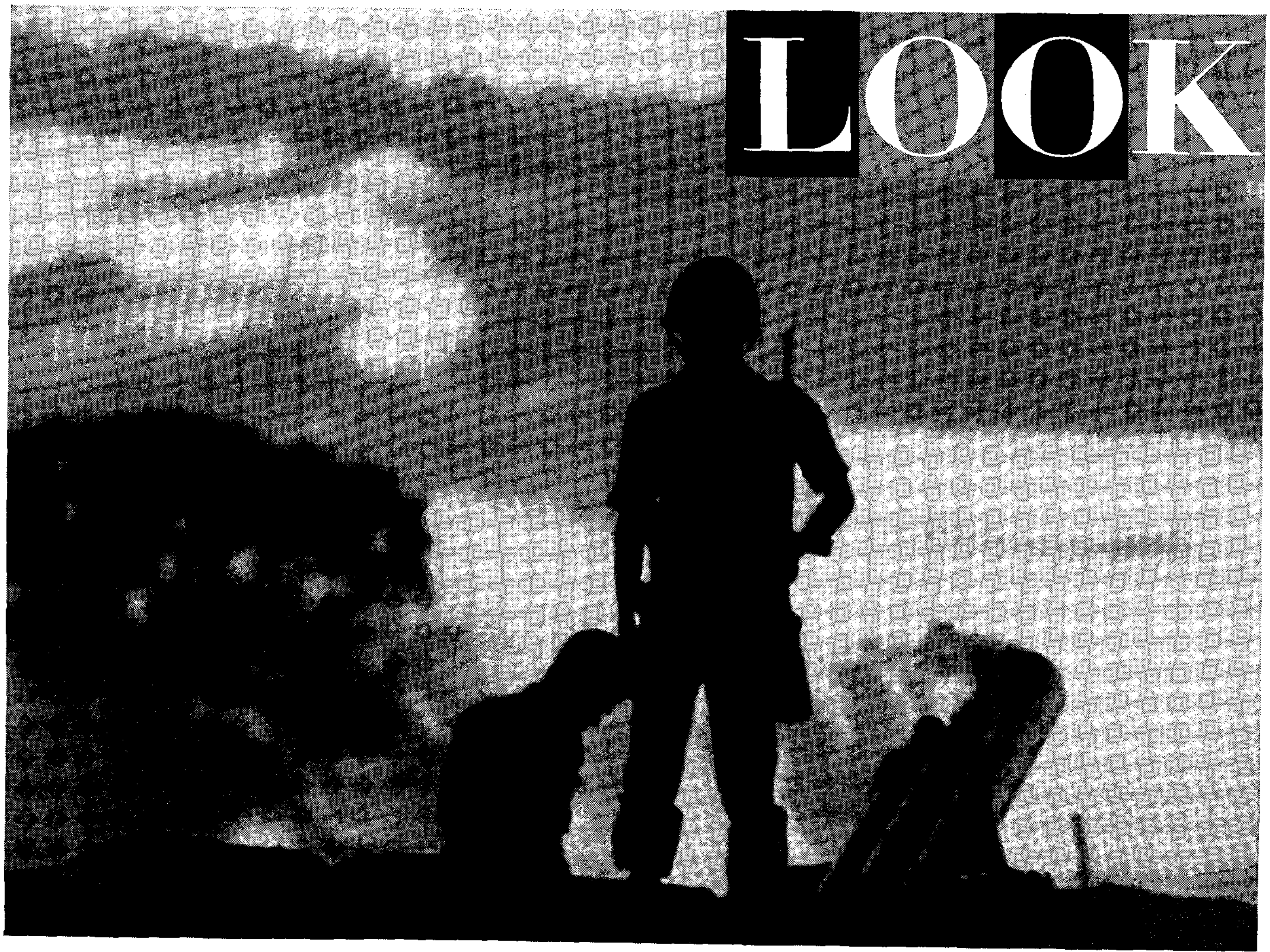

Photograph from "Vietnam: Washington's Biggest Problem," LOOK, April 6, 1965.

Remember the reports of North Vietnam peace feelers? Nobody paid much attention until Eric Sevareid told the story in Look (Nov. 30, 1965). Suddenly it was the most talked-about topic from Main Street to Capitol Hill.

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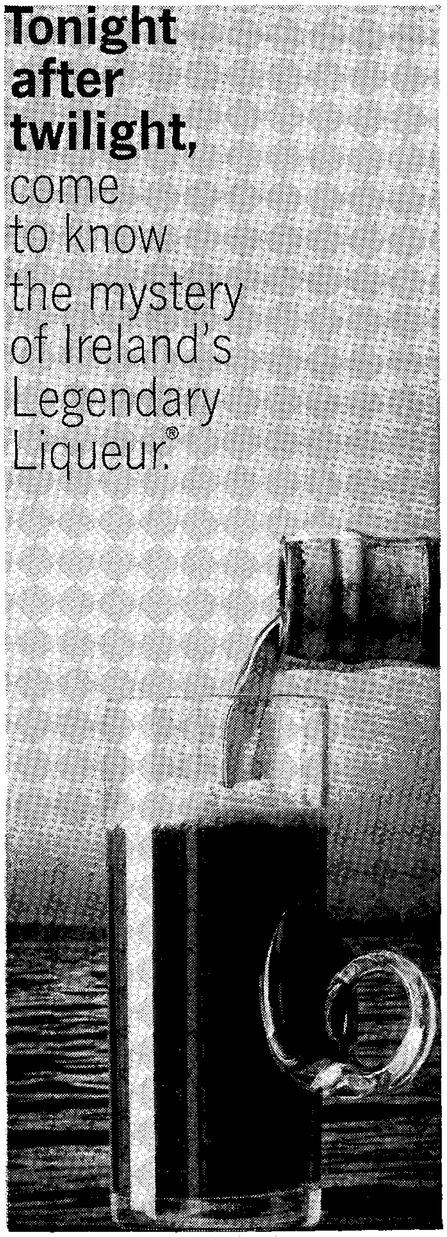
it were looking into a shopwindow. There was a capable new conductor in the pit, Alain Lombard, and he did his best to hold the orchestra down so that one could hear the singers. But the delicate pastel that the "Dialogues" should be was something one had to conjure up for oneself, using memory, knowledge of the score, imagination, and strained ears.

IF I had approached the American Opera Society's production of Verdi's early opera "Giovanna d'Arco" (yes, that's Joan of Arc) on Tuesday evening of last week, in Carnegie Hall, expecting it to be a magnificent revelation of historical truth, or even a mature Verdi opera, I would have been disappointed. But most of the books about opera dismiss it as a rather feeble product of Verdi's formative years, and I thought it surprisingly vigorous and eloquent in view of this fact. True, it presents a boy-meets-girl story about Joan and Charles VII and winds up with Joan dying of wounds on the battlefield in a final attempt to save France. Her father, too, is put in an eminently unhistorical but eminently operatic light. He is a simple shepherd who tries to turn her over to the English (believing that she is a witch), but later relents and mourns at her death. While the historians wrung their hands, I enjoyed myself. The opera shows the first blossoming of the great melodist's genius. It is full of lovely arias and ensemble numbers and noble choruses, which, I admit, are often placed over the simplest oom-pah accompaniments but are nevertheless appealing. It contains remnants of the Bellini-Donizetti *bel-canto* style, which is not in the least startling. It might be slightly ridiculous in a fully staged production, considering what we now know about Joan, but in a concert performance, in which it is judged simply as music, it is frequently quite exciting. The cast chosen for this performance offered some surprises. Teresa Stratas, whom I had always thought of as a lyric soprano, was given the fairly weighty dramatic role of Joan. This state of affairs might have been expected to lead to considerable forcing, but Miss Stratas did not have to force, and impersonated Joan with unusual theatrical intelligence. The role of her father was taken by Sherrill Milnes, a baritone whom I had last heard miscast as a bass in "Fidelio," at the Metropolitan. Mr. Milnes is a tall man with a naturally impressive stage presence and a large, expressive voice. He sang well—in fact, in a manner that made one imagine



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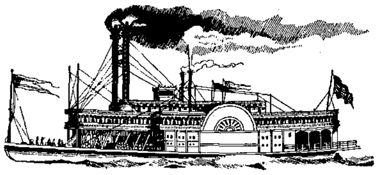

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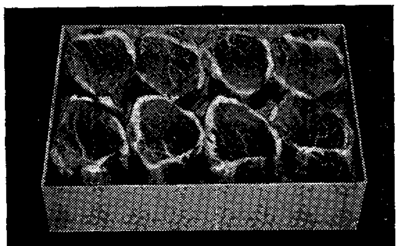

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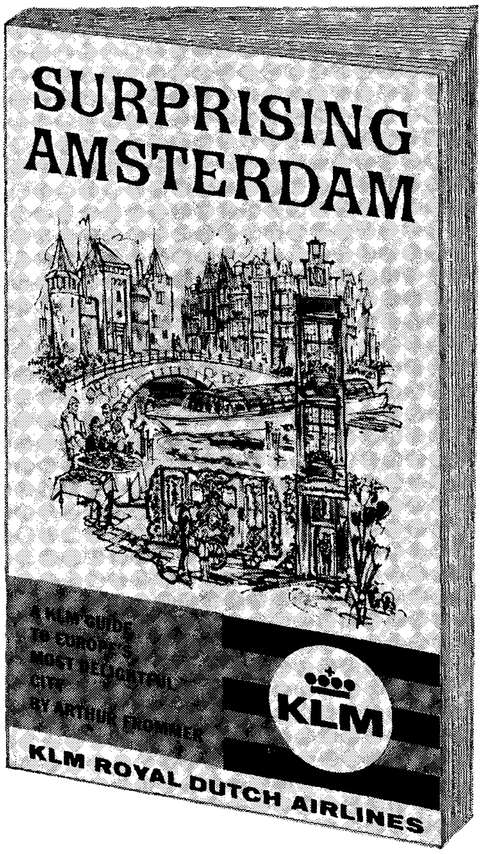
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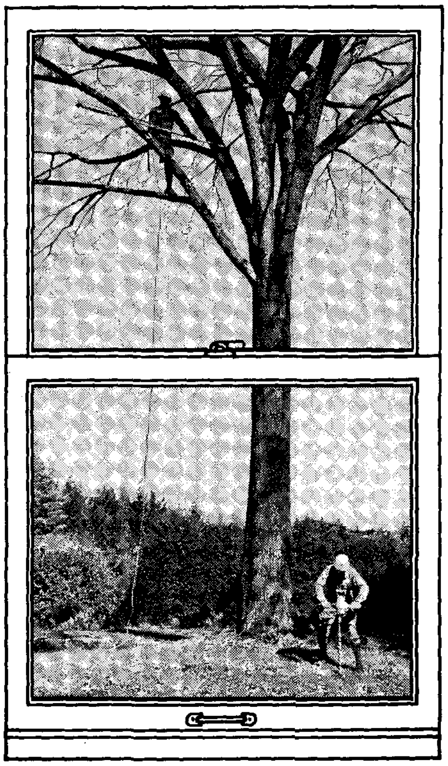

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him in the big Verdi roles once sung by the late Leonard Warren. The tenor, who took the part of the King, was Angelo Mori, a newcomer. He disclosed a neat, well-educated Italian voice of no overwhelming quality, but he sang his lines acceptably. The conductor was again the able Carlo Felice Cillario.

A SPECIAL vote of thanks should go to Erich Leinsdorf for unearthing the music to Goethe's "Faust" that was written by Robert Schumann, and presenting it with the Boston Symphony and a big array of soloists and choristers in Philharmonic Hall on Wednesday night of last week. This is music that is always listed in the dictionaries of the subject but that few people have heard. Mr. Leinsdorf has, as he confesses in a program note, done quite a job of joining and in some instances modifying the score, which apparently never did get put together in a coherent whole during Schumann's lifetime. As it stands, it constitutes a large work, lasting perhaps two hours, and though its final section, dealing with some of the more fantastic scenes in the second part of Goethe's masterpiece, seemed to me a bit lengthy for the kind of music it contained, I found the work as a whole quite absorbing. What one admired mainly was the enchanting lyric Schumann, which appears here as eloquently as it does in the lieder. It is true that this lyricism, which is that of a musical poet particularly gifted in small works, gets stretched beyond its natural limits in a composition of such heroic proportions as this turns out to be. The "Scenes from Faust," as the work is entitled, remains just that—a collection of fragments—and the form of the whole is picaresque; it has no climax, no general dramatic shape. This is a weakness in a work of these dimensions. Still, it contains enough moments of magic to delight me, and it was all very well worth doing. The number of participants was so large that I cannot list them all here. The baritone Hermann Prey, a sensitive singer in the tradition of the lied, sang memorably as Faust; some of the lesser roles were well taken by Beverly Sills (Gretchen), Thomas Paul (an evil spirit), and Charles Bressler (Ariel).

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

Let us not reduce the chicken that laid the "golden egg" to an embittered and cynical mass of citizenry.—*Mr. Wolff, of New York, in the Congressional Record.*

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THE RACE TRACK

Lady Luck

IN summary, Boldnesian beat Saber Mountain in the Santa Anita Derby last week, and at Hialeah Kelso ran fourth in his first appearance under colors this season and Buckpasser won a betless exhibition race called the Flamingo Stakes.

A year ago, William Haggin Perry's Jacinto, who had been one of the stars of the Santa Anita meeting, was beaten in the Derby out there by Lucky Debonair. Last Saturday, luck swung the other way and Mr. Perry's colors were carried to victory by Boldnesian, who, after the unbeaten Saber Mountain had led to the stretch, mowed him down and won by a couple of lengths. Exhibitionist was third, a neck behind. A dozen ran, and the time for the mile and a furlong was 1:48⅖, which is on the slow side for California. Boldnesian, a bay colt by Bold Ruler out of Alanesian, didn't race last year, but he started four times at Santa Anita prior to the Derby and won three, the last by ten lengths. Which is why he paid only $5.40. For one reason or another, he was not nominated for either the Kentucky Derby or the Preakness, but he is in the Belmont Stakes.

Watching the Flamingo on television the other evening, your sedentary correspondent thought Buckpasser's performance far from impressive. Quickest out of the gate (which was most unusual), he raced for three-quarters of the mile and a furlong behind Turn for Home and Stupendous. Swinging into the stretch, he passed them so easily that it looked as though he'd win by himself, but then he shortened his stride, as he had done in the Everglades Stakes, and Abe's Hope, ridden by an apprentice with the improbable name of Earlie Fires, seemed to drop out of the clouds (actually, he was ninth for half a mile) and into the lead. Under Shoemaker's strongest handling, however, Buckpasser came on again, and passed the winning post a nose to the good. Blue Skyer was third. As for Stupendous, though the pace wasn't fast—the final time was a mere 1:50—he tired badly at the end and wound up seventh. Buckpasser has obviously developed a streak of temperament (he won't do any more than he has to in a race), but allowances

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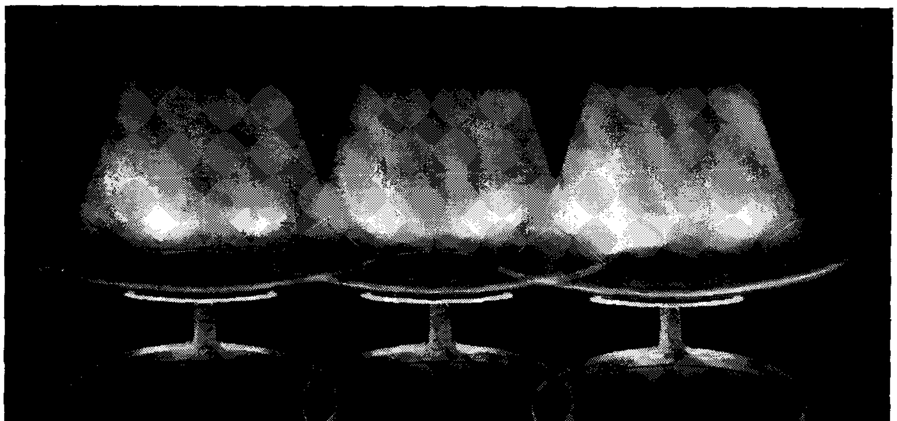

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can always be made for a colt who runs his earnings up to $677,516. Ogden Phipps, who owns him, and Eddie Neloy, who trains him, make such allowances, and hope for the best.

From all accounts, when the nine three-year-olds in the Flamingo paraded to the post, the crowd of thirty thousand that turned out for the race booed the way the Brooklyn Boys do at the Big A. The reason, of course, was that the management, fearing a minus pool, which might cost a lovely dollar, ordered the mutuel machines closed. But the customers still had ten races to bet on—and they did, tossing $2,334,911 into the tote. So the track really didn't do badly; its take of seven per cent for handling the wagers that day amounted to $163,443.77. And you can bet that attendance at Hialeah next season will be as big as ever. Horseplayers love to be pushed around.

I have a notion—and observers who were on the spot agree—that Kelso had no more than a good gallop in his race at Hialeah, which was a six-furlong sprint. Everybody also says the old boy looked great for his age. Incidentally, he picked up fourth money of $500, bringing his total to $1,977,896. But he won't have his regular jockey the next time he runs, since Milo Valenzuela broke his left wrist at Santa Anita the other day when he was unseated at the start of a race. On the afternoon Kelso ran, What a Treat won the Black Helen Handicap, the big prize of the meeting for fillies and mares, from Alondra II, Tosmah, Queen Empress, and seven others of her sex. She figured.

NOW they're running at Gulfstream Park. Last Saturday, Bold and Brave, a likely member of the Wheatley Stable-Phipps team of three-year-olds, made every post a winning one in the Hutcheson Stakes. Kauai King was second, and All Love, Puerto Rico's champion (he won fifteen of his eighteen starts there last season), was third. By the way, the Gulfstream management says it will put on no betless exhibition races.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

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Le Manoir

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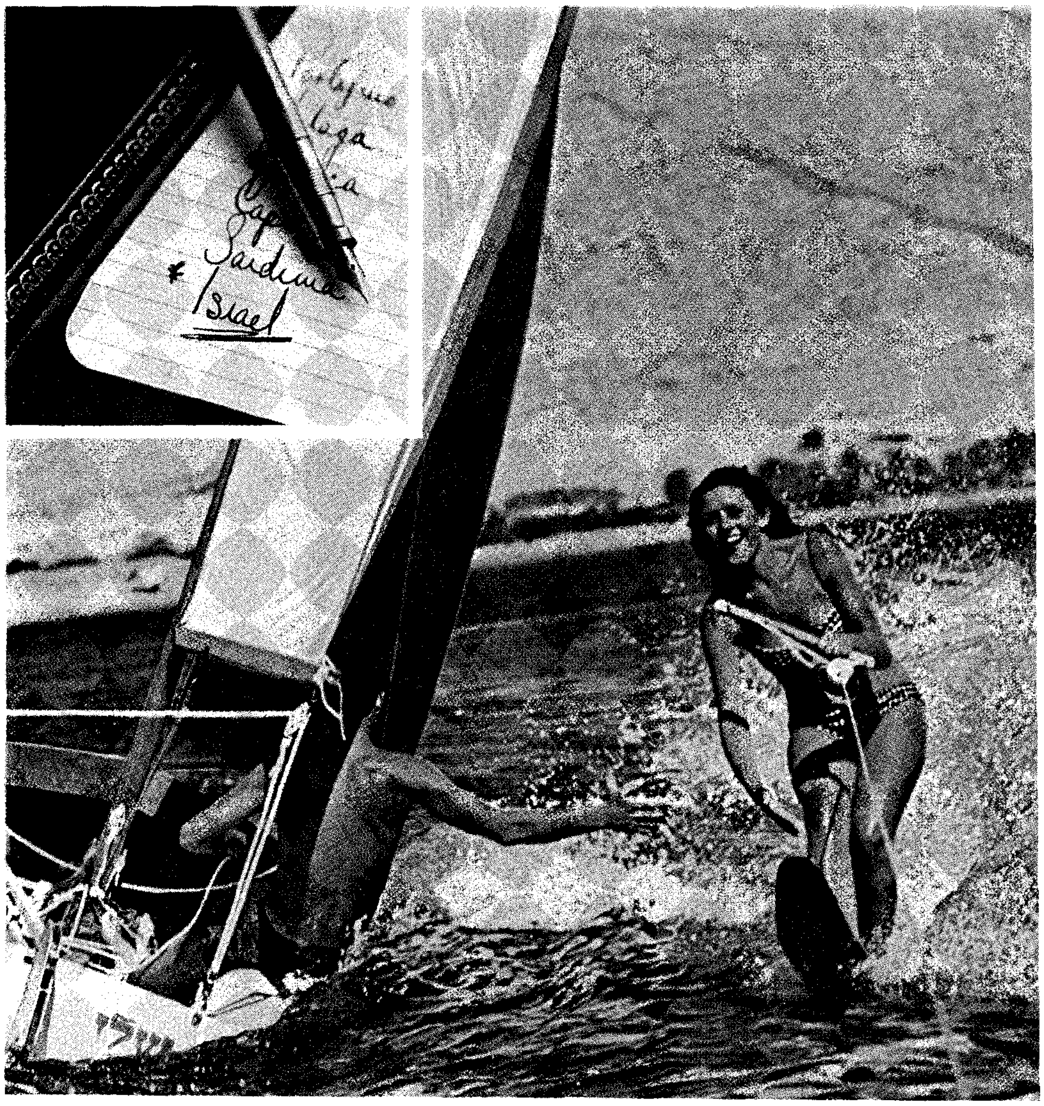

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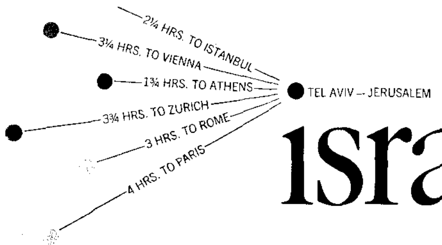

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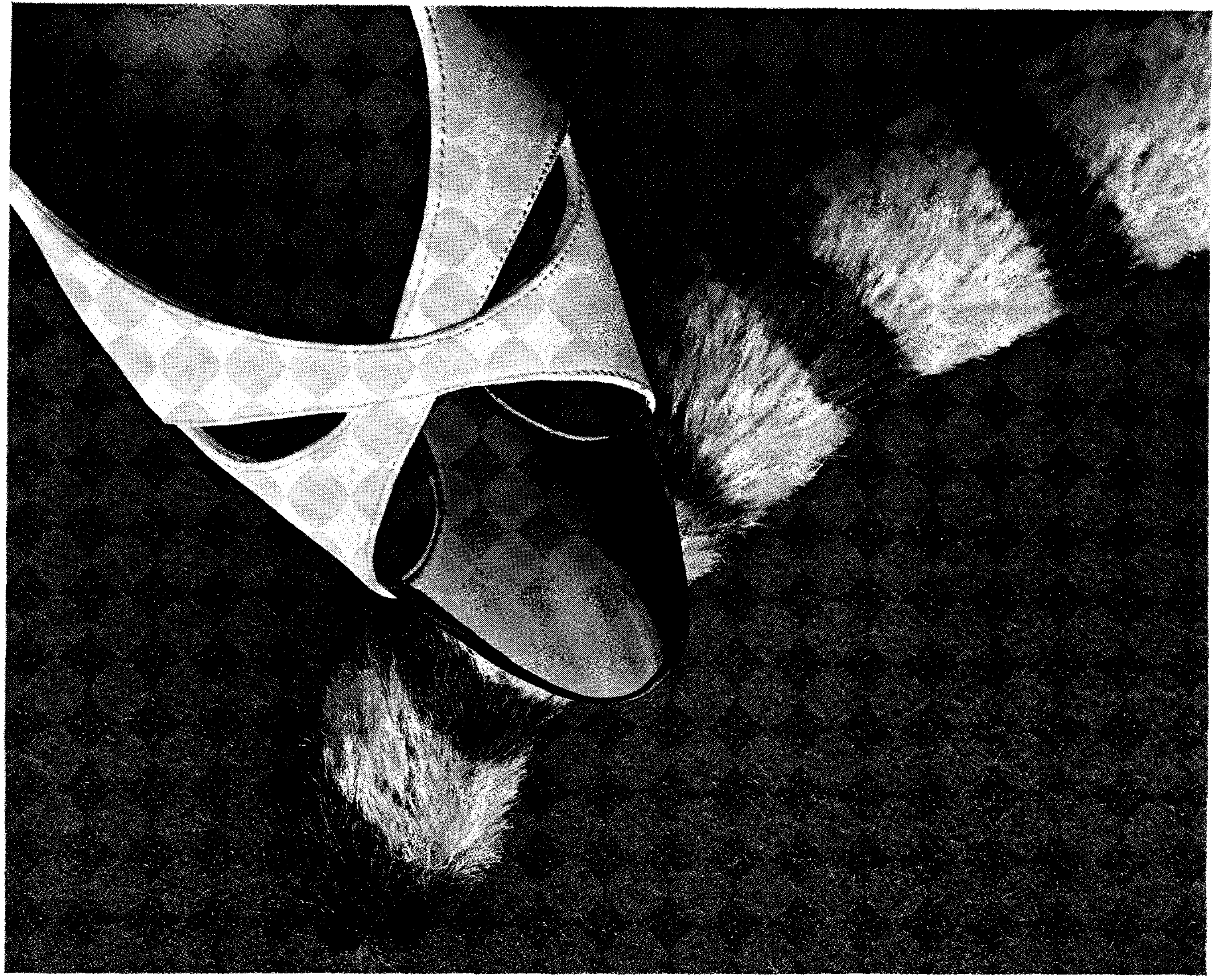

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BOOKS

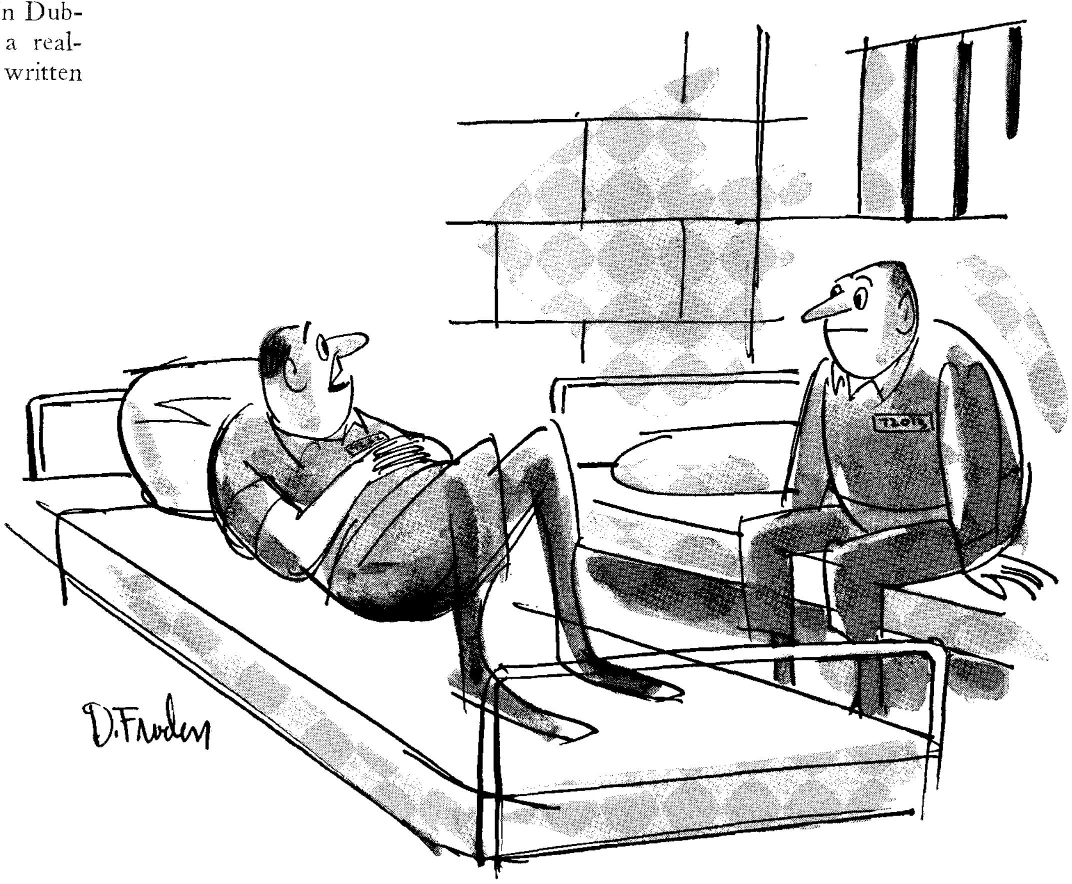
A Man of Letters

DAN H. LAURENCE, a professor at New York University, has found all (or nearly all) of George Bernard Shaw's surviving letters, deciphered the ones that were not typewritten, restored excisions in some that had already been printed, and carefully annotated what he has chosen for publication. Big as the first volume of his edition, "Bernard Shaw: Collected Letters, 1874-1897" (Dodd, Mead), is—it contains six hundred and ninety-one letters in eight hundred and forty octavo pages—it is not complete; Shaw was so industrious a correspondent, this editor says, that it has become his "responsibility to select . . . those letters which most effectively shed light on Shaw and on the things his life stood for." This editorial achievement is in every way exceptional, and the book more than justifies Laurence's dedicated industry. It is a delight. The virtues of Shaw's work—its high-spirited wit, its directness, its stimulations—appear in his letters as the attractions of a person: the man he was as he grew toward fame between the ages of eighteen and forty-one. He wrote the earliest letters of this collection in Dublin, where he was a clerk in a real-estate business. The rest were written after he had gone to London, in 1876. There he had become a music critic, a drama critic, an active Fabian, a not very successful novelist, a more than budding playwright, and—as a result of all these activities—a well-known personage with a reputation as a supporter and instigator of innovation and rebellion in life and in art.

The young man with whom this book starts—so the older man retrospectively relates in a letter of 1895—began his career with the "inestimable advantage of having no facility, being very awkward and self-conscious, and above all, being ugly, uninteresting, and unpresentable. I got nothing for nothing; had to slave and plod for bare life . . . and the result is the brilliant red-bearded creature you now see." Middle-aged Shaw is not wholly accurate about young Shaw, since the hobbledehoy from Dublin had more conventional advantages: an excellent knowledge of music, the businesslike habits that white-collar work requires, the ability to discern and the nerve to seek in London the people, causes, and ideas that would develop his powers and nourish his imagination, as well as vitality (besides all the work he turned out, and all the letters he answered, he kept bicycling all over the landscape, colliding with its more prominent features, getting up, and riding off again). And he always had his prose. When Shaw was a young man, he needed, he knew, to learn to write professionally—to arrange his lively notions into publishable articles or actable plays. But, as these letters show, he always possessed a unique style: he had his own voice at eighteen. True, his expression grows more fluent across these twenty or so years; nonetheless, it is amazing how little his prose had to improve.

Another thing that did not greatly change in twenty years was his readiness to give advice. The second and third letters in this book, to his sister and mother, respectively (they were in London), tell each how to manage her part in a semi-professional, semi-personal, multilateral squabble. The youngest member of a family—even one as strange as Shaw's—does not usually decide so early in life that he is the sensible one, and Shaw's astonishing faith in his judgment would seem more than odd, almost abnormal, if his judgment had not been so good. It is good enough to be of utility in 1966. Shaw is more than sensible when he gives advice to performers. Ditto to writers. He had the rare ability to understand what would suit other people, and, aside from inciting his advisees to be up and doing, he did not tell them how to resemble him. His dealings with publishers and theatrical managers are models for anyone who has something new to sell—a work of art or a better mousetrap. And his advice on political tactics is still appropriate to reformers. Here he, as a Fabian, reproaches an Independent Labour Party man: "You run away terrified from the wirepullers whom we are always in handygrips with, as we must be if we are to outwit them and outfight them."

Shaw does much more in these letters than give advice, but when he gives



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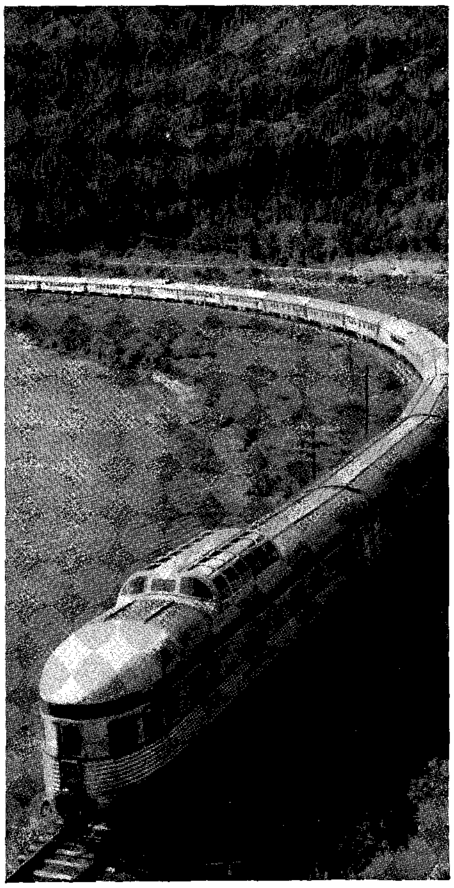

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it, he is as down-to-earth as Fanny Farmer, and he makes advice (an offering less alluring than, say, praise) palatable by what in one letter he calls "Shaw sauce." He uses those words in the course of admitting that he runs no risks in publishing his radical opinions, because he makes his readers laugh. In these letters the Shaw sauce, or the style—the style that is the man—makes us laugh, too, and it is fascinating to see what else it permits him to do. He can argue and even quarrel (with, for one, William Archer) without acrimony, and express disappointment (to, for one, Richard Mansfield, who almost produced "Candida" and then didn't) without petulance. For more than a page, Shaw analyzes the relation between himself and Beatrice Webb without any of the tediousness we usually find in an author's minute psychological study of himself. And when he is unfair, as I think he is in the letter to Sydney Olivier (the date is 1890), discussing disagreements among the Fabians, Shaw is so entertaining that he suggests—as I feel he means to—that he is not to be taken with complete seriousness.

Whatever their purpose or their date, Shaw's letters read brand-new. In part, I am sure, he seems a contemporary writer because contemporary writing shows his effect on English expository prose. His example helped make impossible both oratorical exposition, like Carlyle's, and the familiar essay whose author writes as if he and his readers had all gone to the same select school. ("Who," Shaw asks, "would pay any attention to me if I were a *gentleman?*") But these styles would doubtless have disappeared anyhow as the number of English-language readers increased. Today, what seems newest in these letters—more than contemporary, they read as if they were written tomorrow—is their mood. They are triumphant even to bumptiousness and energetic even when they are reflective. Shaw is not just confident about the future of Shaw or Ibsen, or of English municipal government; he is assured about the future of society and humanity. "Why don't you chuck up these idiotic moral systems according to which human nature comes out base and filthy?" he asks the playwright Henry Arthur Jones. Or, to the actor Charles Charrington, "My instinct is to turn failure into success, not to expose success as a failure." Or, to the actress Florence Farr, "All genuinely intellectual work is humorous."

Practically nobody has been saying

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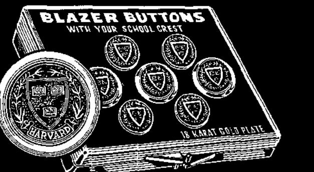

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lately that human nature is good, that human beings are powerful enough to succeed if they will only try, and that the clearer your thoughts the keener your laughter. It is doubtful, even so, that our contemporary emphasis on human limitations is more accurate or more profound than Shaw's emphasis on human possibilities: the good soldier Schweik is no less a creature of an author's imagination than Andrew Undershaft. Yet, since life and art have put in the last forty years teaching us our own ineffectuality, Shaw's letters, which insist (and quite rightly) on his and his correspondents' powers, offer an enchanting novelty. They read like glad—not to say avant-garde—tidings, and they make such fashionable sulks as alienation appear old hat. Shaw's exhilaration is contagious; his joy is irresistible.

"The Unrepentant Pilgrim: A Study of the Development of Bernard Shaw" (Houghton Mifflin) is a brief, bright, occasionally touchy book by J. Percy Smith, a Canadian Shavian. The main point Smith wants to make is that "Shaw was concerned not with the destruction of religion but with its affirmation." This notion is not startling. Nevertheless, you discover, when Smith quotes writers he is refuting, that there are critics who believe Shaw had no religion because his was not theirs. Smith considers Shaw's intellectual evolution and his development as a person; though the author is an admirer, he does not ask us to admire Shaw's faults, such as his vanity, which unfortunately grew with his reputation.

From his investigations, Smith has created the following scenario: Shaw gradually develops his mystical faith in the Life Force; as the faith deepens, he acquires the power to do his life's work—to write plays instead of journalism—and he acquires the philosophical backbone of his plays. I have the impression that Smith ever so faintly shades Shaw's before-and-after story; that is, he darkens Shaw's life before his conversion so as to make the light, when it comes, brighter. I may be wrong. Smith is fair enough about the content of the faith. He remarks that Shaw's conviction that superior individuals could make themselves vessels of the Life Force was in many respects a creed "made-to-measure" for Shaw. And he is certainly not trying to persuade us to accept the concept on the ground that it did Shaw good. How could he? In the twentieth century, the Life Force has been evolving not

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superior human beings but new strains of virus.

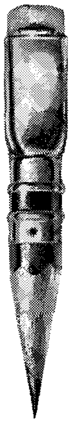
Mr. Smith's good study raises the question: Which came first, the artist or the faith? I myself am skeptical of all the claims Smith makes for Shaw's faith; I doubt that *any* belief could have made a playwright out of someone like Shaw's friend Sidney Webb. Still, Smith is persuasive when he stresses how much Shaw's belief mattered to Shaw; though Shaw would not have found it congenial to say that he was filled with the Holy Spirit, he could and did feel that he was "the trumpet of a prophecy." And Smith also realizes that what we respond to in a Shaw play is not a particular Shaw opinion—many people today disagree with his conviction that human rationality is more valuable than human sexuality—but what Smith calls "that intuition of reality . . . in the world of the Shavian plays—the world of growth and conversion, challenge and effort." —NAOMI BLIVEN

BRIEFLY NOTED

GENERAL

GERTRUDE STEIN'S AMERICA, edited by Gilbert A. Harrison (Robert B. Luce). In a labor of love, Mr. Harrison has compiled a short and quite engaging book on America from Miss Stein's writings. She was sometimes very shrewd (she called Hemingway "ninety percent Rotarian"), she was sometimes very foolish (knee-deep in the soldiery of the American Expeditionary Force, she said that the First World War "was so much better than just going to America"), she was at all times intensely American, even to her speech ("Doggone it," "I bet you"). She found Toledo "very beautiful"—Toledo, Ohio, that is.

HARLEM: THE MAKING OF A GHETTO, by Gilbert Osofsky (Harper & Row). A most carefully written and organized history of Negro New York from the eighteen-nineties to the beginning of the depression of the thirties. It disposes of a great many common suppositions—for one, that the Negro migration from the South was a phenomenon of the First World War; Negroes were coming North in numbers twenty years earlier, and Harlem was an important Negro enclave long before the war. Mr. Osofsky also shows that almost from the start the Negro encountered discrimination and hatred in New York. His account of the gradual degeneration of a lovely and pastoral section of



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the city into the greatest and most noisome Negro slum in existence is both fascinating and appalling. In style and approach, this book is a model of its genre. It is sober, precise, and, above all, factual; Mr. Osofsky leaves the turbulent emotions occasioned by his text to the reader. Photographs.

ENCOUNTER WITH THE FUTURE, by Fred Hoyle (Trident). This small book by the noted cosmologist is really two distinct books unified only by Hoyle's pessimistic view of the short-run future of the human race and by the delightful way in which it is expressed. The first part deals with the population explosion. Like many other writers on this subject, Hoyle concludes that unless the birth rate is decreased or the death rate increased, we will soon populate ourselves off the planet. He thinks the latter possibility is the more likely, and that our race is in for a cycle of widespread calamities, followed by rebuilding by the fittest (Hoyle argues that these may well be the fittest to use libraries, since with each calamity we will have to reconstruct our technology from written accounts), followed by new calamities, until a new species (with an average I.Q. of 150, Hoyle speculates) takes over. The second part of the book, which has no apparent connection with the first, is an autobiography. It is a splendid testimonial to Hoyle's rugged determination to become a scientist despite poor elementary-school training and no money. The whole experience left him with little use for the Establishment and a firm conviction that English intellectual life is going to ruin under the welfare state. Hoyle is a genuine individualist, and one of the best parts of the book is his description of his encounters with other scientific individualists. For example, he tells of an attempt by telephone to persuade the great English physicist Paul Dirac to give a talk at a seminar. Dirac, noted for his independence of mind and succinctness of expression, replied, "I will put the phone down and think, and then speak again." He gave the talk, which, Hoyle says, was a masterpiece.

FREEDOM—WHEN?, by James Farmer (Random House). The recent National Director of CORE, who is now the head of the Center for Community Action Education, in Washington, is probably too busy to write a book; this volume is a loose assemblage of chapters—some touch-

A remarkable memoir of Adlai Stevenson by Lillian Ross of The New Yorker

This tribute, which originally appeared in *The New Yorker's* Notes and Comment section, consists of a series of glimpses of Stevenson that stood out with particular radiance in Lillian Ross's memory. They turned out to be the right glimpses. Somehow or other, they seemed to contain the essence of the Stevenson character and temperament; they seemed to catch the shape and texture and coloration of the Stevenson spirit. Miss Ross suspended time for a moment here and a moment there, and Adlai Stevenson was again in our presence, in life — the tone of his voice, the ring of his laugh, the play of his mind, the very arc he described as he spent himself on behalf of us all.

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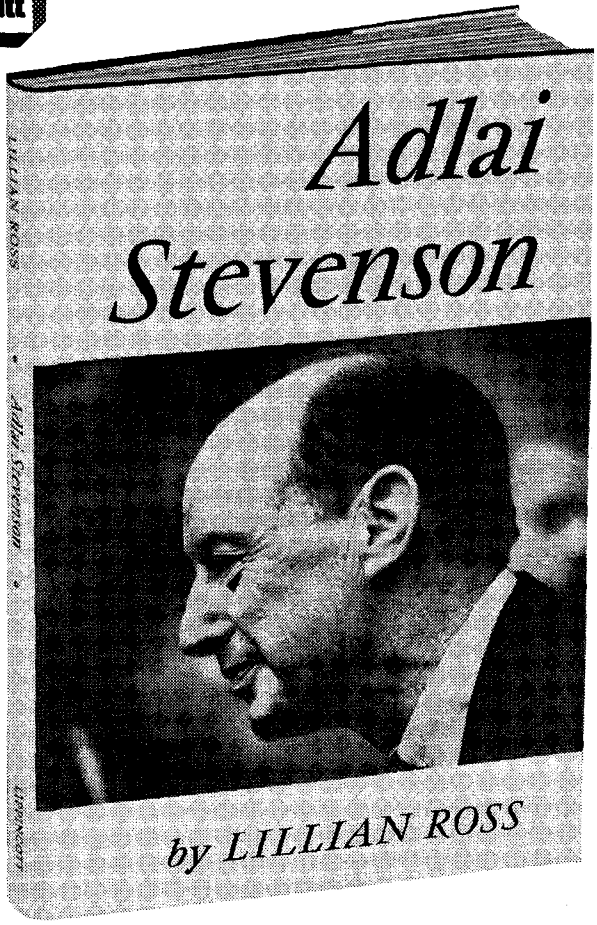

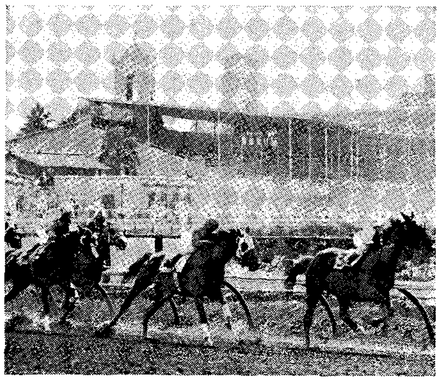

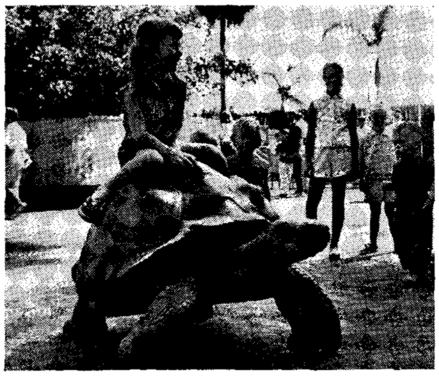

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ing recollections, some horrifying experiences, some baffling prognostications, some bombastic threats (not directed to the reader), some sensible observations, some hopeful plans for the future.

CHAGALL, by Jean Cassou, translated from the French by Alisa Jaffa (Praeger). This is unusually persuasive writing, made the more ingratiating because the author (who is also chief curator of the Musée d'Art Moderne, in Paris) is a long-time friend of the artist. This, fortunately, does not lead to adulation. M. Cassou simply starts with the assumption that Chagall is a genius (which he unquestionably is) and then proceeds to a warmly understanding examination of Chagall's career, from his beginnings in Vitebsk, where he was born in 1887, to what seems to be a final settling-down in France. The book is especially good in the early passages, where M. Cassou isolates and analyzes Chagall's elusive and complicated mythology and symbolism, but it remains interesting to the end, and there is a particularly good study of Chagall's recent work in stained glass for churches in France and a synagogue in Israel. A hundred and eighty-six illustrations, forty-six in color.

THE INVISIBLE SCAR: THE GREAT DEPRESSION, AND WHAT IT DID TO AMERICAN LIFE, FROM THEN UNTIL NOW, by Caroline Bird (McKay). In this short work, the author treats a vast, important, and mostly overlooked subject with understanding. She does not go into anything deeply. Her modest, worthy effort calls attention to the fact that we still need a first-rate comprehensive study of the depression.

THE ROMANTIC WAY, by Vincent Cronin (Houghton Mifflin). A diverting, kindly book about four tragicomic nineteenth-century women. The widowed Duchesse de Berry tried to foment a counterrevolution on behalf of her son, who would have ruled France as Henri V if the Revolution of 1830 had not occurred. Unfortunately, the Duchesse, a supporter of the principle of legitimacy in politics, became pregnant out of wedlock and had to retire. Marie d'Agoult left her dull husband and her young daughter to go off with Liszt, but left Liszt when she realized (after ten years and three children) that he would not give up any other woman for her. Eve Hanska decided to stick to her dull husband, and did, until he died;

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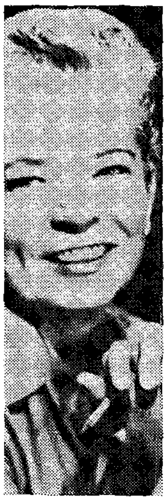

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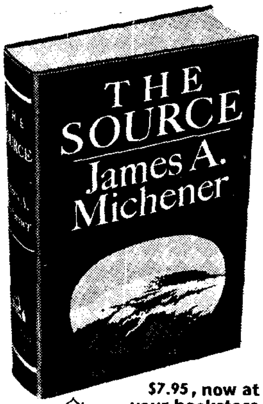

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then she married her lover, Balzac, in time to nurse him on his deathbed and inherit his debts. Marie Bashkirtsev died of tuberculosis before she found either her ideal lover or a husband, leaving a diary that relates her search. Mr. Cronin admits that his heroines were rich, spoiled, and silly, but he elicits our sympathy by describing the appallingly tedious lot of the nineteenth-century lady—the staid destiny against which his quartet rebelled.

EVEREST: THE WEST RIDGE, by Thomas F. Hornbein (Sierra Club). The text of this extraordinarily handsome book about the successful 1963 American expedition to Mount Everest reads like an unintentional parody of a relentless psychological novel. Indeed, one of the members of the expedition, Richard Emerson, is described as the expedition's "logistical planner and head of sociological study on motivation." It is with a sense of relief that one turns from the words to the absolutely magnificent photographs of the mountains and the Himalayan people and animals. The colors flow and glisten from every page; the mountains loom and glower, and the trees and flowers radiate tropical abandon. A breathtaking picture of two of the party approaching the unclimbed and extremely difficult West Ridge of Everest, which is seen disappearing almost limitlessly into the clouds, says more about the challenge of climbing and the real courage of the climbers than anything that they succeed in expressing in words. Twenty-five dollars.

VERSE

THE SHEPHERD'S CALENDAR, by John Clare, edited by Eric Robinson and Geoffrey Summerfield, with wood engravings by David Gentleman (Oxford). Clare undertook the composition of "The Shepherd's Calendar" in 1823, when he was thirty, at the suggestion of his publisher, John Taylor. But the long poem ran into bad luck when it appeared, in April of 1827. An interest in "the language of common everyday description" was dying out, soon to be replaced by the moralizing and sentimental style of the Victorian "annuals." Clare's fame—as a poet who was also an agricultural laborer—was slight during his unhappy lifetime; it has, however, grown enormously in our day. The present scholarly editors, going back to the original manuscripts, discovered that

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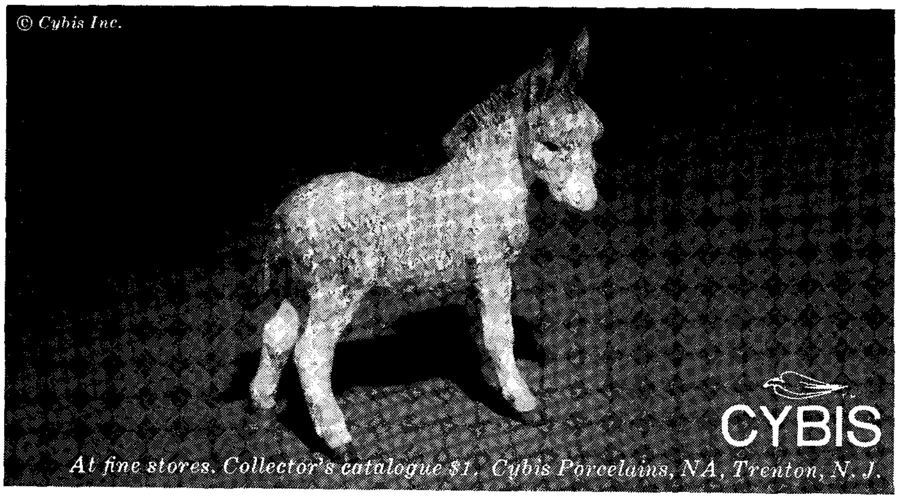
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Taylor had drastically cut the text, though at the same time he had tidied up Clare's spelling, punctuation, and country idioms. The restored poem, published a hundred years after Clare's death, may easily be, as its editors claim, "the truest poem of English country life ever written." It moves naturally and easily, indoors and out, with the world of birds, beasts, insects, grain, fruit, and flowers responding to the unremitting tasks of countryman and countrywoman; with children's games and the sport of horse and hound listed along with old wives' tales; with weather accurately and delicately touched in—the pre-machine world that the young Clare loved and understood. Delightful on all counts, not least because of its Northamptonshire speech, which brief notes and a glossary help to explain.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE BURNING SKY, by James Hall Roberts (Morrow). H. Rider Haggard revisited. The scene has changed from southern Africa in the nineteenth century to southern Arizona in 1965, but everything else is much the same. There is a lost culture—a Hohokam Indian tribe that vanished into the desert circa 1400—and there is the expedition that stumbles upon it. The expedition is led by a worthy young archeologist, and he is accompanied by a tormented priest, a devoted Indian, a crafty white trader, and a delicious windblown girl. The action is largely predictable, but Mr. Roberts seems to know a lot about primitive Indian cultures and he writes well enough to boil up and maintain a high level of excitement.

HIDE AND GO SEEK, by Andrew Garve (Harper & Row). A short but leisurely thriller about a calculating young man who has the misfortune on the eve of his marriage to a very rich girl to get another girl pregnant, and the scheme he instantly devises to extricate himself from that (in fiction, at least) far from unfamiliar predicament. This scheme, though ingenious, is not entirely successful, and the same must be said of the book. The scene is Norway and England.

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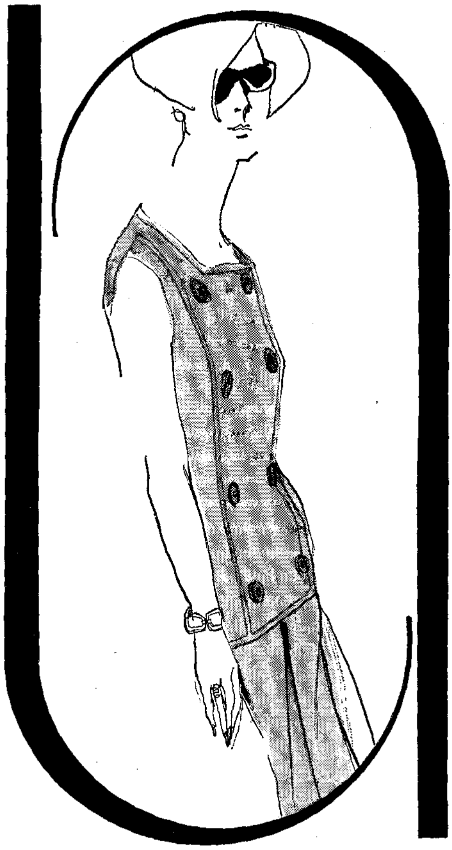

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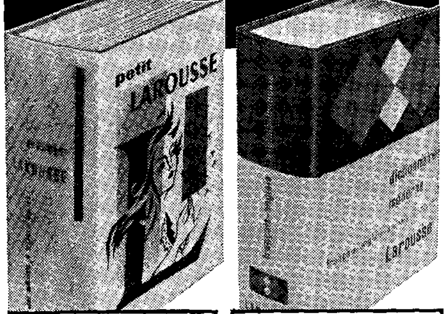

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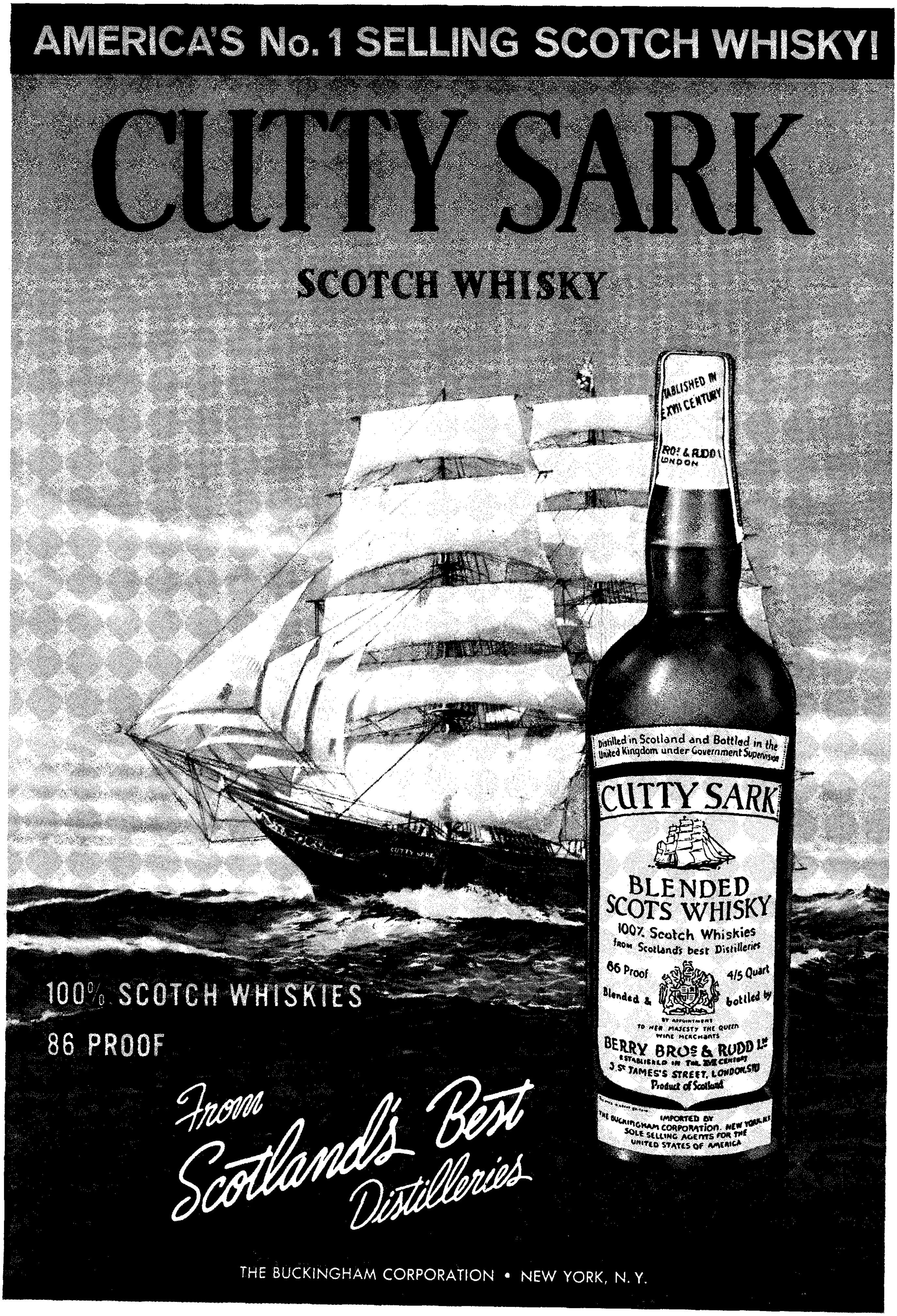AMERICA'S No. 1 SELLING SCOTCH WHISKY!

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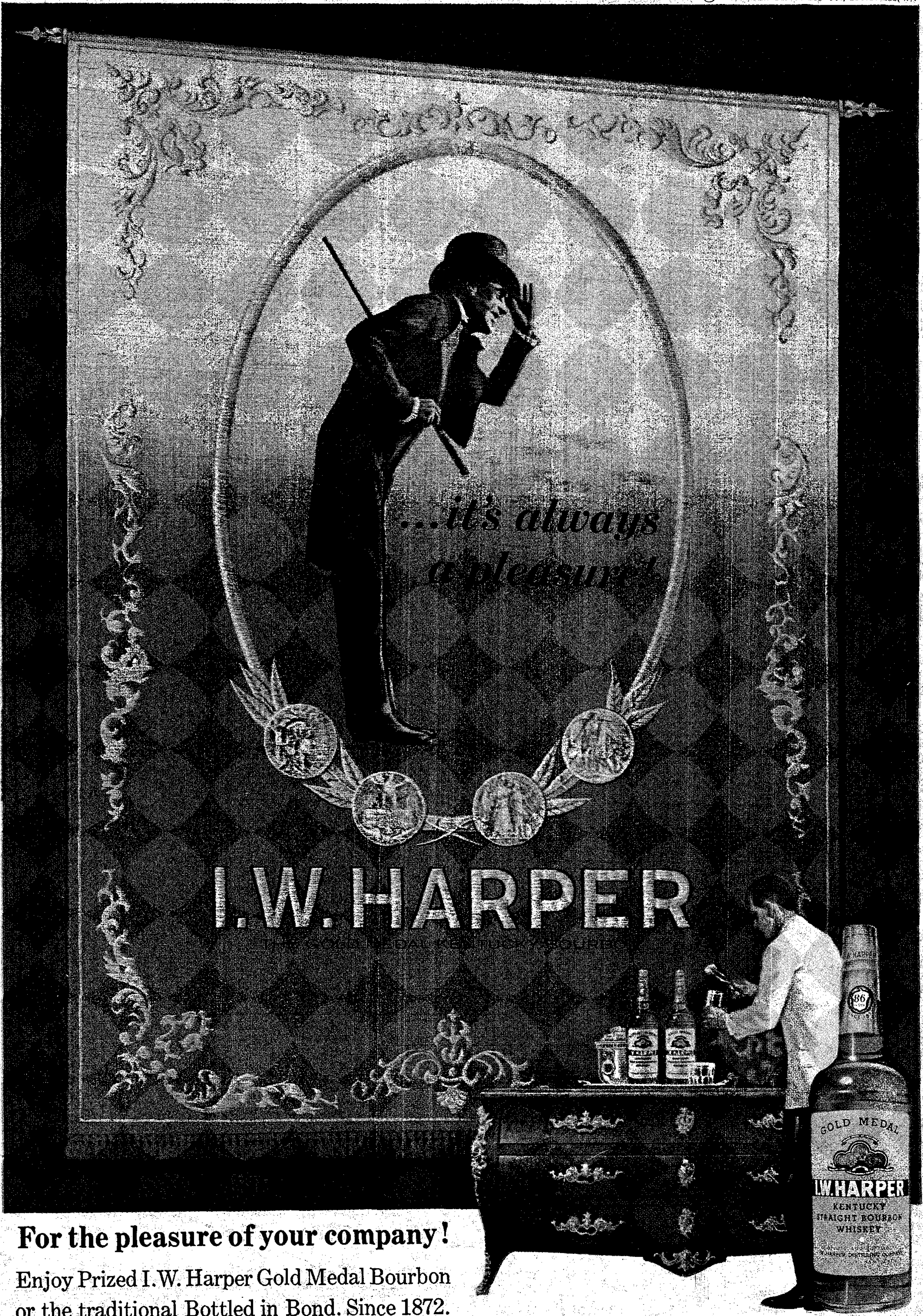
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